THE COLONIALS * BY ALLEN FRENCH *

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H.
THE COLONIALS

"Alice"

THE COLONIALS

Being a narrative *of events chiefly connected with the* Siege *and* Evacuation *of the town of* Boston *in* New England.

Written by

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Toronto

WILLIAM BRIGGS

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Dedicated
TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER

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The town of Boston
from an old print

H.

THE COLONIALS

Book One

THE DELIVERER

Chapter One

The Two Men

FOR ages the great lakes of North America lay in their gloomy solitudes, the garb of nature clothing their endless shores. Upon the waters of those inland seas, within the depths of the enormous forests, the petty mutterings of barbaric wars were lost. Though the record of savage migrations remained in human memory, not even a pile of stones marked an historic spot.

But at last the white man came into the region, and a new epoch began. The vast surface of the forest, the long reaches of the shores, were still almost the same; but here and there was a tiny gap in the tree-tops, here and there were the charred ruins of buildings, here and there the pick and shovel had made trenches and mounds which would remain for many years. These were the feeble beginnings of a stupendous change, while the Indian was yet master in the land, the forest still covered the earth, and while the wild beasts for

many years to come were to enjoy their natural haunts.

In the late autumn of the year 1772, the shores of Lake Huron seemed still unbroken in their monotony. The black forest pushed up close to the beach; the waters lapped the rounded pebbles; and on the unending surface of the lake no canoe or boat was visible. But where at the eastern point of Saginaw Bay a little river entered embayed waters, some dozens of trees had been felled, the smoke of fires ascended, and the sounds of human activity were to be heard.

It was an encampment of soldiers of the English king. A few tents stood close together, a little apart from a cabin of logs. On the beach men worked at the repairing of boats; toward the land sentinels in red coats patrolled the camp. Outside its limits, but huddled close to the line, were Indian wigwams, and at a distance was a bark hut of better make, but still of savage workmanship. None but the soldiers might enter the camp; therefore from the door of the hut a white girl gazed often wistfully at the men of her own race.

The commandant of the soldiers walked by the shore, looked out on the lake, and was impatient to be gone. There were yet three days before the boats could be finished, and his injured in condition to move. He cursed his luck; he tantalised himself by the muttered name of London. London, where his promotion was already purchased!

Still in the woods—damnation! How stupid it had been! Dull soldier-life, sullen Indians, boorish colonials; changeless, inexpressibly dreary trees and waters. Behind him still was the same dark forest; in front were the same sand-spits, the same lake limitless as the ocean. Detroit would be the same—a frontier block-house,

with soldiers, colonials, Indians, land and water, all alike unbearable. No life! No gaming, with men who lived but on a pittance. No drinking fit for a gentleman. Brandy was hard to come at, wine all but unknown. A single bottle, the last, was among his luggage; there was no more to be had short of Montreal.

But London! Then there would be no more of this provincial service. An allowance proper to a gentleman, a fashionable regiment, gaming, wine, women. Women! Not one handsome woman in all this wilderness. Not one! He kicked the pebbles in disgust.

His servant approached him. "Begging your pardon, Lieutenant."

"Well, Tabb?"

"Those two woodsmen that came this afternoon, in their canoe. I can't get nothing out o' them."

"What?" in astonishment. "Will they not guide us?"

"'Tis the younger, sir, seems to be the leader. He says they can't wait."

"Tell them I'll pay them well. Tell them they must."

"They won't take must, sir. They say they go on to-morrow."

The lieutenant kicked at the pebbles again. "I must speak to them myself, then. Rat me, what fellows I have to deal with here!"

Two voyagers had made their camp apart. Their canoe was drawn up by the river shore; their fire made. Crotched sticks made a gun-rack for their flint-locks; and hunting-swords, weapons so unusual that their owners were famed among the Indians, hung there beside. A little man squatted before the blaze, drying wet powder in an iron dish. His companion stood and watched him, stretching long limbs cramped by a day in the canoe. The old man studied his powder care-

fully; the young man luxuriated in yawns. Neither noticed the approach of the lieutenant—or it seemed so. He was forced to speak.

"Here—you," he said.

The old man grunted; the taller turned and responded. "Good evening, Lieutenant."

The Lieutenant of the King's 24th Foot did not find respect to please him. He spoke with a drawl, insolently.

"The sergeant says you are good lake guides."

"Indifferent good, Lieutenant, but not guides."

"That means your price is higher. Well, I'll pay. My guides are useless. See the mess they've brought me to. Caught here in a gale, two boats wrecked, my corporal and two men injured. Come, what's your price? You must bring me to Detroit."

The little man shook his head; the younger spoke frankly. "Lieutenant, you must excuse us."

"Three guineas," said the lieutenant. "Four guineas!"

"We must on to-morrow."

"Rat me!" the lieutenant cried. "What if I am wrecked again?"

"You'll lose another ten days."

The lieutenant was not without resource. The airs of the mess-room failing of effect, he tried conciliation. "My good fellow——"

Too late. The tall young fellow smiled. "But I'm not your good fellow."

The lieutenant exploded. "Pox you!" He turned away, and with clanking sword stalked to his men.

The young man smiled. "As if I would delay my return a day, Benjy, a single day! I enter Boston on my birthday. Once of age, my uncle cannot hinder me from what I wish to do."

"Except," said Benjy, "from what you most wish."

"Not even from that," answered the other. "If I could make up my mind to do anything so unkind to Dickie, I could enter the ropewalks. In three years I have changed. No one would know me. Can you recall the sickly boy I was when first I came away with you? And now—look at me!"

He stretched himself to his full height, and squared his shoulders. His was a figure of great strength, and, more than that, of abounding health. His eyes were quick and bright, his face well tanned. His form was erect and lithe; he held his head aloft with the grace of an Indian. But the little crooked man, looking at him asquint, felt with his admiration the pain of an old man's jealousy.

"The woods are no longer enough for you," he complained. "You want other companions."

Frank laid a hand upon the other's shoulder. "Be not angry with me. But go I must."

Benjy made no reply; he knew how his companion had looked forward to the birthday now approaching. And Frank stood musing—even as the young muse, sometimes—of his past.

He had been brought up in that distant Boston to which his thoughts now turned. The Ellery family enjoyed respect in the colonial town; the position to which its older son was born was of importance. His father died when he was but sixteen; therefore the estate and the family business of rope-making waited for the son's hand. His ambition had been taught to centre upon them. To maintain the honour of the name in the town, by honourable manufacture and trade, was his one desire. But his uncle, in the position of his guardian, came in between.

A mean spirit, a nagging temper, and certain secret

undeveloped desires, caused the uncle to war upon the boy for two years. Frank should not enter the ropewalks, nor have anything to do with the business. This, for a boy who from his tenth year had delighted in the atmosphere of the walks, was hard indeed. He had associated with the workmen, and learned with his own hand to make ropes, till they proclaimed him their equal. The old manager, years long a servant of the Ellerys, had begged for his assistance in the work. The boy was able, even at his age, to superintend the forty workmen; old Humphreys promised to make him the best business man in Boston. The uncle himself knew nothing of the work; and years of absence in New York had unfitted him for Boston business. But he refused the request, declaring that until the younger son became of age, when his trusteeship was to terminate, neither of his wards should enter the ropewalks.

Tastes and desires were opposed in uncle and nephew. The boy was open and simple; but he had a strong family pride, with a sense of dignity lacking in his uncle. He would not sell the old Ellery house, nor a foot of the family possessions. The uncle, thwarted by the provisions of the will which gave the boy so much power, turned in revenge to sell the personal estate, in the shape of family jewels and silver. At the same time he prepared to bind the boy apprentice to another trade. Frank was then just turned eighteen, weak and almost consumptive, but full of spirit. Encouraged and abetted by Benjy, an old-time servant, the boy seized the jewels boldly, claiming they were his. The man took the silver in the open street from the tradesman who had bought them. Mr. Ellery called the law to his aid, but jewels and silver, man and boy, disappeared together.

Long living in the pine woods brought Frank Ellery strength of body. His strength of purpose never left

him. To return to Boston when he was of age; to wait until his younger brother should be twenty-one; then finally to claim his own—these he lived for. And oh, to see his home again, to see—but to see!—his brother Dickie and his friends! Long had the time been, difficult the waiting, until at last he was starting on his journey home.

So he stood thinking, and Benjy squatted again at the fire, this time to cook food. A slender figure approached them quietly, drawing near with eager and yet hesitating steps. Old Benjy, always alert, heard the jingle of a silver bell, at the same time that the movement near him caught Frank's eye. They turned, and then, as they perceived their visitor, started and stood staring.

CHAPTER II

THE CAPTIVE

It was a girl in Indian dress. "A white girl!" said they both.

Benjy scanned her carefully. He noted the embroidered deerskins, the hawksbells and silver trinkets on her bodice, and the elaborately dressed hair; all signs of a family favourite. Francis looked only at the face. Fair haired, with a complexion despite the sun still clear and rosy, an oval countenance, blue eyes from which anxiety looked out, a sweet and gentle mouth with trembling lip—these were what he saw, upon an undeveloped form of scarce fifteen. "Who are you?" he cried when the spell left him.

"I'm Alice, sir," she said. "Alice Tudor."

"Good God," he said slowly. "You luckless child!"

Her eyes filled suddenly; but she kept her gaze upon the young man, saying nothing.

"You live with the Indians," he asked.

"I live with Aneeb."

"Not"—he shrunk at the idea—"your husband?"

"He is my father."

"Aneeb?" queried Benjy. "Aneeb the Pottawottomi?"

"Yes."

Frank was still staring. "Come here," he said.

She came closer. He put his hand upon her shoulder and looked down into her face. "How long have you been with Aneeb?"

"Almost a year. But first I was with some Wyandots—a little while."

"Aneeb bought you?"

"Yes. He was sorry for me. His daughter had just died."

"Sad! Sad!" he thought. Sadness was in her face. "You are happy?" he asked. "You like this life?"

The tears came again, and overflowed. Her composure vanished. "No!" she cried. "No! No! Aneeb is good, but I want my own father. Oh, let me—let me—." Fast-crowding sobs checked her speech, but for an instant only. As the young man gazed with sympathy, he saw her pressing back emotion, struggling for self-control. In haste she spoke again, as knowing that her fate depended upon her plain petition.

"Take me with you!" she begged.

Strange voice, with childish sobs and womanly appeal sublimely blended! Strange sight, of that barbaric dress with the fair girl reminding him of home! Touching it was, to find that sweet child in the wilderness, to see her so pathetically pleading, and to him. Fierce indignation that such a thing should be, natural love for all things young and helpless, moved strong within him. The very depths of his emotions stirred.

"Yes, Alice," he cried. "You shall come!"

But Benjy interposed. "Promise nothing!"

Frank looked at him, indignant. He felt upon his arms hers clinging gladly.

"'Twill be difficult," urged the old man. "Impossible even. What can you do?"

Alice clung closer at the words. Benjy was right. Frank was struck to silence. She felt the change that

came over him, and panted with fear. "Oh! Oh! You too! You too!" She left him, and stood away.

"Alice," he asked. "Have others promised to help you?"

"Yes," she said. Her voice was dulled. "Others."

"Will Aneeb sell you?"

"No," she said. "Others have tried. White men, to save me. Indians, to—to——"

"To marry you?"

"Yes."

"You are too young!" he cried.

"But not too pretty," growled Benjy.

Frank stood and thought, looking at the shrinking figure. A mere child she was, but of good parentage—far too good. Hers was a body strong enough for the hardships of the woods, but with a mind too high to accept the life. He knew that Indian captives were often kindly treated, and sometimes even came to prefer the wilderness. But it would not be so with her. She would beat against her bars till she should die.

"Alice," he asked. "Where is Aneeb?"

"At the bark lodge," she said. She found fresh hope, even in his question. "We were preparing to go. We had just packed. But the Panther came to talk with him, and I slipped out to you. He—he wants me. I was afraid."

Frank caught Benjy's eye; then glanced at the canoe. "Could we——?"

Benjy shook his head.

"Alice," said the young man. "Go back to Aneeb. I will come presently. What I can do, I will."

She walked away, patient for yet a while.

"And the government," said Francis bitterly, "will do nothing for such a helpless child as that. 'Tis the memory of Bradstreet at Sandusky, his cowardly aban-

donment of people of his own race, that makes the Indians so bold to keep their captives. Were I this lieutenant here I would take and keep her."

"Ay," said Benjy drily, "and have the tribes again loose, and a war on the whole frontier. Pontiac still lives. For this one girl a thousand whites would die."

"One good lesson, taught them well! Had I but one regiment to do it!"

"But having it not, what then?"

"Buy her," he answered.

"But Frank," cried Benjy. "What will you do with her? Take her with us?"

"Ay."

The old man spread his hands. "And the journey long! And the canoe heavy loaded! Think of the delay." Benjy touched his companion there. "We should lose so much time that the winter might overtake us. Or supposing she wished to go to her parents? And if not, she would be on your hands for support."

Frank had no answer to the host of objections, but he shook his head doggedly. "I care not. Stay you here. I go to see Aneeb."

CHAPTER III

INDIAN NATURE

The bark hut of the Pottawottomi stood a little by itself, yet near the group of Chippewa wigwams. Aneeb had been first on the ground, the soldiers came by accident, the Chippewa came in the hope of trading. Aneeb liked his neighbours not, and was preparing to depart. As Frank approached the lodge a young Chippewa left it. The white man gave the salute of an acquaintance, but the Indian made no response. "Good," said Frank. "He is disappointed." Emboldened, he entered the hut.

More than once, in his wanderings, Frank had met the Pottawottomi. Celebrated among his people for integrity and courage, frequently called upon to act as war-chief, recent bereavements had caused Aneeb to withdraw for a time from the villages, and to wander with his family alone. Frank understood, therefore, the reason why he found the chief so far from the territory of his tribe.

Familiar with Indian habits, he knew where to look in its darkness for the master of the lodge. There sat the chief, beside him his old father, Mukkwah, the Bear. The quick, keen-eyed old warrior smiled; even the face of Aneeb brightened, and Frank heard him speak softly the name the Indians had given him—"Saggitto!" As he took his seat in the place of

honour, Frank caught the sound of the white girl's quickened breath.

Aneeb passed him the pipe, and the three men smoked in turn. A crouching form in a dark corner rose and stooped again; it was a woman, dried and wiry, tying bundles. A boy attended her; the girl, too agitated to work, stood waiting in the shadow. As they smoked, the cloud on Aneeb's brow gradually passed. Frank, patient, observant, watched till it was gone. At last the chief turned on his visitor an open countenance. "Saggitto is welcome," he said.

The young man saw that he might speak. "Thy daughter, Aneeb. Where is she?"

The chief turned his head toward Alice. "She died. I have another in her place."

The pipe came to Frank again. He smoked, then passed it. "Know you her true parents?"

Aneeb shook his head. "I bought her of Wyandots. She is my daughter now."

"By blood-adoption?"

The chief nodded.

Again a pause. Blood-adoption was a sacred ceremony, supposed to render its object a true Indian. Frank suddenly felt doubt. "You will marry her in your tribe?" he asked after a moment.

"When she wishes."

"The Panther was just here."

The chief's face darkened. "He is persistent. But I will never give her to a Chippewa."

"Ay," and Francis nodded. "They killed your brother."

Aneeb said nothing. The old man spoke, his voice quavering with emotion. "My younger son. We have had blood-gifts, but 'tis not forgotten."

Silence again. While the pipe passed Frank waited

for memories to be stilled. "The white man," he said at length, "has always been your friend. Aneeb, will you give her to a white man?"

"To a voyageur?" asked Aneeb. "To a trader? To a follower of the camp?" His voice swelled with contempt.

"There are good whites," said the young man, steadily. "You know one."

"I know one," said Aneeb. He nodded to his visitor, and Mukkwah, quick-smiling, beamed approval. They apprehended no request. Frank paused an instant, then made it.

"Aneeb, then give her to me."

The chief looked at him in surprise. "You will marry her?"

"No. I will take her to her home."

Aneeb smiled. "She is in her home." He seemed to dismiss the subject.

One more experienced would have stopped there. Frank himself was for a moment checked, but he persisted. "Then let me buy her."

The chief looked at him. "What will you give?" he asked.

It was far from an eager question. The Indian's face was calm, even indifferent. "I will give furs," said Frank, and waited for a comment.

"I have furs," said Aneeb. Mukkwah showed no interest. Frank bid higher.

"I will give a roll of cloth," he said. "And two good blankets."

"No more?" asked Aneeb with scornful lip, while the old man smiled. Frank was spurred, and turned in his mind to those articles which the Indian most would love.

"I have a small keg of powder," he said. "You shall

have it. I will give you my best gun. Also two axes and two knives." Mukkwah turned and looked at him, and a change came on the face of Aneeb himself. "Four steel traps," went on Frank, "the best the white men make. And a second roll of cloth."

Yet Aneeb was not moved from his calm. "Your whim makes you eager," he said. "But will you give gold?"

Frank hesitated, but only for a moment. He reached within his blouse, fumbled, and drew a belt from around his body. He dropped it at the feet of Aneeb, and it fell heavily. "Here is gold," he said.

Mukkwah raised his hands in surprise, and Aneeb, for one moment, looked at Frank astonished. The young man thought he had succeeded. But then the chief spoke with quiet irony. "Now I see how the white man desires the girl. But shall I sell my daughter?" He made no further comment; his dignity drove home the rebuke.

Frank took up the gold. They sat again in silence; for minutes the three did not move. The pipe went out; the woman and the boy had ceased to work, and were waiting. The strength of custom and character loomed in Frank's view to great proportions. Indian stolidity seemed unconquerable; the case looked hopeless. Only, in the darkest corner of the hut, he knew that the white girl crouched, waiting breathless.

At length he turned to the man at his side, and studied the face of bronze. The Indian sat expressionless. "Aneeb," said Frank, "you are a father."

The chief gave assent.

"A father should make his children happy. Is the girl happy?"

"She is content."

"Is she happy?"

Aneeb shut his lips.

"If your daughter had been separated from you, could she have been happy? Would she not wish, and long, for nothing but you?"

Still Aneeb said nothing.

"You know it," said Francis, warmly. "In your heart you know it. She would call you at night. She would whisper to you in the day. Her cheek would be wet with her tears; the bread of the stranger would be bitter. Is it not so? Yet your daughter died. She is saved to you. She waits you in the spirit land. Of that you are sure. Therefore," said Frank, "of her you are at ease. Yet think. If she were prisoner to the white man—what then? Could you yourself be happy; could you rest till you saw her again? You could not!"

Still silence. The old man was attentive, but Aneeb's face had hardened.

"Aneeb," said the young man, "I am not the first that has come to you begging for this girl. But I come not for myself. Not as the Panther, to make her my slave. I come, thinking of her father. He mourns, Aneeb. He knows she wishes him. He calls to God: 'Give her back!' If the white man had your daughter, you could not rest. Will you keep his child from him?"

Aneeb turned and looked at Frank; searched his face, as if for motives. Frank ceased, and suffered the examination. Long they looked at one another.

The young man's glance was firm. It pierced the Indian's look, and saw emotions stirring behind the mask. "In my face," he said at last proudly, "you find no guile. My brother, will you keep the maiden weeping in your lodge? Speak!"

Aneeb struggled. His eye avoided Frank's, and sought the ground. Then he glanced furtively at the girl. She had crept closer. As Aneeb looked at her

she broke across the hut, fell at his feet, and clasped his knees—the suppliant's position in all ages. "Aneeb! Aneeb! Let me go!"

The chief covered his head with his blanket. Again for a long time there was silence in the hut.

CHAPTER IV

"BY THE WHITE MAN'S GOD!"

At length the blanket fell from the head of the chief. Aneeb looked into the face of his visitor. He cast no glance at the girl at his feet; yet he laid his hand on her shoulder, as if to comfort her. Frank, meeting his eye, saw no trace of emotion—nothing but high resolve.

"She shall go," said Aneeb.

Frank bowed his head at the generous word, at the tragic sound of the voice. The old man sat still, the boy by the door stood like a statue. But the old woman, kneeling where she had been at work, dropped her face in her hands, and began to rock to and fro.

"She shall go," repeated Aneeb. The girl seized his hand to caress it, but he made no sign, not even at the touch of her warm tears. He looked steadily at Frank. "Yet not with you alone. Detroit is far, and the lake is bad in autumn. Your canoe is small. On land the way is through the country of the Chippewa. She must travel in the boat of the white soldiers. You shall guide them, lest they again be foolishly wrecked. And their captain must promise to carry her safely."

"He will take her to Montreal," answered Frank.

"And you," said Aneeb, "must promise to take her across the great water to her home."

Frank was taken aback. To go to England meant to give up Boston, for how long he could not say. His

home, his ambition, must for another painful while be left.

The chief saw his hesitation and pressed him. "Promise!"

"I promise," said Frank. His heart reproached him, and he sighed. The Indian, satisfied, turned away. "And," added Frank, "to Aneeb I will send——"

The chief raised his hand. "Nothing!" he said sternly.

Frank was silent.

The Indian looked down at the girl, and withdrawing his hand from hers, placed it upon her head. His feeling, a great sadness, at last looked from his eyes. "One daughter I have lost," he said. "Now another leaves me. Bright bird, the lodge will be dark without thee. The long march will be weary, lorn of thy smile. The evening of winter will be colder, the north-west wind will blow bleaker, the deep snow will fall heavier, if thou art not with us. In plenty, the day will be sadder; in fasting, how shall we sustain us?"

He ceased, and the wailing of the woman rose. The girl's sobs answered. The boy left the door and stole to the darkness of the hut. Tears stood unchecked in Mukkwah's eyes. Frank, moved by the scene, slipped from his seat and left the lodge. Outside, he waited until the parting should be completed. Benjy, noting from a distance, drew near, but at Frank's signal came not close.

At length the chief came, the girl with him. Her face was downcast, with sorrow and joy contending. He was expressionless. He motioned to the camp of the soldiers.

"Lead me to their chief," he said.

The lieutenant was standing, impatiently switching his boot, where the soldiers were mending the boats.

Occasionally he gave directions, urging the men to haste. They were near the sentry-line, and Frank, approaching, spoke across it. The lieutenant turned, and came forward leisurely. "Well?" he asked.

"Lieutenant," said the young man, "I will guide you to Detroit."

The other, but a few years older, yet widely differing in thought and habit, nodded. "You are wiser."

"On this condition. Pay me nothing, but take this girl with you."

The others stood near; Benjy had edged close, but the lieutenant did not look at them. He surveyed Frank with a sneer. "What, can you not guard your own squaw?"

"She is no squaw," said the colonial. "She is an English girl."

The lieutenant glanced lazily at the child; then his expression changed. A look of knowing appreciation came; he looked again at Frank. "Your eye is good. Have you bought her?"

"No," said the woodsman quietly. "The chief has given her her liberty. I shall take her to her parents."

The captain looked at the girl again, appraising her. There passed no glance from eye to eye, exchanging signs of cheer; none, though she looked eagerly. He turned once more to Frank. "You had better keep her."

"Sir!" cried the other.

"Oh, rat your virtue;" drawled the lieutenant. "What is it you wish me to do?"

"Take her to Detroit," said Frank. "If you go on to Montreal, take her in your party. I will guide you the whole distance. At Montreal I will begin to search for her father."

The lieutenant scarcely listened. His eyes were again

on the girl. She thought she saw in his face the beginning of friendship. "Come here," he said.

She stood before him, her face gladly lifted.

"Who is your father?"

"Walter Tudor, merchant."

"English, or provincial?"

"English, sir. Our home is in London."

"How came you here?"

"Father came to trade, I think. We were in Montreal; I think that was the place. Then we came up the river. At one camp I went to pick berries, and Indians caught me. They were Wyandots; Aneeb bought me from them."

A light was glittering in the lieutenant's eye. "Will you go with me?"

"Yes, sir!" she cried, her face aglow.

He turned to Frank, at last smiling. "She is a beauty! Well, I will take her. You mean her to travel in my care?"

"You promise her safe transit?"

"Yes."

"Give your word, then, to the chief."

Aneeb, following the conversation lamely, understood, and held out his hand. "By the white man's god!" he said solemnly.

The Englishman took his hand, but carelessly. "By the white man's god," he answered. His eye wandered to the girl, and he dropped the chief's hand. "Come, child," he said, and turned away.

She threw herself into the arms of Aneeb, and kissed him sobbing. "Thank you! Oh, thank you!" she repeated. Then hastily she followed the officer.

Twenty minutes later the little train of Indians entered the woods. Alice, from the window of the lieutenant's cabin, watched them through tears. They

were savages, but they had been kind. The lieutenant seemed more tender than Aneeb. But his glances—oh, she did not know. New instincts made her feel uneasy. Where was that woodsman who had rescued her?

CHAPTER V

BENJY

The little wary trapper was not satisfied. While Frank went slowly back to his camp-fire, deep in thought, Benjy strolled about the soldiers' camp. From time to time he nodded to himself. The soldiers' tents were close together; that was good. To post sentries against the Indians, even in daytime, was also wise. The men worked hard at the boats, even though the officer was not in sight—a sure sign that they feared him. But the lieutenant's cabin was full ninety feet from the nearest tent, where, though guarded by the stream, in case of an Indian attack it could easily be taken by surprise.

Benjy edged toward it by degrees. He wished to know where Alice was, and what the officer was doing. On his face he put the look of a Yankee idler, open-mouthed and vacant, giving no sign of the quick intelligence that lay beneath. He saw the lieutenant leave the cabin and come toward him, smiling, but with thoughtful eyes. "He is planning," thought Benjy, and touched his hat to the spruce young fellow.

"Hey?" said the lieutenant, sharply. "Who are you? Oh, I see. With the girl, eh?"

"Not exactly, sir," grinned Benjy, touching his cap again. "Too old now, sir."

The lieutenant glanced him up and down, quickly and keenly. He set his lips, and moved as if to pass on, but paused again, and spoke. "But once—eh?" He watched the old man closely.

"Eh? eh?" snickered Benjy.

The lieutenant's features relaxed, and he smiled. "In regard to the girl. That fellow with you means to—eh? Of course he has no idea of giving her up?"

Benjy shrugged cynically. "Young blood, Lieutenant."

"But look here, then," said the lieutenant with interest. "Is he particular? He likes money? He can wait?"

"We all like money, Lieutenant." Benjy's cocked eye revealed depths of wordly wisdom.

"Well," said the lieutenant, pleased. "Here then." He gave a coin. "And another for your friend. There will be more at the end of the trip."

"Thank you, sir." The lieutenant walked on; Benjy turned toward his own camp-fire, cunningly smiling to himself. The farther he went, the more the look of cunning gave room to the lines of sober thought. Frank sat by the fire, idly employed in casting sticks into the stream. His smile to Benjy had a tinge of sadness.

"Good-by my plans," he said.

Benjy stood in front of him. "Ye should have thought of that before."

"There was only one thing to do," said the young man. "But oh, I have looked forward to meeting Dickie again! And the good old town, and friends. Now we are perhaps even going to London. May I find the child's parents soon!"

"Why then did ye do it? Better give her up at once, and perhaps make money instead of losing it."

"Benjy!"

"'Tis advice from a better judge than I," said Benjy. "I do but pass it on. There are some guineas to be made. Some three or four."

"What do you mean?" asked the young man, sternly.

"Why gave you her to the lieutenant?" broke out the older, angrily. "Had ye no eyes?"

"'Twas Aneeb's condition. I could not free her else."

"Have ye freed her? Think you so? Look here, then." His voice and action took on more energy. He laid the two coins on his palm and extended the hand—all knotted sinew, bone, and callus—toward the other.

"Two half-guineas," said Francis. "Well?"

"Where got I them?" Benjy cried. "Where got I them? Who gave them me just now?"

The young man flushed and sprang up. He put a hand on Benjy's shoulder, and searched his face with his glance. Benjy pursed his gnarled face and nodded grimly. Frank turned away. "His servant is coming," he said. "Make sure, Benjy. Draw him out."

As Tabb approached, the woodsmen were lolling again by their fire. He greeted familiarly: "Good day to you again." Cheerfully answered Benjy: "And a good day for us all." Tabb squatted by the glowing coals, and began to push pieces of wood into their depths.

"So you're to go with us after all?"

"Ay," said Benjy. "Are you willing?"

Tabb grinned. "Why not? You've set fun afoot, and I come in for my profit."

To conceal his wince, Frank turned his head aside, but Benjy hitched companionably forward. "Hey?" he said. "The lieutenant pays, hey?" He stretched out a tough forefinger and prodded Tabb in the waist. His mouth opened wide in a cackle.

Tabb winked and chuckled. "Pays? Indeed he pays. What, have you not something already?"

Benjy opened his hand, and showed the two half-guineas. "Ay," he said, still grinning broadly. "Ay."

Tabb settled himself to chat. "'Twill be easier for us poor devils after this. His temper has been short. And he'll think better of the woods. Odds, but he has cursed them! No gaming, he says, nor wine, nor women. Well, you've supplied him with this last, and the final bottle of wine is to be opened to-night. I've put it to its neck in the stream below, to cool it."

"And the girl pleased the lieutenant?"

"Would she not you? Odds, man, she's a beauty. Better than Spain or Portugal could give, he says. And he's been there."

"Too young," objected Benjy.

"Nay," said Tabb sagely.

"And innocent-like."

"But there's the wine. He's knowing. Wine's always the best way."

Francis sat silent, but the keen old man saw passion in the back that slightly moved. He knew his lad, and laid a hand upon his shoulder. Frank quieted. Benjy went on with his talk to Tabb.

"The lieutenant's an old hand."

"True," cried Tabb. "An early growth."

Benjy laughed and nodded, pushing Tabb again in the ribs. "Ay," he said. "Ay, ay." He ogled and laughed again, pointing with his thumb.

Tabb grinned. "What is it?" he asked. "D'ye mean me?"

"You?" cried Benjy. "Of course I mean you. Man and master like. That's what I'm thinking."

"Well," smirked Tabb. "Well. I say nothing of that." The compliment tickled him.

Then Benjy sobered. "But do we," he queried earnestly, "come in for more, at the end?"

"Ay," said Tabb easily. "Of course. Three guineas apiece, belike, and the lass herself. Are ye willing?"

"Yes," answered Benjy. "She'll be a hindrance before long, hey? 'Tis the way. But when, then? Montreal or Detroit?"

"Even before," said Tabb, "it may be. If you leave the company before we get to Detroit, will not that suit ye?"

"Ay," said Francis, turning. "Before we get to Detroit. 'Twill suit well."

"Good evening to ye, then." Tabb went away.

Francis turned to the fire, and appeared to be studying its glow. The deep gleam in his eyes seemed a reflection of the ruddy coals. Benjy, since Frank said nothing, threw himself on the ground and lay quiet. A long while they stayed so. Slowly the sun sank, casting upon little clouds far overhead bright reflections from the dolphin colours of the dying day. They paled; the sky grew cold blue; the night was coming. The soldiers were heard at their meal; all work had ceased, and merriment began. But while fires blazed up brightly in the English camp, the fire of the woodsmen died to ashes.

Then Frank arose in the dusk and began to gather together the articles that lay near. Benjy, attentive, helped. They brought the canoe to the water's edge, and laid their belongings within it. The powder keg, the axes, and the utensils went in. But the furs Frank left lying where they were. Benjy whispered ruefully: "The black and silver fox skins?"

It was only a little bale, and worth a woodsman's fortune. But Frank thrust it under a bush. "Not an

extra pound," he said. They put into the canoe their blankets, then Francis laid his rifle in. Benjy hesitated to relinquish his.

"No," said Frank again with decision. "Only our hangers." He looked to the lake, then up the little river, glimmering in the last light. "You know whither the stream leads, Benjy?"

"Ay."

Francis pointed to the cabin. There was a light within it. "Quietly now!" he whispered. His words were as the breath of the wind. Quietly the two stole toward the soldiers' camp.

CHAPTER VI

"WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE"

Alice still waited in the cabin. As the day drew to a close, strange feelings came upon her. She did not understand the vague fears that rose within her breast; she knew that she dreaded something. Then she chided herself. She was with her own people at last; should she be afraid now? And of what?

She saw the lieutenant walking by the shore, up and down. Behind him the sunset colours were gradually fading. She watched him, and the fascination of a continued wonder grew upon her. Why was he so kind to her, so strangely kind? He turned and began to walk toward the cabin, and she withdrew hastily into the shadow.

He came to the door and called her to him. With a hand beneath her chin he turned her face up to his. He read her countenance, seeing not her innocence and sweetness, but beauty and all flesh delights. But something shone on her cheek, and he asked in surprise: "You have been weeping? Are you longing for savagery?"

"Oh no, sir," she answered. "But they have been so kind!"

"And I? Am I not kind?"

"Yes, sir," she replied. "Oh, yes!"

"Then forget those Indians. Shall you not see your father soon?"

At the words her eyes sparkled, and she gave him thanks; but finding he still held her she made a little bashful movement to release herself. He let her go, and she shrank back to a seat by the window. Then he called Tabb, and ordered candles and the supper.

Tabb came with the candle box and a burning pine splinter. He lit the candles, sticking them on projections of the logs, with an eye to safety and economy. "Plenty of candles!" ordered the lieutenant, striding up and down. Tabb lighted more candles, till the dark place was bright. Then he brought the meal.

It was all strange to the child who watched. Pleasure grew as she saw familiar things. The candles first gave her a thought of home, and as she looked about the cabin she realised that once more she was in a house. There was a real table, though but slats across trestles; there were stools; she need no longer sit upon the ground. There were dishes, no more bowls or bark; knives and forks were there, and even napkins. When she saw these last she could not keep from smiling.

Then she saw the meaning glances of the men, and flushed. The coarse, bold servant and the smiling master cast upon her an undefined oppression. Her eyes sank to the ground, but she was lovely even so, and the lieutenant watched her still.

Tabb brought the smoking meal. The officer unclasped his belt and hung it on a peg. "Tabb," he said; "remove the sentry from this end of the line—tell the sergeant to have it done. See that none of the men come near. Wait till I ask for the wine, and then—keep away from here yourself!"

The servant saluted, and went out. His master invited the girl. "Will you come to the table, Alice?"

Alice was a lass of wit; her spirits rose, and her confidence came back. She seated herself as a lady should, and looked demurely at the lieutenant. "We have no chaplain. Will you say grace, sir?"

He stared. Was this a trader's daughter? But he seated himself quickly, clasped his hands, and bowed his head above his plate. "For all that we are about to receive—" he began, and finished the blessing without mistake.

For all that we are about to receive! His eye gleamed as he watched her. Tabb, returning, passed the food. She helped herself, and ate daintily. Smiling, she spoke easily, yet earnestly: "Lieutenant, for this meal and your protection I thank you." Earnestly, yet easily, as one that has seen society. He answered with the air of the companion of Fox, and modestly disclaimed all thanks.

For all that we are about to receive! She pleased him more and more. If she were cultured, so much the better. He need not leave her at Detroit; in London she would be an ornament. To support a mistress would be costly on his present pay; yet once a captain, and with the allowance from his uncle—why, it could be done! His heart began to beat joyously. "Alice, you shall go to London!" he cried, and then loudly: "Tabb, the wine!"

Tabb brought the opened bottle, and took from their mahogany case the glasses. Then, obeying his master's look, he joined his fellow-soldiers at the fire.

"'Tis wine of France," said the lieutenant, as he filled her glass. "Alice, you must know that officers on the march cannot always have the best. Would this were better! And now, little one, drink to our return."

But with recurring disquiet she shrank from the wine. "I—I would rather not, sir."

"And why not?"

"Father would seldom let me take it. 'Tis not for girls, he said."

"But this is a rare occasion, and I am a good friend. Am I not?" He touched her hand across the narrow table. "To please me, Alice, drink!"

She withdrew her hand from his, and avoided the glance of his eager eyes. He looked at her persistently. "Surely," she said, "not first to our return. First to the king."

"To the king, then," he said. "Drink, little one."

She took up the glass; he drank, she sipped. "And now to our return," he urged. Again the wine passed her lips.

The wine warmed him, but she more than the wine. He looked at her constantly, strangely; he leaned toward her, and his breath came in her face. They finished eating. He pushed both plates away, and begged her to drink more. To the queen; she could not refuse to toast the queen. Again she sipped, and next must drink to the prince royal. "But you will have me toast all the royal family!" she cried, protesting her dismay. To please him, she looked arch. To placate the insistence which she did not understand, she smiled and appeared attentive. He grew talkative and spoke of many things, of London most of all, with its sights, its people, its great houses, its great men.

She knew London, and its great men. "Doctor Johnson," she asked. "Do you know Doctor Johnson?"

He looked blank. "No, who is he? A writer, eh? Oh, great men are not of that sort. The Duke of Grafton is a great man, and young Fox, and Bedford who hates him, and Rigby. But you know London, Alice. To London! Drink to London!" He took her wrist and tried to lift her glass to her lips.

"But you have drunk too much, sir, already," she said, and shifted her glass to her other hand. It was herself, and not the wine, that intoxicated him; but she could not distinguish. She knew not what to do, but smiled prettily in the face of the heated man. "Therefore let me leave you. Will you call your servant to show me where I may sleep?"

"Sleep?" he said. "Not yet. Ah, Alice! little Alice! Go not yet. Come, drink once more!"

"Lieutenant, let me go," she begged.

"Lieutenant?" he repeated, low and tenderly. He moved around the table to her side. "Henry is my name. To you I have no title. Call me Henry."

"Henry, then," she answered. "But pray let me go."

"Drink first," he urged. "You must drink." As she did not move he seized her wrist again, to lift her hand.

The fear in her eyes did not shame him; she was beautiful even in her fright. Her lips parted; she resisted him, panting. "Please, please!" she begged, but he used force. As still she resisted, the wine was spilled. He released her hand; she set the glass down, and endeavouring to move away, raised her napkin. "Give it me," he said, and took it from her. He brushed the drops from her bodice, as she sat trembling. "But there is some on your throat." He caught her by the waist, and bending his head, tried to kiss it away.

A voiceless terror came upon her. She struggled, gasping. Was no one near? Could she not scream? His head was near to hers; he crushed her closer, and suddenly darting, kissed her throat.

She shivered at the touch of his lips. Then she sat quiet. He marked it with triumph. He pressed his lips firmer against the soft skin. As still she sat motionless, his delight increased. "She is mine!"

A heavy hand fell on his shoulder. He sprang upright.

The young woodsman, his guide, was leaning across the table, his arm still extended. Behind him was the older man. And Alice sat with a face of heavenly relief. The young hunter drew himself erect; there was a grim smile on his face, a grim tone in his voice, as he spoke: "Your pardon, Lieutenant."

Blood rushed into the officer's face. "You rascal," he cried. "Leave the cabin! Speak to the sergeant if you want anything."

"I want something here," said the woodsman.

The Londoner threw a coin upon the table. "Begone!" he said. "To-morrow will do. And never enter this place without knocking."

"Never again." Frank motioned to Alice. "Come," he said.

"Alice," cried the lieutenant. "Remain!"

"Take her, Benjy," said Frank. "I will follow."

Benjy reached out to take her hand. She moved with averted face past the lieutenant, to meet him. "Louts!" exclaimed the Englishman, haughtily and confidently. "I will pay you." He snatched from the table a pointed knife, and struck Benjy under the arm.

"Ah!" said the old man—once, and once again.

Furious, Frank caught with naked hands at the lieutenant. But he, withdrawing the knife, struck again with the bloody blade. Frank could save himself only by leaping back. The lieutenant turned to his sword upon the wall.

Frank grasped at his own hanger: the scabbards grated as the blades flew out. The officer lunged; the other parried. Struck violently by both weapons, the table tottered; then with its weight of dishes it fell with a crash between the men.

Benjy leaned against the wall, breathing quickly. Alice, with wide eyes, watched the two fighters. The woodsman attacked the soldier. Frank bestrode the debris of the table and pressed on the lieutenant; steel clashed, sparks flew. The Englishman's face was red, the colonial's pale; the eyes of both gleamed with anger. The fight was edge against point. The lieutenant thrust twice; the other parried, and pushed forward with determination. Once at close quarters the lieutenant saw his long weapon would be useless; he gave ground, and thrust again. Another parry; he found himself at the wall. He lunged. The other, coming forward recklessly, his moments precious, parried with force. The sword was wrenched to one side. Francis rushed within guard, and cut the officer on the temple. Man and sword fell clattering.

Frank turned, and sprang to the old man's side. "We must go. We have scant time. Alice, I will carry him. Follow you close."

Too late? A form filled the entrance. Alice darted toward it eagerly. "Aneeb!"

The Indian cast a glance of hatred at the young man. "So you fight for her already!" He caught the girl's hand and disappeared with her in the darkness. Frank lifted Benjy to his shoulder and sought to follow. They were gone.

It was too late to hesitate. The camp was alarmed. Soldiers, bearing torches, were coming with shouts. He ran around the cabin and hastened with his burden to the canoe.

CHAPTER VII

THE KNOLL AMONG PINES

The canoe slipped noiselessly into the night; there was no pursuit. Confusion reigned at the camp; when the sergeant found his wits the fugitives were already far away. On the embowered stream the canoe sped silently for miles.

Benjy lay in the bottom of the canoe, noting the landmarks at Frank's description. "You'll come soon," he said at last, speaking with difficulty, "on a great rock. Beyond that—a little creek. Turn in there."

The rock showed, black in the grey night. Beyond it, Frank turned the nose of the canoe into the smaller stream. It grew narrower and shallower; before long he stepped out, and wading, drew the canoe after him. The creek at last became a mere rocky bed. "Lift me out," said Benjy.

Above them rose a knoll, crowned by great pines. Frank carried the old man up the ascent, and set him down at the foot of a tree. The sky was scarcely visible; where they stood the ground was in blackness. He went for the axe, and sought a torch. Before long the blaze of a pitch-knot shone on the old man's face.

Benjy lay quiet, holding with one hand a cloth to his side. His wrinkled face was pale; on his features was no expression of pain, but one of peace. He looked up calmly as Francis knelt beside him. "'Tis the end,

lad," he said. "'Tis slow but sure; I feel it coming. Frank, ye'll be sorry to part from me?"

"Oh, Benjy!" Frank bent lower, and clasped in his hands the other's head. Tears fell, and mingled with those that came from the old man's eyes. But they were the last that Benjy shed.

"Lad, attend," he said. "I have somewhat to say, and short time."

"I listen, Benjy."

"Tell Ann—." The old man paused. "There's nothing to say. Her brother's dead."

"No message?"

"We shall meet again soon."

There was silence for a moment as the old man rested. Then he roused himself again. "My love to Dickie," he said. "I'm sorry I could not teach him sword play, as I taught you. But oh, lad, I was proud of you to-night. When he fell, his head cleft——"

"I did not kill him," said Frank.

"Not kill him?"

"There was too little space for striking, what with the corner and the roof. 'Twas but a wrist stroke. Yet I have marked him. God give me to meet him again!"

"Then spare him not!" cried Benjy. "Remember—" His voice suddenly sank.

"Benjy!" cried Frank, apprehensive.

"Not yet," said the old man, with an effort. "Frank, one more thing. Dig me a grave. Dig it now."

Francis obeyed. With his axe he cut wood, and shaped himself a rough strong spade. He laid back with it the mat of pine needles, and came upon the light, moist loam. Then he began his task, rapidly making a pit near the old man, measuring it with his eye. He threw out the dirt. Where roots interfered he cut them

with his axe. With no word, panting in haste, he worked to please his old companion, and marvelled to find himself digging a grave for a man yet living. Upon him at his work the flaring torch, upright in the ground, cast its broad light. Benjy lay watching. From the branches and thickets the tiny wild things, roused by the noise and the light, looked and wondered. Birds chirped, then slept again.

"'Tis enough," said Benjy at last. Frank was waist-deep. "Leave off, and come to me."

Frank came and knelt again. Benjy took in his hands the young man's, warm from their toil. A look of pleasure glimmered on the old face. "'Tis well done of you, lad. I shall lie in a grave."

"Fear not of that."

"I have feared," said Benjy, "to die alone. And then to lie unburied—to be sniffed at by the deer—eaten by foxes—to rot above ground! Ay—I have feared. But not now. And an Ellery is with me! I have always served the Ellerys, Frank. Your grandfather, the smuggler—your father, the merchant—and now you. I have served all three."

"And served well. Benjy, shall I pray?"

"Not yet," he said staunchly. "There's no time. Lad, listen. Ye'll leave this matter of the white girl. Aneeb was angry, misunderstanding. He will never give her up again. Go you to Boston; to follow her is useless. Leave Detroit wide; make for Albany. None will remember the matter of a wounded lieutenant. Give up the girl, and go home."

"Benjy!"

"Think of your brother Dickie. He's nearly twenty now, with your uncle there to plague him. He needs you, be sure. And what is your uncle doing all the

while, with the property and the business? Dickie could not be strong against him, as you were."

"No," agreed Francis, sadly. "But Benjy, how can I leave the girl?"

Benjy's voice grew stronger. "If you go not, Frank, you go to danger. I'm dying, lad. You've heard the dying see clearly. Men will fight over the girl; she was born for a bone of contention." He raised his head, looking into Frank's face with eyes that burned, and finished his warning in a voice of energy. "Your grave will be dug in the wilderness, Frank, if ye follow her into the woods!"

He sank back, panting, and his eyes closed. "Frank," he gasped, "your hand. Pray—now!"

They clasped hands. Frank prayed. "Our Father—" But no more. Benjy died.

There was scant time for mourning. Frank buried Benjy in his cloak, forcing across the pit, as he filled it, round spikes from the boles of the pines, that no beast should dig. When the grave was finished and made smooth he laid over it again the needle-carpet he had first turned back. The remaining earth he cast away; the ground was as if undisturbed.

Then he went to the canoe, took from it everything, made up a pack, and hid in bushes what he did not want. The canoe itself he thrust into a thicket. Then, as he stood once more by the grave, the light of the pine knot failed, and he was left in darkness.

Alone by the grave he sat the night through. Beneath the earth, where lay his hand, was his companion of three years. Elsewhere, in the same forests, were fleeing the Indians and the white girl. Far, far away was his native town, peaceful on its peninsula, mirrored in his mind as last he saw it. There were his friends, his home, his brother. He yearned for them.

And then he struggled. What was a girl, first seen on that day, to his ambition? How could she weigh against the brother that needed him? Against the plan of his life? Could he even find her? There was a chance he might find her at once, but if not, what then? The country of the Pottawottomies was far away, the tribe lived scattered. He might wander for a year, and never hear news of her. If found, could he save her? Aneeb had been angry: he was stubborn, and his people were fierce. Benjy spoke truly of danger.

Then again rose up in his mind the picture of his home. The quiet town, the friendly houses, the familiar streets, drew him toward them. The faces of his friends appeared before him; he heard them speak. The dear old gloomy house took shape, and he walked in its ancient rooms. The busy ropewalks which he loved called to him across a thousand miles. Sitting there in the night, picture after picture came to him, until at last he threw himself on the ground and cried aloud to God for guidance in his trouble.

The dawn came, and still he lay. The sky gradually paled. The tops of the trees showed in sharp outline while yet it was dark below. Light stole in among the branches, and at last upon the ground objects were distinct. Then Frank rose, with weary but calm face. He took his gun and axe and pack, and studied the sun. Detroit was to the southeast. He looked in its direction long, then turned with a sigh and began his march into the wilderness.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LITTLE DRUM OF THE METAI

There closed a great blankness around Alice. A year she had spent in the woods, had been alert, learned, and suffered bravely. Then came hope, and was snatched away. The tall young woodsman with determined face had been a living link with home, a visible promise of return. Suddenly he was gone. She was again swallowed up in the vast wilderness, with savages for companions, and with England, father, brother, once more denied her. She saw the second winter closing in.

Her perceptions dulled. She knew that they came to a stream, and travelled some days in a canoe; that when the stream joined with another and flowed west they went ashore. With her load on her shoulders, bent beneath its weight, she plodded again through the forest. She lost count of the days. Bewildered at God's purpose, her mind began to be confused. She could take no part in the Indian merriment. Oppression began to obscure the processes of her mind. She ate, drank, spoke mechanically, a little stupidly.

There began the period of nightly frosts. One morning the old man was lame; on the next he was stiff with rheumatism. On the next the old woman had to rub his knees before he could rise to walk. As the night cold increased, the distance he could walk by day grew less. Their progress was steadily slower; and the Pot-

tawottomi country was still far away. But Aneeb was not troubled; he preferred to live alone. In villages were quarrels, and in winter starvation. He began to look about for a suitable place to camp.

They came into a district of great trees, black growth. The ground had many hollows and ridges; here and there were ponds and streams. It was a beautiful region, but Aneeb shook his head. The old man, bent with pain, said also: "We must go further."

That night was the coldest of all, with a little snow. In the day they travelled, perhaps a few miles. The old man was nearly helpless; it was difficult for him to drag himself along. Aneeb, carrying his father's burden, endeavoured to cheer him. "A little more, my father. When more snow comes, I will draw you on a sledge." At noon they sat and ate, near a little stream, where they cut ice to get water. It was the edge of a swamp, full of pools, with great trees standing dead. Their broken tops and peeling bark, the ice and snow and dried grass at their feet, made the vistas through them desolate and mournful.

They had sat a half-hour, when something stirred nearby. Aneeb turned for his gun: "An elk!" The animal came in sight, walking down to the stream. He stamped at the ice, broke it, and began to drink. Aneeb shot from where he sat, and the elk fell. The old woman smiled, for they needed more food. Aneeb went to cut the animal's throat.

They watched him draw his knife and bend over the elk. The point entered the skin; the beast was roused by the pain, and leaped up, striking with frantic forefeet at the man so near him. Aneeb fell; the elk dashed away into the forest. Breathless with horror, they heard the noise of his passage grow less and less, and saw that Aneeb lay motionless.

They drew the chief from the ice and laid him on blankets. He uttered no complaint, but his lips were white. His mother bent over him. "Is the pain great?"

He answered: "It is not myself, but for you."

She looked around her in the lonely woods, and understood. Their lives depended upon his strength—and his thigh was broken.

They saw the danger, all of them. The men and boy accepted it as Indians should, with fatalism, uncomplaining. Netnokwa, the old woman, had the privilege of complaint, but she was the descendant of chiefs. And to the English girl came the courage of her people. The cloud lifted from Alice's brain. She fell to work with the rest.

From bushes they cut poles, and built a lodge around Aneeb where he lay. The old man dragged the bundles to the door; the woman and children went for firewood. Around the fire they sat; the old woman got out the store of food. Indians are never provident; by the smallest of rations there was not food to last them for a day. When darkness came they ate, and laid themselves to sleep. Aneeb, with his leg rudely bandaged, lay in pain all night.

The fire went out; the cold of winter came that night in a terrible wave. In the morning Alice first of all went to gather wood, dragging it with numb fingers from under the thin snow. Netnokwa made the fire; they ate the last food. Then the woman warmed a little grease, and began to rub the joints of her husband. "To-day, Mukkwah," she said, "thou must prove thyself a hunter." When the sun was high he tottered out with his gun.

He went away from the lodge, painfully, a half-mile. The cold was so great that his slow motions could not keep him warm. Stiffer he grew, more and more

helpless, until at last he leaned against a tree, and waited. There, hours later, the woman found him. He smiled patiently and shook his head. On her back she carried his wasted body to the lodge, then sent her grandson for the gun, telling him to hunt. Through the afternoon Kewadin wandered vainly, finding in the snow tracks in plenty, but no game.

On the morrow the boy went out again. An hour, and they heard his gun. But he did not return. Another hour, and he fired again. "He missed the first time," said Netnokwa. "Perhaps this time he has hit." Still he did not return. The day dragged on, until at sunset the lad came back, staggering in at the door, foredone with fatigue. He brought nothing.

Alice had helped Netnokwa with the fire and the gathering of wood. That night she slept fitfully, her hunger waking her. She dreamed of food, woke, and wept in silence. The morning came, and the woman gave the gun into the boy's hands with a charge: "This day, remember thou art the son of Aneeb." He went forth proudly, but soon his steps dragged.

At the lodge Alice and Netnokwa gathered wood, fed the fire, and listened constantly. They stood minutes at a time, but they heard no sound from the boy's gun. Noon passed, the afternoon crawled along. Toward night the woman became alarmed, and went out on the trail of her grandson. Alice, left alone with the two helpless men, fed with small sticks the little fire, and waited anxiously. At last the woman came back, an hour after dusk. In her arms she bore the senseless boy. Quickly the two made a greater fire; the woman took moccasins and boiled them. As they could they ate the tough mass; with its soup they brought Kewadin to consciousness. For a while Alice felt restored, but again she passed the night in distress.

The woman was the strongest of all. In the morning she brought wood, and again cooked deerskin. Alice, though she helped, could not touch the food; the boy, continually fainting, was unable to eat. The men lay in silence throughout the day. Only Alice and Netnokwa stirred in the lodge, but there was nothing to do. The day was dull and bitter; toward night Netnokwa went out for another armfull of wood. She forbade Alice to accompany her. "Thy will is strong, daughter, but thy body is weak." When she returned there were snowflakes on her dress. "It is snowing again," she said. "It will be a long storm. Now there is no help. The end is come."

Alice, lying on her blanket, put her face in her hands. "God help father and George," she said in the prayer of her childhood. She thought of her mother, long since dead. "And take me quickly," she whispered, "into Heaven."

The others were silent for a long time, while the daylight died away and the little fire made its fitful gleam more visible in the lodge. The sifting snow prepared their grave, the creeping cold began already to finish the work which starvation had begun. Alice felt drowsiness coming upon her. She did not fear, she did not care. Soon she would lie down and sleep.

But at length the old man spoke. "There is yet hope. Many times have I been near death, death like this from starvation. Once in the north I fasted six days. Then a Frenchman came. Once on the prairie I was senseless from hunger, but the Manitto sent one to relieve me. Aneeb, call on the Manitto to help us."

For a while Aneeb said nothing. Then he dragged himself into a sitting posture. "Give me," he said to his mother, "my little drum of the Metai."

Netnokwa brought it. Aneeb opened the medicine-

bag at his breast, and cast a red powder on the fire. Then he began to beat the drum, and presently they heard his voice, hoarse and dry:

"I call upon the Metai, upon the spirits who are above me——"

His voice rose and fell. He beat the little drum. The old woman crouched and listened; the boy raised his head, then let it fall. Alice opened her eyes and looked. Would the Metai help them? She saw only the fire, and its light glistening upon the thick frost that coated the mats of the lodge. For some minutes she watched.

Then the curtain of the lodge-door lifted. Alice looked dully; it could not be true. The others did not notice; Aneeb was rapt in his prayer. No, it could not be true. A bright flame sprang up from the logs; but that white blur against the black night was not a human face. Alice, hopeless, was about to close her eyes.

The door lifted higher. A stooping figure entered. The drum fell from the hands of the chief. All stared at the newcomer as at a spirit.

"Saggitto!"

Frank looked around him at the faces pinched with starvation. He held out his hand to Alice, but she was too weak to move. Then he threw down by the fire two partridges, and spoke with a voice that seemed to break:

"It is well, Aneeb, that you beat your little drum of the Metai."

CHAPTER IX

THE CABIN IN THE WOODS

There stood a cabin at the edge of the brook, small and roofed with bark, but convenient for the winter. Before it hung on a branch the flesh of two moose, while not far away, in various places, cut wood was piled. In the cabin Aneeb, his leg bound with splints, lay on a bed of fir twigs. For days Frank had not ceased work except to throw himself to sleep. But at last the building was finished.

There began a life of routine. Before daylight the woman rose in the hut, and waked the boy and girl. Alice and Kewadin went out into the cold and dusk, where stars yet glimmered above, and in the east the sky was growing bright. They brushed the last snow from the nearest woodpile, and brought in their arms the split logs to the cabin. There the light of the rising fire fell upon the sleeping men, and Alice, pausing, might see Frank's face. On him—ah, there hung every hope of her heart!

He lay as unconscious as if there were neither Boston nor London for him or for her. His sleep was sound, his face was calm and strong. As the woman cooked the meal Alice stole glances at him, comforting her. There was in him so much of self-reliance, so much of power, that each day she could take courage for the future.

But in the morning her moments with him were few. When Netnokwa gave permission, she might wake him, and see his opening eyes. But his meal was hasty, and he was soon away. At the door of the hut, in the dawn, Alice stood many a time and watched his form melt among the distant shadows of the woods.

Then in the hut she would work at the skin-curing, or at the ordering of the place. For Netnokwa was neat, and was always busy. There was sewing to be done with great needles and the sinews of little animals; there were moccasins to be made, then to be trimmed. And Aneeb, lying without complaint, yet had to be tended, and fed. In minutes of quiet Alice worked on birch-bark, brought by the hunter from great distances. With a sharp stick she copied sentences from her Bible. But Kewadin, contemptuous, left her and tiptoed about under the trees, hoping with his bow and arrow to shoot a squirrel, and win Frank's smile.

Frank's smile!—toward evening they awaited it. Netnokwa prepared the evening broth, leaving it to simmer long, for at what hour Frank might return they could not tell. The moose-skins were shaken up afresh at his seat, and the floor of the cabin was swept with cedar branches. Pine splinters were prepared; dry gummy wood was picked out from the rest and laid in its own pile. This work done, Netnokwa would take down from their peg the softest and best of the moccasins, and the prettiest leggins, made for wear in the cabin. And then from time to time Alice, Kewadin, even Netnokwa herself, would stand at the door and gaze about through the woods.

If it snowed he might be late; in the soft snow walking was difficut. Or if it snowed hard he might not come at all. Yet once on the finest night he did not come; the sun was hours down, but he did not come.

Netnokwa and the others lay down to sleep. "Aneeb," cried Alice at last, "where is Saggitto?"

"Little daughter," said the chief, "he is safe. To-morrow, be sure, he brings fresh meat."

And on the morrow, before noon, Frank returned, dragging a heavy load on an improvised sledge.

But usually as the dusk fell they would see him coming among the trees. Then with a shout Kewadin would rush to meet him, and Alice, less hastily, would follow. The moose-tongue, or the partridges, the boy would seize with pride, and beg the gun to carry. But the real welcome was between the other two, with looks, not words, and with hands clasped eagerly.

In the cabin the two men looked gladly at the hunter returning, and at the sign of his success. Netnokwa and Alice removed his moccasins and leggins before the snow should melt, hung them to dry, and gave him the fresh ones. Next the bowl of broth, or the platter of meat, was set before the hungry man. No questions were asked him until he was ready to speak. Then would begin their hour of evening.

Mukkwah would sing the Indian chants, and with Aneeb instruct the boy in Indian legends and history. But at times Alice and Frank, sitting side by side, would speak in their own mother tongue.

He made her speak of herself. Her mother had died years before, her father was a well-to-do merchant, her brother was a soldier.

"An officer," she said. "That was why I felt so safe with——"

She stopped and dropped her eyes, picturing herself the lieutenant as he fell, dead, as she thought, and shivered slightly. Frank spoke quickly of his hunting to draw her from the unpleasant thought.

She brightened. "You hunt so well!" she cried.

"But this is a bad game country," he said. "Now there is fair hunting, but the moose and elk need bushes to feed on, or young trees. Here are few; for miles are great pines and hemlocks, little underbrush. The game is already leaving."

Her face became serious; she foresaw. "Will there be little to eat?"

"I trust not. But know you how to starve, Alice?"

"Yes," she said. She tightened her lips; her eyes looked back into memory. "Last winter two more families lived near us. They were women and children, so Aneeb fed them as well as us. It was hard sometimes. But," she added confidently, looking up, "I can live on little. It is usually three days before I faint."

"Usually three days," he repeated. "Usually three days! And at home, Alice?"

Her eyes filled. She could not answer.

CHAPTER X

COMPANIONSHIP

"Listen," said Frank to Alice one morning before setting out. "Let us two think of the same thing to-day. It is nearly a month since I found you. Aneeb is very much stronger. In two weeks, perhaps, I can ask him for you. We can travel on the snow to Detroit."

"Oh!" she cried, and her eyes were radiant.

But that night no Kewadin came running to meet him. Only Alice, with piteous face, came slowly from the cabin.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Aneeb," she answered. "He tried to walk. He—his leg—" She burst into tears. He could scarcely comfort her.

Frank set the leg a second time. "Listen, my brother," he said to Aneeb; "patience is here necessary. Let the leg be broken once more, and Aneeb will never again be strong."

Thus suddenly the hope of home was blotted out. Frank saw that Alice and he were imprisoned for the winter. Day after day he went out against growing difficulties, and doggedly maintained his struggle with Nature.

There was often awe in the hunter's heart. Not born to the life, he felt its strangeness. The country was monotonous. One valley was like another, one ridge.

There were trees and snow, and nothing else. As he roamed amid the solitude, he saw his insignificance. Somewhere behind him, hours away, was the tiny hut on the edge of the frozen stream, close to the ice-locked swamp. Five souls there awaited him; their lives depended upon his. And amid forces immensely greater than his own, he wrestled for their sustenance.

He hunted huge creatures, and fought with still more formidable foes. Sleet and bitter wind, or snow and piercing cold, were his greatest enemies. More than once he yielded to them wisely, sought shelter and built a fire, and outslept the storm. In one great blizzard he spent two days and nights in the lee of a huge rock. Sleet and snow froze upon the trees; overloaded, the wind snapped them at the root; there was terrible crashing all around. When he might travel again, everything was changed. Old landmarks were covered; trees lay in networks across his former paths. Thus from week to week he learned anew the signs of the woods. At last, upon the snow, he walked six feet above the earth.

Amid that vastness, in his struggle with the wilderness, body and mind grew. Every littleness fell away from him. In those months he attained his last growth: the final breadth of his shoulders, the strength of his back and waist, the great girth and depth of his chest. Twenty miles he would travel in an ordinary day, carefully hunting. At need, upon a chase, he could double the distance. Danger and responsibility sharpened his wits. He knew each valley and hill, carried in his mind every path of the woods, knew by tree and knoll and brook all ways of the forest. His eye was as quick, his hand as steady, his head as cool as the oldest hunter's. He was white and Indian both.

There was reward in the life, as he grew to closer

intimacy with his surroundings. From the forest he drew strength for his soul—the strength of the Puritan face to face with his God. Day after day alone he thought, and drew nearer the heart of things. The stern symphony of Nature moved and uplifted him. He took to himself some of the qualities of his surroundings—calmness, stability, silence.

But the life was sad and hard; he saw always battle, ending in death. Grey was the colour of all things. Only one flower bloomed upon the snow. Alice, little Alice, was his sole pleasure.

She was the cause of this life, his impelling force. At the first meeting she inspired in him tenderness and the desire to protect. She was weak; he seemed singled out in all the world for her support. In proportion as he had sacrificed for her, he prized her. To guide her, teach her, save her, was his resolution.

Unconsciously, she rewarded him. He found that mentally she leaned upon him. The surprise, the flattering pleasure, warmed his heart. In the feeling of possession, the deep satisfaction of opening her mind, he felt almost the mystery of parentage. Everything he did was for that child—no, no longer a child, but not a woman. She was at the growing period, her budding form springing rapidly to greater height, but with mind still undeveloped. He watched her carefully; she should come to no harm. Every word he spoke to her he considered of its effect; everything he told her was with purpose. Always she reacted upon him. The effort to keep her soul pure purified his own.

Far from the camp, he thought of her. Sleeping alone in the snow, her image filled his dreams. When he killed, he gave thanks for the food to sustain her. When he set his face homewards, he hastened his steps.

He was oppressed with fear on nearing the cabin if he did not see her at once.

The silent discipline of those months fixed forever the characters of both. She emerged from childhood; he became a man. The strong qualities—seriousness, reverence, courage—marked them permanently. Health gave them cheerfulness; companionship, unity. There was no thought, no dream of love. They were brother and sister; and the force of the bond came from her. With upturned face, bright eyes, and ready ear, at first his care, she became his strength.

CHAPTER XI

RETROSPECT

When at last the hunting became difficult, there hung by the lodge meat for many weeks. Frank turned to trapping, and began to lay his lines through the woods. Many deadfalls he would make in a day. For two leagues each line stretched away from the cabin; their outer ends were connected in a curve, and the hut was the centre of a great wheel. Day after day Frank went out on one line, crossed to the next, and returned upon it. He came always to the camp laden with skins.

The short days came. In the long evenings the cabin, bright from the pitch-pine splinters, saw busy hands, heard cheerful laughter. All, even Aneeb on his bed, even Mukkwah with his swollen fingers, worked at the curing of fur, the wealth of Indians.

Once of an evening Frank let fall in his lap the frame that he was shaping, and looked about him. From the low roof of the little hut dangled the pelts; the firelight cast shadows among them, and flickered on the dark faces of the Indians. They worked on, but Alice came to his side. "What is it?" she asked.

"I marvel," he responded. With a gesture he swept the scene. She also looked at the unconscious, busy Indians, and heard the low song Netnokwa crooned. Her life was pictured to her; she looked again at Frank, with wonder.

He held his hand to her; she put down the skin which she held, and gave him her warm fingers. "Far away," he said, "many, many miles, beyond Detroit, beyond Albany, is a town. In that town there is a house. Just now, I thought of it."

"Tell me," she said.

"'Tis not like this. Far different, Alice. Its smallest room would hold four cabins such as this, laid two and two, lengthwise, and then four more above. Why, there are closets as large as this!"

She was listening eagerly.

"See," and he pointed, "the smoke from our fire. Some of it wanders about the roof, and helps to dry the skins. In this house so far away, Alice, are great stone fireplaces that let no smoke escape. The ceilings are white and clean. There are no skins hanging there. See here, how the lynx and fox skins almost hide the logs. In that other house the walls are panelled with oak. The floor here is trampled dirt, with a few slabs. There it is beautifully laid with long narrow boards of maple."

"Where is that house?" she asked.

"In Boston."

"It is your home?" she breathed the words softly.

"I was born there. Oh, Alice, Alice!" He snatched his hand from hers, and covered his eyes.

Presently he felt her fingers at his own. He showed his face. "I am not crying."

She was wise. "Tell me," she said. "Why did you leave your home?"

She opened to him a subject on which he talked for many evenings. His dead father and mother, his uncle, his brother Dickie, Ann, Benjy, she learned about them all. He told her of the family silver his uncle would have sold, which Benjy stole to save. He told of him-

self defending Benjy from the constables—a crime. She heard with fluttering breath of their flight by night, saw as with his own eyes the sleeping town lie behind him, and felt in her own heart the anguish of leaving it. Then he described lovingly, room by room, the old house. Most he dwelt on the great library, with its pictures of his father and his grandfather. She could close her eyes and see them: especially the old smuggler, with his wig and cane, posturing above the mantel; behind him were his ship and Fort Hill, with the sconce saluting. Frank was immensely proud of his family. But when she asked him his surname he looked at her gravely, and would not tell.

"I have never used my name since leaving Boston. I will tell you some day."

Therefore, though he spoke often of his family, it was always as "we," or "us," or "my grandfather." He never mentioned the Ellery name.

Once he spoke of their politics. "We are all Whigs," he said proudly. "My uncle alone is a Tory."

"Whigs?" she asked in surprise. "Father said Whigs are malcontents, and American Whigs are——"

"Well?"

"Rebels," she admitted.

"Pretty near," he agreed.

"But Frank, against the king?"

When he had finished explaining the rights guaranteed to the citizens of Massachusetts by royal promise, she was unsettled as to the prerogative of the king. Dreadfully uncomfortable, she coaxed him back to descriptions of his home. He spoke of the town; he pictured her landing in a boat from England, at Long Wharf. "Before you," he said, "is King Street; in the middle stands the Town House, with its bell-canopy, and the lion and unicorn."

"But to get to your house?" she asked.

"Turn to your right at the first little side street. 'Tis Merchants Row. Through it you will see another grand building, Faneuil Hall. Pass behind it, cross the little drawbridge, and take the narrow, straight lane beyond. It leads to a broader street, Ann Street, and from there"—and he described the houses, streets, and lanes along the water front, until they came in imagination to the Ellery house. To his surprise she repeated the description correctly after him. "I can see it all!" she cried.

Then she made him describe the house again. Once he said, in the warmth of his remembrance:—"and the secret passage——"

"The secret passage?" she echoed in delight.

He grew stern at once. "Say nothing of that, ever!" he commanded.

"Never," she responded, soberly.

CHAPTER XII

TEMPTATION

The year came into February; the short days passed. But there passed not the severity of the winter. Frank's eyes were often cast to measure the store of food. It diminished so fast that he trapped less and hunted more. But the hunting was now very hard; the game had moved farther and farther away. No fresh track of moose or elk was to be found within miles of the hut. Though Aneeb's leg was improving, he could not help. Frank left at last his marten frozen in the traps, and hunted daily.

He frequently slept away from the cabin, but often from a two days' hunt he brought nothing. Never did he bring much. Once there was no food left in the camp; even the beavers were exhausted from the region. He made a long trip, and found one moose. Starvation was averted, but only for a time. Before he could find more meat hunger again looked from Alice's eyes.

It was a sore labour. At the end of each day his feet were heavy, his ankles chafed by the thongs of the snowshoes. He rejoiced when a brief thaw gave a crust, that he could walk with moccasins alone. Yet then his distances were less. He began to complain involuntarily. "So many mouths to feed!" February drew toward its end, and heavy storms made the life terribly hard. With constant work and little food he grew lean.

Wolves came into the region. He feared them not, though he forbade Alice or Kewadin to go far from home. What he dreaded was their destruction of the game. Once he followed two days on the old track of an elk, to find at the end the bones picked clean. Disappointment blended with anger and alarm. Hunger again threatened the camp, so that the soup of a squirrel was welcome.

"So many mouths to feed!" The complaint came again and again to his lips. But at last he found what he had sought, far to the east of the camp—a moose yard. There were eight moose in the paths deep trampled in the snow; they fled before him, gathering together. Then, penned, the bulls stamped and bellowed, but he, standing above them secure, began to shoot. Before the rest could break out and race away on the powerful crust, five fat animals lay dead. He cut them up, hung high the meat from the wolves, and for days busied himself in dragging it to the cabin.

But he was weary to his soul. A thought tortured him. On the sixth day he let the wedge of his temptation enter. "I will not really do it, but I will take her with me to-day." He took Alice on the toboggan when he went to bring in the last load of meat.

They rested on the snow by the dead moose. He thought, "There is meat for a month at the cabin. Then Aneeb must be able to hunt. If only——"

"You are thinking," she said.

He broke out. "Alice, let us go!"

"Where?"

He looked in her face. Its purity shamed him; he could not explain. "Back to the lodge," he said hastily, and began to load the toboggan. He dragged his burden wearily back.

A mile from home he stopped, and looked at her.

"What is it?" she cried alarmed. Some fierce passion was in his face.

"Why did we not go?" he demanded.

"Where?"

He did not answer, but trudged on. They neared the cabin; it was a quarter mile away when he saw marks—a stranger's tracks in the light snow that covered the crust. Alice called from the sledge. "You are not going straight."

"I am following," he said.

The stranger went on a line that would pass the cabin wide. But across the path lay a felled tree, with recent tracks of Frank's own making. The stranger turned aside. "He followed me," said Francis. The prints led to the top of a little knoll. "From here he could see the cabin."

The tracks led straight to the door. A pack lay on the snow, and a pair of snowshoes leaned against the logs. "Chippewa," said Frank when he was close. He entered the cabin. The stranger sat beside Mukkwah. It was the Panther.

Frank turned to Alice, whose face was white. "Why did I not take you," he snarled, "to Detroit?"

CHAPTER XIII

DANGER

Next morning Aneeb met the Panther's argument and offers with brief words. "I am glad," he said, "that fortune has saved my brother a long journey. But the maiden is no longer mine. The white man has earned her. She is his."

With cheerful face, omitting no courtesies, the Panther went away. As the sound of his shuffling snowshoes diminished Alice turned to Frank. "Is not this better than going yesterday to Detroit?"

"I do not know," he answered gloomily. "He has seen our weakness. We are at his mercy."

He went out on the trail of the Panther. The footsteps first headed south, and then swept around in a curve until after an hour they pointed northeast. Satisfied on this score, Francis went faster. After a while he overtook the Indian, going slowly. The Panther heard the man behind, and turned. Francis raised his hand; they stood face to face with lowered weapons.

The Panther hid hatred under a smile. The white man measured the slender Indian with bold eyes. "My Chippewa brother," he said with directness, yet in formal phrase, "sees that I cannot sell what is mine. But still he wishes. Let us decide; there is a simple way."

"What way?"

"Let us fight. With gun, or knife, or tomahawk against hanger."

It was not the Indian's way. "My brother does me wrong. I no longer wish the girl. She is his." He turned his back with confidence.

"God!" groaned the young man. "If I might but shoot him as he goes!" He watched the Indian out of sight, then returned to the cabin.

For nine days he scouted always to the north and east. For nine days he thought ever of Detroit, but now he could not leave the Indians to their fate. Meanwhile Aneeb betrayed no curiosity, and Mukkwah was calm; but they knew what was coming. On the evening of the ninth day Francis returned late to the cabin. Aneeb saw that he had news. "Where are they?" he asked.

"Two miles to the north."

"How many?"

"Eight. Old and young, and the Panther himself. Two watch; the rest sleep, all with their faces to the Chippewa country."

"They will attack at daybreak," said Aneeb. For the first and last time Frank saw him moved to exclamation. "Oh! Were my leg once more whole!"

But the eyes of the old man gleamed. "I," he said, "shall see one more fight." Eagerly he turned to his wife. "Fetch water from the brook! Fill all the vessels! Bring in wood and meat!"

CHAPTER XIV

THE FIGHT

It was the morning of the second day, and the paling sky threw light among the trees. The tall black trunks rose without grace from the snow, the white mantle of which, except where ran the course of the brook, was level and monotonous. The sun rose; its beams at last reached the earth, and hidden forms moved slightly, grateful for the promise of warmth. But stretched within sight of the cabin, here and there, were other forms that moved not, and crimson stains in the snow gave reason for their quiet.

Grimly threatening, the hut squatted on the bank of the brook. The sunbeams streamed through its chinks, where moss had been pulled out to give the defenders loopholes. Alice, lying with her eyes shut, dreaded to hear again the sounds of the day before—shots, the war-whoop, and the horrible rasping of a death song. After nearly an hour, she opened her eyes and found that there was light.

Right before her lay Netnokwa, straight and motionless. By the cold fire was Kewadin, curled in a ball. With his back against the wall sat Mukkwah, upright and smiling, his gun across his lap. But his eyes were glazed. The child shuddered. At either end of the hut were two more figures, also motionless, also streaked with blood, but living. They lay intently watching from

their spyholes; they said no word, and as Alice waited the silence grew oppressive. She began to long for sound, until Frank moved. Then she covered her ears. He drew back from the logs, raised his gun, and laid the muzzle at the crevice. Looking along the sights he waited—one minute—three minutes. Then she heard the dull report.

Aneeb looked over his shoulder. "Another?"

Frank studied the figure struggling in the snow. It lay still. "Another."

"Then there are four left. But was it the Panther?"

"No."

Alice sat upright. "You are hungry. Shall I cook?"

"No," said Frank. "Lie still." She lay down once more, and he, coming to her, stepping carefully over the bodies in his way, arranged blankets, wood, and piles of skins about her. He passed his hand over her hair in a caress, then went to his post.

The day wore on. Hour after hour the men peered out at the sun and snow. No shot broke the stillness. At last Alice, worn out, fell into a broken sleep. She woke to a sound, a rustling and scraping beneath her.

"What do I hear?" she asked, not yet awake.

"I hear nothing," answered Frank.

"It is here," she said. "Right here in the ground." She laid her ear to the earth. "Frank, come here! Listen!—Why, now it sounds like a crackling!"

There was no need for Frank to lay his ear to the ground. He stopped on his way to her, and stood listening. Aneeb, from his place as he lay, spoke hastily. "Fire!"

"One of them," cried Frank, "has crept up under the bank of the brook, and fired the hollow stump. It is dry; it has the draught of a chimney and runs up along the wall. This is the end of us!"

He hastened back to his post, and looked out. A figure, scrambling from the frozen brook, was just concealing itself. "Too late! It was the Panther." A horrible screaming, like no human sound, filled the air with the triumph of devils, and Alice stopped her ears to the revolting war-whoop.

The two men, knowing that nothing was to be done, again settled wordless in their places. The war-whoop ceased, and the three heard clearly the hissing of fire. Alice lay trembling; Frank, in helpless anger, contemplated the end; Aneeb, with the persistence of an Indian, still revolved plans for their escape.

Then began an awful waiting. The stump burned slowly at first. Icicles from the eaves melted, and snow from the roof dropped upon the fire. The logs were thick. But the hissing and crackling continued, and Alice, watching nervously, saw at last what she dreaded, a tongue of flame. It licked in between the logs, and disappeared. No more came for a while; then the little deadly herald came again, this time to stay, and others followed in its train. Their light flickered in the dusk of the cabin, and threw upon her face the shadows of fear.

As the logs wasted, the flames grew, and sneered threats at her. Smoke sucked in, took her by the throat, and smarted in her eyes. The roof, cleared of snow, dried, smoked, and blazed. Then a great piece of burning bark sagged suddenly, hung, and dropped to the floor. Frank leaped up and stamped out the flames.

Now from where she lay Alice could see the tree-tops, and the blessed sky. But clouds of smoke and sparks obscured them at times, more of the roof began to burn, and cinders and blazing bits of bark fell within the cabin. Another yell came from the hidden foes,

and a bullet buzzed through the loop where Frank sat sullen.

The heat in the cabin was intense. More and more smoke sucked in. Frank left his place again to put out the cinders and sparks that fell. But wider above his head grew the area of flame, and at length another section of bark dropped at his feet. He coughed and choked as he threw a moose-skin upon it, treading the embers into the ground. His face was streaked with sweat and soot; his eyes glared desperately, and as Alice watched him she knew he had no hope. More yells of triumph came from without, and again a musket sounded.

But Aneeb, lying quiet, heedless of the fire, answered this last message. He withdrew his gun and peeped out. Then he spoke: "Three left. Now there are no more at my end."

To Francis came the idea of sallying into the open, and warring on the remaining three from what covert he could find. But the roof creaked, the wall of the cabin suddenly settled as if to fall. Such a fight outside might need hours for its finish, but for Aneeb and Alice in the cabin were few minutes left. Ringed thus about with flame, cooped in a furnace, he welcomed the desperate thought that came.

The charitable modern calls a murderer insane. But Frank's mind was clear, his purpose calm, as he sat down beside the girl. The hunger within him, the pain of his dried wounds, were but spurs to his will, and in the fever-heat of the cabin his blood was cool. But a weary sadness came down upon him, fitting for the end of such a life.

He took her hand. "Alice, are you frightened?"

She looked at him with wide eyes, bright with the

glimmer of tears. Yet she answered: "No. I have been praying."

"Do you fear death, dear?"

"A little. Mostly for leaving father and George, and you. But they have been hard, these two years. I am ready."

The words were as a signal to him. He loosened the knife at his belt. Then he took her in his arms, and raised her to him. "One kiss, dear," he said. Their lips met. He held her close with one arm. Quickly, now! Quickly he drew the knife and gripped it for the thrust.

"Saggitto," said Aneeb.

CHAPTER XV

THE ESCAPE

"Saggitto," said Aneeb. "No one else has come to guard this side. Now the smoke hangs low. Come and see."

The voice sounded through a curtain of smoke. Frank released Alice, slipped the knife into its case, and groped his way to Aneeb. Looking out the crack of the door, he saw that the smoke of the fire, before a little breeze, dropped to the snow just beyond the cabin and swept along its surface. Fifty feet away nothing could be seen.

Aneeb laid a hand on his arm. The young man turned from the daylight, and saw the eyes of the chief gleaming in the dusk.

"Listen," said Aneeb. "This is the end. For me is no escape. But since the door is here and no Chippewa stands in the path, for you and the white girl is a way."

"Speak," said Francis.

"I can run a few steps," said Aneeb. "No more is necessary. Take you the toboggan and on it put the maiden. We will open the door. I rush out and shout; I go around the corner, toward them. When they are looking at me, shooting, you run straight away, into the smoke."

Another piece of the roof fell, and burned upon the

floor. The flames lit up the scene. Frank looked at the girl, then seized the chief's hand. "My brother!"

"Get you ready," said Aneeb, his whole aspect exalted. "Send the girl to me."

Alice went to the chief and knelt. Frank freed the toboggan from its load of wood, brought in against the siege. Soon he was ready. He put Alice on the sledge, and supported the chief to the door. "Let me stand alone," said Aneeb.

The Indian stood erect, and cast his glance on the bodies in the hut. His father, his mother, his son—he eyed all three. Then he gave his hand to Alice—she kissed it; gave it to Frank—he pressed it; raised his gun and looked at the priming. "Do not forget me," he said, and opened the door. They saw him hobble out, to the left, and heard the peal of his war-whoop.

The Chippewa broke upon him with yells and shots. From the murk of the cabin Frank stepped into the open and ran straight ahead, the toboggan gliding behind. No shot followed, no foot sped after. Fifty feet, and the smoke swallowed them up.

At the end of two hundred yards, once more in clear air, Frank stopped and looked back. All was silent beyond the curtain of smoke. "Aneeb is dead," he said. "The Chippewa watch the cabin." He cast his eye at the sun, and started again. The toboggan rubbed out the track of his feet, but left its own trail in the snow.

He saw it, and knew what to do. The moose had taught him. He ran for three miles; ever straight, ever with speed. Then he fetched a curve back, and approached his trail from the side. He took his position at the top of a long slope, put Alice behind a tree, and gave into her hand his knife. "If I fall—" he said.

"I know," she answered firmly. "I will not fail."

He went a little nearer the trail and waited concealed, looking back along the path. How many would come? Two, or three?

They had not long to wait. Fifteen, twenty minutes; then she heard his voice, full of satisfaction. "Only one is coming."

One Indian, lean and light, he saw flitting in and out among the trees, following the trail. It was not the Panther. Frank noted the splendid mechanism of his pace, and even grimly admired. The savage came fast, his eager eyes glancing ahead, a fierce smile distorting his painted visage. Frank waited, composed and sure, raised and pointed his gun, and fired when the Indian was close. Without a cry the savage leaped high, and fell, crushing the frozen snow. Frank leaned his gun against the tree, and drew his hanger.

Then he heard a rush of feet behind him, and Alice's voice of terror: "Beware!"

By instinct he turned and leaped aside. He saw the triumphant face of the Panther, a levelled gun and a leaping flame. He felt a blow on his side, but raised his hanger and sprang forward. Dropping the gun the Panther fell on his knee, and while he felt for his knife with one hand raised his other arm to guard his head.

The upraised hand leaped from the arm, the hanger met the skull of the savage and split it to the nose. The Indian's body fell to one side, wrenching the weapon from the white man's hand.

Alice came running. "Oh Frank, you are wounded again! Is it bad?"

Frank breathed deeply, feeling at his side. "He was a devil," he said, "to follow the trail on a parallel line. No, the wound is not bad, but 'twill trouble. We are without shelter, we have lost everything, and Detroit is far."

Her thought was all for him. She clung to him, and caressed him with compassionate hands. But he, as he looked about him in the barren forest, saw the shadow of death amid the trees.

CHAPTER XVI

FAMINE

Frank stood beneath a spruce, and eyed a partridge above him. "Why do you hesitate?" asked Alice.

The bird stood rigid, staring with one eye at the strange beings below. Frank fired at last, and cut the neck through. "Why did you hesitate?" asked Alice again.

He threw his gun in the snow, and cast off powder-horn and bullet-pouch. "We must have food," he said, "but that was my last charge. The gun is useless. This is all the food we shall have until Detroit."

"How far is that?"

"We have gone two days already. Perhaps four days more."

Two miles from there a moose, the first they had seen, started out of a thicket and ran away. Frank laughed bitterly.

"I could have shot him with Kewadin's bow."

"Never mind," she said. "Do your wounds trouble you?"

"No." But she saw that he was very pale.

* * * * * * *

Three more days and they sat wearily upon the sledge. The unpitying forest still enfolded them. The same tall trees stood close around, the same snow lay like a shroud.

"Is it far now?" she asked.

"Not far."

"Then the last food," she begged eagerly.

He took it from the pouch, a little piece of meat. He held it in his hand, and looked at her. "Alice——"

"What?"

"I am almost done. If you eat, I cannot get to Detroit. If I eat it all, I can."

She struggled. "Take it," she said at last.

He ate it slowly, moistening his dry mouth with snow. With her face in her hands, her tears yet slipped through her fingers. Never tasted food bitterer to man.

After a little he laid her on the toboggan, covered her with the blanket, and dragged her onward with fresh strength.

* * * * * * *

At sunset on the next day he came out of the forest, and saw before him the bare clearing and the palisaded fort. The increased speed roused Alice. He heard her feeble voice from behind: "What is it?"

"Lie down." He hurried on. The moment was at hand for the closing of the fort. He heard the clear notes of the bugle, saw the red flag float down. But at the gate a group waited, watching. At last he stood before them, unsteadily. The toboggan glided up and stopped. Alice raised her head.

The three officers in red looked at him curiously. A white man—starving—so much was evident. They heard his hollow voice: "The—commandant?"

"I am he."

"As you are a man—send the girl—home."

"Catch him!" cried the colonel quickly.

They laid his body down.

CHAPTER XVII

SEPARATION

The chaplain and the doctor joined the colonel in a room of the fort. The colonel was studying a letter. "I have called you, gentlemen," he said, "because I received this letter late last night, by a runner. Lieutenant Tudor writes me for the twentieth time from Montreal. He is recalled to London, and must leave on the first of April. He asks for the last time if we have found his sister. Mr. Morton, you must start with her to-day. Another such week of waiting, and the spring thaws will delay you. You would miss him."

"I am sure I am ready," answered the chaplain testily. "I have overstayed my time, waiting for this fellow to die. She will not stir till then. Is there any change in him this morning, doctor?"

"Not a bit," the doctor answered. "He still lies like a corpse, but how soon he'll be one, whether next minute or next week, no one can say."

"He'll not recover?" asked the colonel.

"Not a chance of it."

The colonel paced the room, shaking his head. "We must do it," he muttered finally. "'Twill be a kindness. Gentlemen, I have just been to look at the woodsman. He is like ice; no one would dream that he still lives. We must tell her he is dead."

"Eh?" cried the startled doctor.

"It's not exactly—" began the chaplain, shocked.

"'Tis the best way," interrupted the colonel. "Else there will be another long separation from her family. Pray, Mr. Morton, make no objection. Doctor, have the fellow covered with a sheet. I go to order his grave to be begun." He left the room, his subordinates looking at each other with the beginnings of approval.

Alice sat in her chamber. One week had made her strong again, but her eyes showed a persistent anxiety. When there came a knock at the door, she ran to it hastily. The colonel entered.

"Can I go to him now?" she begged.

"A moment," said the colonel. "I must speak to you first—must tell you——"

"Oh!" she cried, a gasping cry as from a broken heart. "I know. He is dead!"

The colonel said nothing. She turned away, but she could not weep for the horror of it. Frank had saved her, but he had died. Then what of his ambition? And his brother? And his friends? A terrible responsibility was hers. Should she not have died instead? Then pity rushed over her, and she wept. But at length she ceased, and spoke again:

"I may go to him now." It was not a request, but a demand.

"Wait," said the colonel. "Within an hour a party, the last before the spring thaw, leaves for Montreal. Your brother has written once more; he is leaving for London, but if you start at once you will find him. You will be safe on the journey with soldiers and the chaplain. I wish you to go."

"I will go," she said, scarcely pausing for the decision. "But I must see Frank buried first."

The colonel shook his head. "The ground is frozen. It will take hours to break a grave. Come and look."

He led her to the window, and pointed out two men beginning a trench. "There will not be time for you to see it."

"I will go," she said. The colonel wondered at her composure as he led the way to another room.

The chaplain, visibly nervous, stood at the side of the bed. The doctor, his hand at his lip, watched keenly. Alice looked down at her friend. Frank's face was marble; his expression was calm, as if satisfied with his work. She looked long at him. "He is willing to have done it for me," she thought; "but oh, I was less important in this world!" Her tears fell upon his face as she stooped. She kissed the cold lips. Then she left the room. All three of the men breathed as if relieved.

An hour later the colonel stood by her side and said the last words: "The chaplain has his money. It was in his belt; he would wish it to be yours. And if you miss your brother it will bring you to England. The chaplain will take care of you."

"You are both very kind."

"And madam——"

Madam! It was the soldier's tribute to her composure, her dignity, her real maturity. Hardship, suffering, and finally death, and death, and death, had made Alice a woman.

"And madam, we wish you a safe and successful journey."

All were saying good-by. The other officers came forward to take her hand. She spoke; she said good-by. But she saw only two men digging a trench with picks. At them she looked long. Benjy's word had come true: Frank's grave was being dug in the wilderness. Then she went to the sledge and covered her face with her hood.

The train started. Indians, soldiers, the dogs, the

chaplain on his sledge, Alice on hers, the baggage sledges, all crossed the ice. Those at the fort watched till the travellers were swallowed up in the forest across the river. Then the men with the picks fell to work again: the grave would be needed soon.

Boston & the surrounding Country
1775

Book Two

WHIGS, TORIES, & REDCOATS

Chapter One

Roxbury Tavern

THE afternoon of the 16th of December, 1773, was lowering and cold. Snow lay upon the ground, eaves were cased in ice, and the country round about Boston was grim and surly as the temper of its people. But on the hard-packed roads was much travelling, and from whatever points commanded the peninsular town, men often paused and gazed across the water at its cluster of spires, as if endeavouring to read in them the actions that were taking place beneath.

Unseen, on farther shores, other observers were in spirit watching. Boston that day was making history; England as well as America was concerned. The many travellers who made Boston their objective were but types of the hundred thousand who would, if they could, that day have hurried thither.

Amid the numerous wayfarers, a traveller from the north ended his long march, and in the little village of Roxbury sold his woodsman's clothes. The tailor—

dealer in old apparel as well as new—studied with curiosity the tall, athletic fellow, whose eyes and composed face showed a wisdom greater than his years, and upon whose arms were scars. Such clothes, also, seldom came so far to the south. The traveller exchanged all his outer garments for new, and stood forth a different being. The tailor, struck by what seemed more than an external change, was mastered by his inquisitiveness.

"You have come far?" he asked.

"Friend," said his customer, smiling. "You've charged me well, I make no doubt. I gave my money without haggling. Let me keep my information to myself."

"Gad," said the tailor, peering after him through the frosty panes. "High as Hancock, and as free with his money! Yankee too, I dare swear, of town upbringing. He picked up neither his accent nor his breeding in the woods."

The traveller walked to the tavern. He felt himself a new man, and looked down at his clothes as at a disguise. "I scarce know myself." He opened the door of the tavern, and entered the common room. The landlord, portly and fair, stood and regarded him silently from behind the bar. "To book for the Boston stage," said the traveller. "The front seat, if I may have it."

"Ay," said the landlord, as one resigned. He opened the book where it lay, and marked a cross. "No trade for me this night. Afoot or by the stage, all Bostonward."

The traveller looked about him at the empty room. "Is all the village gone to Boston, landlord? A mug of porter."

The landlord drew a mugfull, and pushed it across the bar. "All Roxbury," he said. "Would I might

go myself! There will be things to see and hear this night."

"What do you expect?" the traveller asked. "What will Boston do with its tea-ships? Will there be violence, landlord?"

The question drew the cork. The landlord poured forth his political wisdom, and with many gurglings.

"Uh-er, young man," he said, facing about. "Sir, do you understand the question at issue? Twenty days to-morrow has the tea-ship lain at the wharf in Boston. To-morrow the officers of customs may seize the cargo. Till to-day the people have prevented landing it. Twenty days the governor—what do you think he has done at last, sir?"

"I know not."

"He has slipped away, sir. Gone to Milton! For what other purpose than to evade the just demands of the people? But he is forced to answer, nevertheless. This afternoon the ship-owner passed the tavern, going to the governor with the last message from the Bostonians, requiring him to allow the "Dartmouth" to clear for England."

"What will he say?"

"Um-ah!" A shallow vessel, soon dry. But he added by rote. "The liberties of the country are at stake."

The traveller asked one more question: "And the other two tea-ships—what of them?"

"That depends," said the landlord. The traveller hid his face behind his mug. The landlord began again to polish his pewter.

Now the traveller, as he walked in the cold, had worn no cloak and felt no chill. His mug of porter was not heating; it was convention's payment for the waiting-place. But there entered next (throwing hastily open the outer door, stamping in the passage, coming into

the room with many shivers) a handsome man of middle age, with cloak drawn close, hastening to place himself before the fire. The landlord dropped his pewter in astonishment. "Doctor Church!"

"A raw evening, landlord Jones," cried the newcomer. His resonant voice was good-natured in spite of his discomfort; his manly features were but touched with the signs of dissipation. "A raw evening. Your servant, sir. Friend Jones, a mug of toddy, and make it hot."

The traveller had half-risen, his hand to his hat. Hence the "your servant" from the cheery lips. And the landlord hastened from the bar.

"Let me take your hat, Doctor Church," he begged. "Your cloak."

"Nay," cried the doctor. "Let me get warm. Your toddy, friend Jones, and quickly. Then must I on to Boston, to town-meeting."

The traveller, recollecting himself, sank back in his chair. But the doctor turned to him as the landlord went back to the bar.

"Your servant, sir," he said again, "though I don't recall your face."

"Ah, Doctor," said the young man, rising; "it was instinct that tempted the salute. I can claim no acquaintance."

"Claim it by all means," said the doctor, the cloaked hands showing abortive gestures. "I am no man's enemy, hence, every man's friend."

"Ay," threw in the busy landlord. "No ceremony with the Doctor. And all good Whigs know him well by sight."

"You seem a traveller," went on the doctor; "yet you have no cloak. Brr! But you are young. So once was I, and cared not for the cold. Sir, sometimes I

think too much of liquor dries up the blood within us. Yet landlord, that toddy!"

"Here, sir," responded the landlord proudly. "And steaming hot."

"Not too fast," said the doctor, throwing his cloak aside. "Stand still, friend Jones. I will improvise.

> Welcome, thou friend to man.
> Deny thee, he who can!

A health to you both!"

He reached for the toddy, and took a long draught. Then he looked at his two hearers. "Ah," he said with satisfaction, and as one accustomed to have the floor. "We who are out in all weathers need good homespun cloaks, and warming wine."

"Homespun!" said the landlord. "I can't be satisfied, Doctor, to see you in such clothes. You who look so well in silk and broadcloth."

"Nay," protested the doctor, grave at once. "True patriots, whether gentlemen or farmer, professional man or shipyard laborer, are all honoured by adhering to the non-consumption agreement. If I, who am not insignificant——"

"Hear him!" appealed the landlord to the ceiling.

"If I should wear English cloth, why then should any one wear homespun. Or if I should drink tea——"

"Tea!" cried a voice at the door. "Lads, can you picture Doctor Church drinking anything so weak as tea?"

The bulk of a great frame filled the doorway; there stood one who was neither boy nor man. But he was all good-nature, from his square shoes to the hat cocked sidewise on his head. An open face shone with humour, his blue eyes twinkled, and his white teeth showed as he roared with laughter. Lesser voices from behind

chimed in, and other faces, as he threw his greatcoat open, peered grinning above his shoulders.

But the doctor took another sip of his toddy, unabashed. "Come in, Dickie Ellery," he said.

The traveller looked at the lad in the door, who, as he took off his hat, showed himself clearer. Brown curls fell above his temples and strayed upon his forehead; the eyes were boyish and the mouth pleasant. It was a cheerful but not yet a manly face, and the character that lay behind it was still unformed. The traveller turned about, and took a chair in the shadow, as the lad, with half a dozen others following him, entered the room.

Dismay appeared on the landlord's face. Here were Whig and Tory front to front; the young hot-heads were ready to provoke words. But the doctor looked at the young fellows as they entered, and, smiling, called each one by name—Anthony Paddock last, lank and red-headed.

"Tea?" he asked, his voice high. "Who speaks of tea? The vile herb."

"Go on with your oration, Doctor," cried the great lad who first had come. "Landlord, a punch for us all, before the stage starts. Go on with your oration, Doctor Church. What, lads, shall we hear of the fifth of March?"

"Shame!" said the landlord, half in entreaty. "Shame, Master Ellery, to joke at the Doctor. And you in broadcloth! Your father was a Whig."

"Jones," said Dickie, "be quiet."

"Be quiet," cried the tall thin youth. "Be quiet!" roared the others. "Dickie is as good a Tory as Hutchinson himself."

"What, Doctor," cried Dickie again. "Shall we have a speech while the punch is making?"

"I could give you a speech," said the doctor slowly. He was master of his voice; the tones silenced them all with their meaning. The Tory lads stood listening, their greatcoats still unbuttoned. "I could give you a speech, Dickie Ellery, of the fifth of March, that would make you wince."

"Go on," cried Dickie. "Go on. What has the fifth of March to do with me?"

"On the fifth of March, three years ago," said the doctor, "you know what happened. The soldiers of the King massacred citizens of Boston."

"Street louts," cried the red-haired Tory suddenly. "Riff-raff!"

"Silence, Anthony!" cried they all.

"They were men of the poorer class," said the doctor. "They were not riff-raff. But neither street louts nor riff-raff stood before the soldiers, within the hour, and defied them to fire again."

"Would they had fired!" cried the red-haired.

"Well that they did not!" answered the doctor warmly. "Else had the streets of Boston run so red that every soldier had drowned in the flood. Well that the colonels gave way, and the governor, and the king himself. Who can tell the consequences else? But 'tis not of this I speak, to you lads that know little of men's thoughts. Dickie Ellery, let me repeat. Within an hour after the massacre the best citizens of Boston stood before the soldiers' guns, demanding justice. And among them, in the very front rank, was a lad of less than your own age—eighteen years. He stood, ready to give his blood for the rights of the province.

"I saw him there," said the doctor. "I came from the death-bed of the murdered men and saw that boy standing bravely. No such figure as yours, with your great strength. He was thin and pale, even sickly;

but the fire of courage burned in his eye, the blood of a good race ran in his veins. And I can tell you, if you wish to know, what position that lad's forefathers hold in the history of Boston."

Dickie's high head was drooping. Anthony interrupted no more. All the lads stood quiet, and even the landlord stopped in his mixing to listen. Keenly the traveller watched from his corner.

"That lad's great-grandfather," went on the doctor, his deep voice impressive, "was one of Boston's leaders against Andros. His grandfather was a foremost merchant. His father was a defender of liberty, a staunch Whig, an honourable gentleman, a friend of Mr. Otis, of Mr. Hancock, and of Doctor Warren. I also claim him for my friend. And that night, when I saw the boy standing so firm, I said to myself: Boston may still be proud of the good old stock. And yet, on the second day after, my pride in the boy was turned to sorrow. For I heard"—the doctor lowered his voice, yet it thrilled in the room—"that he was drowned in the harbour."

The traveller started and almost spoke. Dickie stood with bowed head. His companions looked at him curiously. And the doctor, very composedly finishing his toddy, turned and set the mug upon the mantel. Then he looked at Dickie again.

"And you are a Tory," he finished. "You trust the uncle who sent your brother to his death."

But the red-haired suddenly spoke again. "Good riddance to him, then," he cried. "One Whig the less!"

"Silence!" thundered Dickie. He whirled upon his friend. His great chest heaved; his fists were like mallets. "Anthony, I could kill you!—My brother Frank!" He turned away from them all, toward the door.

They caught his arms. "Dickie, don't go!" they cried. "Please—Dickie! Anthony's tipsy," they urged. "Anthony's fuddled. He'll beg your pardon. Won't you, Anthony?"

"And I apologise, Dickie," said the doctor, "for touching an old sore."

"An old sore," said Dickie in a dull voice. "An open wound! It bleeds a little, every day."

Anthony came forward manfully. "Forgive me," he said.

"I forgive," said Dickie. He looked at him, then at the others. "Oh, lads, do you forgive me. Politics, politics! Where shall we end some day, with these politics?"

The cloud had passed. "I can tell you," said the doctor in a lighter tone. "Under the pump, where the Whigs will put you to cool your heads."

Dickie made no answer, but Anthony took the doctor up. "And you under lock and key, as madmen," he retorted.

"Come," said the doctor, and he stepped to the bar. "I see your punch is ready. A glass all round. Then I must go. Come, Master Paddock, a toast."

The glasses were filled. "A toast?" asked Anthony, in his thin voice. "Ay, here's for you. A hard bed for every Whig, hard nuts to crack with his teeth, hard answers to his petitions to the king, and hard sledding to preferment!"

Dickie had refused the punch, and was silent. But the rest laughed. The doctor raised his glass.

"Then here's for you," he cried, his jovial voice ringing. "Cobweb breeches for you all, hedgehog saddles, hard-gaited horses, and perpetual riding for every Tory in America!"

He tossed off his punch, threw down his coin, and was gone.

CHAPTER II

BOSTON TOWN

From the dark sky looked down the frosty stars. The traveller and Dickie Ellery, sitting side by side upon the box of the stage, were sunk in thought. The two last seats seemed miles behind; the unrhythmic songs were unheard; the cracking of the whip, the jingling bells, were unnoticed. Dickie crossed his arms upon his chest, sunk his head, nodded, and sighed. Occasionally the traveller stole glances at the lad by his side, but in the dark saw little. Dickie was unhappy, that much could be guessed.

The stage breasted a rise at last, topped the hill, and paused before the descent. Clear in the distance, a mile or so away, were the lights of a town.

"Boston," said the driver.

Boston! the traveller drew a breath, and leaned forward. He saw the lines of streets, and even distinguished the faces of houses in the distant dots of yellow. Away to the right was the harbour, reflecting the ships at anchor. Boston!

Other roads joined theirs at the foot of the hill, and now increased the steady stream of people moving toward Boston. Here was a couple, there a group on foot, and again was a waggon-load of men. Through them the quicker stage threaded its way. "Look at them," said one of the young men. "And all these people stirring on account of a little tea."

Anthony cursed them promptly. "May their eyes drop out! May they never find their way home! May their wives never brew them another dish of tea!"

The road was continually more crowded; they went slower. Crossing the Neck they heard the water lapping on the beach, and the traveller sniffed the salt smell. A little further, and they came to the first houses of the town. The way became more difficult; vehicles and men on foot blocked the road. The stage fell in behind at a walk; those in the rear closed up. They were at last in the middle of a throng slowly moving forward. But there was little noise; the loose crowd pushed on silently.

The stage turned aside at the first cross street, and came into less crowded ways. The harbour breeze of mid-December cut the faces, but the traveller breathed it eagerly. He studied his surroundings. How low and weather-beaten seemed the houses in these Boston lanes. A man's eyes measure differently from a boy's.

Though the streets were freer, he could not miss the signs of political excitement. The question of the tea-tax was a mere matter of privilege; the insignificant duty was no hardship to the colonists. But they denied the right to tax at all, and from Maine to Georgia they stood together on this question. Shrewdly the London leaders had sent to the colonies cargoes of tea to try the American temper at all points. At New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, Annapolis, the tea-ships had arrived or were expected. But Boston was the brain and heart, even in those early days the backbone of political opposition. The whole of free-settled America (Canada was a conquered province) was waiting for Boston to say what should be done.

The Bostonians knew it. Stubbornly against the landing of the tea, they were determined to be rid of

the three cargoes now lying at their wharves. They had tried every way out of the difficulty, save one—the way of violence. At the hour when the stage entered Boston, the town-meeting sat in silence within the Old South Church, waiting the answer to its final petition to the governor, and pondering John Rowe's question: "Who knows how tea will mingle with salt water?"

Thus all the movement in the streets was in the direction of the Old South, and where the stage drew up at the tavern in King Street there was quiet. The passengers descended, the stage drove around to the yard, the young Tories entered the tavern, and only the traveller and Dickie stood below the emblem of the Bunch of Grapes. The traveller was looking about him, and at the young Bostonian. Dickie had conquered his melancholy and was yawning gloriously.

A little man came hurrying out of the dusk; a quick and nervous voice spoke up: "Oh, Master Dickie!" Dickie came back to earth.

"Well?" he asked. "Oh, I am stiff! Well?" he finished and looked down. "Oh, it's you, Nick. What is it?"

"Humphreys is sick."

"Worse?"

The little man nodded, and with the importance of a bearer of news he mingled the tribute of regret: "Almost at his end."

"He wants me?"

"Very much."

Dickie turned to his friends. They were in the tavern, already gaining fresh strength—but false—from new potations, and he would not be missed. "Well, Nick, I come at once?" But his name was called again. "'Tis Uncle."

A lean and threadbare man came into the circle of

light. He stooped slightly at the shoulders, running his head forward so that his eyes peered out sharply from under his brows, as if with suspicion. His clothes were neat, and his features clean-cut; but that air of suspicion gave the tone to his personality, seeming to produce a stealthly step and a bearing of caution, while even the lines of his face were so moulded that they with difficulty assumed, and never long could hold, an expression of frankness. This expression, however, though to the critical eye faulty, at this moment they held, and the merchant governed his hasty steps into the suggestion of a stride, as he came to Dickie and took him by the arm. "Ah, lad!" he cried, and though it rasped, the voice came briskly. "Back again? I've not seen you these ten hours. Let us go home together."

Dickie put his hand upon his uncle's, and pressed it affectionately. "Yes, sir, I'm back," he said. "But I am called to Humphreys, who is very ill, and wants to see me."

"Yes, he's ill," replied his uncle, his eyes not meeting Dickie's, but resting on his sleeve. "Too ill, in fact, for you to go. So come with me."

"I've waited here a half-hour," cried the little man, who had stood listening. "Mr. Humphreys wants to see him badly."

The merchant turned on him. "But I have just been there. The doctor came and ordered quiet. Dickie lad, come with me." He smote his nephew on the shoulder, and in a ghastly fashion smiled. "Come home, I've much to tell you."

"You see," said Dickie to Nick, "I'd best not go. I'm obliged for your trouble. Tell Humphreys I will come in the morning. Good-night." He went with his uncle.

The traveller stood by the tavern wall, and followed

them with his eyes. Uncle and nephew, "crabbed age and youth," went arm-in-arm. Dickie's cheery laugh rang in the street; he disengaged his arm, and laid it across his uncle's shoulder. The traveller shook his head. "How strange!" he thought. "How strange!"

He was recalled to himself by the angry sputterings of his neighbour. The little man started away; the other followed.

They went toward the church. When they emerged from Joliff's Lane into Milk Street they came upon the crowd. Its outskirts reached to the lane; it thickened nearer the church, beneath the walls of which men pressed closely together, stood with little movement, spoke few words, watched, and waited. Thus it had remained for hours, and the little man, recognising that nothing new had happened, made no pause for question, but pushed toward a small house that stood across the street, opposite the rear of the church. He reached it, and turned down a side passage to its door. As he fitted a key to the lock, the traveller laid a hand upon his arm.

The little man scarcely turned. "I am not working to-night," he said over his shoulder. "Not for all comers, that is. There is another barber on Hanover Street."

"I must see Mr. Humphreys," said the other.

The little man shook his head. "He is very ill."

"Therefore I must surely see him. Take him this message. I have come from a long distance to see him. My father and he were friends."

Nick opened the door. "Wait here."

"It is cold."

"Wait here." The little man slipped inside, shut and locked the door. The other stood in surprise: in Boston the latch-string was always out. He waited, striking

a numb foot against the step, listening to the murmur of the crowd, and watching the silent church, its dim windows prophesying strangely, its spire vanishing in blackness.

At length Nick opened the door. "Come in."

The house was dark. As the traveller entered, Nick took him by the sleeve. "This way, quickly," he said, and urged him to the right.

The traveller smelt the smoke of candles just extinguished. The coals of a wood fire glowed in a fireplace. He peered about him. Figures sat motionless against the wall.

"This way," insisted Nick.

The traveller followed into a passage-way. Nick closed the door behind. He opened another, and light came. A candle stood on narrow stairs. Nick raised it, and stepped back. "Go on up," he said.

The traveller went up the stairs, worn by many feet for many years since the baby Franklin was carried down them on the way to his chilly christening. Nick's candle lighted him from below; from above light streamed out upon a landing. He reached it, paused, and looked into a chamber. "In there," said Nick briefly, and closed the door below.

It was many minutes, indeed a full hour, before the traveller again descended. He came slowly, pausing at each step, thinking, doubting. He opened the entry door quietly, stood a moment, and opened the door to the front room. He had forgotten the mystery of his first entrance.

There had been silence. At once was noise and confusion. In the full light of candles Nick the barber, between surprise and rage, stood motionless. But a man sprang up from beneath Nick's ministering hands, his face half-daubed with paint, his hair stuck through

with feathers. Three others, crudely but completely disguised, started forward from their chairs. One leaped to the mantel and blew out a candle. The traveller took the remaining light and held it above his head.

The man half-painted stooped to the hearth. Four hatchets leaned against the jamb; the man seized one, its sharp edge gleaming. "Who are ye?" he cried as he rose again. "Who is he, Nick?"

"Put down the candle," ordered Nick. "Put it out! Why come ye spying?"

"A spy!" exclaimed the others. They stepped closer, a dangerous ring. The traveller read their temper in their eyes.

He turned to the barber. "Nick," he said, "Mr. Humphreys is dead."

"Dead!" they echoed. Nick unclenched his hands. The man with the hatchet dropped his arm, and the others drew back into the corner of the room.

The traveller put the candle down. "Will you come and help me lay him on the bed?" he asked of Nick. "And I think you should take charge of his effects."

"I will come," said Nick. "But—ye will say nothing of us?"

The traveller turned his back. "What care I how you masquerade," he said. He went into the entry. Nick followed and closed the door.

They laid the dead man on the bed, and straightened the limbs. "Left he any message?" asked Nick. "Or went he suddenly?"

"Suddenly. He said something, just before, of that secretary, and young Ellery. That is all."

"Ay," said Nick, "there is money in it. What now?"

There was a step on the stair. They turned and looked. A figure appeared at the door, and Nick started forward, respectful. "Doctor Warren!"

The traveller was in the shadow beyond the bed. He saw a graceful figure at the door, of middle height and well proportioned. The head was held a little forward; the expression of the face earnest. Dignity and worth sat upon Dr. Warren; force, enthusiasm, devotion, were all to be read in his countenance. With one glance at the traveller that seemed able to pierce even darkness, the doctor went to the bedside, looked into the dead man's face, touched the wrist, and thought briefly. Then he turned to Nick. "Who was with him?" he asked.

Nick indicated the traveller.

"Come into the light," said the doctor, and the traveller, as in obedience to a military superior, stepped forward and met the doctor's eye. When he left the room it was with admiration of the doctor, and with a feeling of relief from the keenest scrutiny he had ever undergone. The house below seemed now silent and deserted, and he let himself into the street. "That," he said, thinking of the doctor, "is a man!" He went and mingled with the crowd.

CHAPTER III

TEA AND SALT WATER

The great meeting was silent in the Old South Church. A few candles lit the edifice, casting shadows into corners, revealing but uncertainly the hundreds of faces ranged within the pews. The meeting was waiting; there was no discussion. Hours before, the citizens had resolved that the tea should on no account be landed. They had sent Rotch, the owner of the first of the tea-ships, to carry a message to the governor at Milton, demanding that the ships be allowed to clear for London. Since then, only murmurs had passed through the church. Doctor Church arrived late, and for him they made room where there was none before. Doctor Warren went out, to the wonderment of some; he returned in a quarter-hour, to their relief. Still, in the dim church, the citizens sat patient.

Doctor Warren took his seat again by Church's side. "What has happened?" asked the older man, turning his eyes, a little haggard, on his more active colleague. "Was your patient dead?" He read a change in Warren's countenance.

"Yes," answered Doctor Warren. "Apoplexy." As if unwilling to speak further, he dropped his eyes and shook his head.

Without and within, the great crowd waited. The light in the west had gone; dusk departed, night came. Then at last was heard at the door of the church the

stumbling of a tired horse. The crowd upon the stairs made way for a man as weary as his steed, and through the church the whisper passed, "Rotch has returned!"

The meeting roused into life. Prentice and merchant, tradesman and workman, looked each at his neighbour. Then all eyes were fixed upon the ship-owner as he passed to the platform, all ears were ready for his words. The moderator met Rotch; a question was given and answered. Then the moderator turned to the meeting: "The governor has refused a clearance!"

One long universal breath; then cries of anger. Figures sprang to their feet; there was an instant's tumult, quickly stilled. Above the confusion rose calls to order; the impulsive ones were pulled back into their seats. "Be quiet!" said their neighbours. There was stillness in the church again, while the last questions were asked.

"Mr. Rotch," said the moderator, "will you tell the meeting if, on your own responsibility, you will order the ship to leave the town?"

The Quaker stood firm; his aspect was honest. "I cannot," he answered clearly. "The ship would be confiscated. It would ruin me."

"Will you attempt, then, to land the tea to-morrow?"

"If called upon to do so by the customs house officials, I must."

Silence now, a silence of minutes. But all thoughts, all glances, were fixed upon one man, Samuel Adams. What will Samuel Adams say?

One moment pause, and think. There was Boston, a little town of few inhabitants. Its scattered buildings scarce covered a square mile of the whole surface of the earth. It was a part of the new world, and partook of its crudeness. Within the wooden walls of its principal church were gathered some fifteen hundred men, not

one of them distinguished either by title or by fame. They had assembled to protest against the act of one of the greatest monarchs of the globe.

Did any know this was a crisis in world's history? How many looked forward to the change which the next minute would begin? Who foresaw that from that hour would date the separation of two peoples? One man sat there, busy with great thoughts. His was the master-mind of Massachusetts. But who of all that waited for his speech guessed the far-reaching import of his words?

Samuel Adams looked about him, and caught the eye of Doctor Warren. The doctor nodded slightly. His eye passed to Doctor Church, who nodded also; to Mr. Hancock, upon whose lip a flitting smile appeared, almost a sneer, whose eye spoke with meaning. He met the glance of Paul Revere, who frowned and nodded Yes, and caught the eye of Molineux, whose face was set in inflexible resolution. Then slowly Samuel Adams rose to his feet.

There was absolute silence in the church. As the hush before an earthquake—nay, as the stillness of nations when they wait for an emperor to pronounce judgement, in such a quiet the men of Boston waited for Samuel Adams to speak. And he, as he spoke, knew that his words, though simple in their sound, meant defiance to the king of England.

"This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

That was all. Then came the abrupt sound of hundreds of people rising to their feet. Without words the meeting was dissolved, and the men of Boston turned their backs upon the scene of their long waiting. Tamely to return to their homes? Steadily, sturdily, they left the place.

The church was half empty, but the leaders had not moved. A few of them spoke together, but all seemed to be waiting, listening. Somewhere in the streets without sounded a cry. Then came another and another, then a whole burst of sound. Noises strange to Boston rose upon the air. Doctor Church caught Doctor Warren by the arm. "Come," he said, "what is this? Let us see." He pushed quickly to the side door, and out into the porch.

From the steps they looked down upon a sea of faces, faintly illumined by the scattered lights. People were pushing, crowding, craning their necks. Something was coming. What was it? There—at the corner of the church, beneath the lamp—a gleam of steel. And then again that cry.

"By Jove," cried Doctor Church, clapping the other on the shoulder, "the war-whoop!" He knew that eyes were on him; he pretended surprise. "Indians, as I live!"

The cry came again, and again, and again. At the corner began a commotion, arms were tossed, weapons were lifted high. Not swords, but hatchets, and below were feathered heads and painted faces. The war-cries multiplied, and resounded in the narrow place. The crowd pushed apart, and down the living lane came hurrying a motley band of shouting figures. Then across the way the whoop was answered, and from the little house more Indians came rushing, broke through the crowd, and fell in with the rest. The Indian cries rose louder, but among them now were distinguished English words: "To Griffin's wharf! To the tea-ships!"

The people comprehended slowly. At first, in astonishment, they were silent. But one understood quicker than the rest, and gave his welcome to the Indian troop. Doctor Warren, looking among the crowd, found one

clear-lit face, and on it fixed his eyes. It was a young man's face, fired with enthusiasm. In sudden exultation at the purpose of his countrymen, this man raised his hand and struck it on his mouth. He gave out the real war-whoop, the terrible *sas-sa-kwi*. It rang above its feebler imitations, palpitated in all ears, and struck into an instant's silence the Indians themselves. Fists clenched, hearts beat faster at the sinister cry, and startled listeners gasped.

"My God!" cried Doctor Church. "Hear that!"

Doctor Warren did not move.

The sound died. In answer rose from every side a roar of fierce applause. Doctor Warren lost sight of the young man, as Indians and crowd swept onward to the wharves.

CHAPTER IV

THE ELLERY HOUSE

From the walls of the old Ellery library the family portraits still looked down, challenging the admiration of their descendants, but in vain, if admiration meant imitation. The grim great-grandfather, Francis, in coat of tin and hat of lead (artist unknown) pointed with drawn sword and deadly frown at Fort Hill, from the staff of which the royal flag was coming down—a Whig reminiscence of the year 1689. The grandfather, Thomas, smiled sternly upon the beholder, and if his habiliments were less metallic and his features more natural, it was because they were limned by the hand of Smibert. But this picture also recalled Whig traditions, for the same fort upon the hill was emitting a salute, and various casks and boxes piled upon a beach hinted at defiance of royal authority by means of the gentle device of smuggling. A further advance in art showed, by the brush of Copley, Francis Ellery the second, seated in a chair, in the background men spinning rope, and at his feet a torn copy of the Stamp Act.

Now in '73 the "friends of government" did not care to be reminded of the fate of Andros, of whose guard old Francis Ellery the first was said to have been. Nor did a hint of smuggling bring forth any pleasanter suggestion than of John Hancock, the case of whose sloop, the "Liberty," was fresh in every Boston mind, and was still aired daily in the courts.

And as for the Stamp Act, Tories ground their teeth at the remembrance of its repeal, condemning that faint-hearted abandonment of the principles of taxation as the encouragement of "the faction," in their subsequent, and present-day, unbearable boldness.

Therefore it was not to be wondered at that the Ellerys who still remained, while they allowed their ancestors their places upon the walls, did not study their features overmuch, nor reflect upon their principles. And though Dickie, returning home with his uncle from the Bunch of Grapes, glanced at them uneasily with the words of Doctor Church in his mind, he saw no reason to change his ways. Yet their silent attention was a reproach, which while he resented he could not express, out of respect to their memory. So he felt impelled to drop his Tory talk with his uncle, and wander out into the streets again, which was allowed upon promise that he would not go near the little house in Milk Street.

Mr. Ellery, alone, drew up before the fire, and with certain papers from an inner pocket busied himself for a full half-hour, cyphering at sums. A single candle was enough for light, two meagre sticks upon the hearth supplied him warmth, as he worked industriously. But he had an ear for foreign sounds, and at the first fall of a foot upon the steps without he thrust the papers back in their receptacle, and began, though off the key, to hum a stave. He knew that Dickie had come back, but scarcely had time to wonder at the haste in which he came.

"Uncle," cried Dickie, bursting into the room. "Uncle!" he stood panting.

He was angry—twice angry. His uncle disarmed him of one weapon. "What is it?" he asked, and turned quietly.

Dickie was no hand to blame directly. He put the cause of his grief aside, and blurted first his greater item of news. "The tea is destroyed!"

"What!" cried Mr. Ellery.

"Every chest of it," panted Dickie, "is thrown into the harbour. A mob disguised as Indians——"

"The dirty villains!" exclaimed his uncle. "Tell me no more."

Dickie came upon his lesser cause of anger, his greater reason for sorrow. "And Humphreys is dead," he said.

Mr. Ellery started from his chair. "When?" he cried. A greater matter this, to him, than an act of world-importance.

"Scarce an hour since," responded Dickie. "I met Nick in the street. Oh! uncle, Humphreys wished to see me before he died." His voice was eloquent of distress and reproach. He wished to say, "You kept me from him."

But Mr. Ellery did not heed. He took a step toward the door, and paused. "Who was with him when he died?" he asked.

"I know not," said Dickie, grieved to the heart at his neglect of the old servant.

Mr. Ellery hastened to the hall; Dickie, following, found him with his greatcoat already on. "I am going out," the uncle said. "I must go at once to Humphreys' room. No, I do not want you. This is a legal matter. Shut up the house—make all secure." He opened the door, and closed it behind him with a clang.

"Well!" said Dickie.

But he too prepared to go out for more news of the tea. He went to the rear of the hall and called, "Ann! Ann!" A little woman, bright-eyed, grey-haired, and

thin, came at the summons, wiping her hands upon her checked apron.

The news was due her, but of the tea he told grudgingly, for she would rejoice. "The tea is in the harbour, Ann," he said. The little woman clasped her hands, and raised her wrinkled face.

"Glory be to God!" she cried.

"And Humphreys is dead," added Dickie sulkily. The triumph of the Whigs made him angry. "Ann, I'm going out." He followed his uncle out into the night. The little woman stood long in the same place before she could speak. The matter of the tea passed out of her mind, lost among other thoughts.

"Humphreys is dead!" said Ann at length. "Humphreys is gone! Then I'm the last." She sat down upon the great carved settle, and folded her hands in her lap. She was so quiet in the shadow, so small a figure in the great house, that it seemed no creature breathed within its heavy walls.

An enormous structure it was, the old stone house. A huge, cold, cheerless place; no fit dwelling, one would think, for just two men to occupy. But Dickie would not sell it. He could go back in his mind to the day when Frank, pale and quiet, faced their uncle in the library and refused to sign a deed conveying the house. Then he had turned to Dickie. "Father said, 'Never sell the house or the wharf.' Some day I'll tell you why." Frank had disappeared that very afternoon; Dickie had been out of the house—to him those were Frank's last words. The younger brother knew not the reason, but loyally adhered to the rule. The uncle's pleading: "Doctor Church will give us a good price for the house, and Mr. Sears for the wharf," had not moved Dickie. It was the one point upon which they disagreed.

So the two Ellerys stayed on in the house, almost lost in its immensity. The carved furniture, the portraits, Dickie's own cheery personality, seemed to do little to fill the empty spaces. The house needed the presence of a woman, and the lack was not supplied by Ann, Benjy's sister, small and lonely. She worked silently every day, kept each room clean, but the mansion was not to be brightened by a mere servant, old and sad.

And as Ann sat there in the dim-lit hall the shadow of the house pressed heavy on her. Benjy had been drowned with Frank. Humphreys was gone; she was the last—the last of the Whig Ellerys and their Whig servants, the last to know the secrets of those solid walls. An impulse seized her to take the candle from the library, to visit each room, and to call up therein the images of the past.

Ann had seen the house built, had witnessed the first meal at its board. That silent dining-room had rung a thousand times with laughter. Two generations of children had sat within it—how many feasts, how many merrymakings had been there, she could not count. Governor and councillor, soldier, merchant, traveller, royal commissioner—these and more had partaken of the Ellery hospitality. Many pipes of noble wine had gone by that board—tut, tut, a little smile came to Ann's face at the recollection; then vanished, like the faces that were gone, like the beauty of the faded hangings—or like the glory of the cupboard that stood empty of its silver.

The hall had seen so many things, Ann could not think of one, or only one. Here Frank had fought the constables and delivered Benjy. She shut the vision out, she would not think of Frank. The parlour, cold and formal, showed her pictures. Scarlet coats and splendid

dresses, handsome forms of men and women, moved there to music; and Ann, upon the threshold, watched them as they slow revolved. The courtly fashions of forgotten days, the stilted manners of an earlier time, to her were so familiar they were real. The candle-light beamed soft upon those forms, the room grew warm again, the breath of life stirred in the inert air, and sobs came crowding to the servant's breast.

The library was still alive; here Dickie and his uncle often sat. But there had also sat old Thomas Ellery—"Smuggler Ellery"—with the gout, slapping his well leg, swearing his great oaths, and jesting with his friends. His pewter flagon, which Ann once kept filled, still stood upon the table. Here too had sat Frank's father, the gentle merchant whose early death Boston still deplored. She looked at their portraits; Ann did not know that an English girl, three thousand miles away, was thinking of those portraits, of that house, at that same moment.

So Ann wandered through the house, and ghosts met her at each turn. Men and women, children, guests and servants, moved noiseless in the halls and rooms, or passed her as she went up the stair. She saw their faces clearly, but alas, they could not speak.

Finally she came to the closed door of a chamber. She stretched her hand to the knob, then let it fall; she could not open that room. The ghost that lived therein she could not face. That ghost could speak, not of the past, but of the future, every hope in which was dead. Into its face she could not look; its words she could not bear. That was Frank's room. Frank had been a baby in her arms, had been the pride of her old age, the hope of the Ellery house. She strove to shut him from her mind, as every day she strove; but now the thought and the mood were too strong for her. She went again to

the entrance hall and sat upon the settle. Sorrow came upon her.

Oh, the helpless grief of age! To see the shadows closing in, to know the end near, to look back upon a life of toil all spent in vain! The wreck of a noble house —that was the pain. One after one its men had died. Dickie, the last, a boy, was tricked and duped. All was wrong. Her words were nothing; her warning nothing. There was no help any more. The ghost from Frank's chamber came and stood over her. Ann rocked back and forth; her sobs sounded in the empty hall. At last she fell upon her knees, and stretched her hands upward. "Oh, God," she cried, "take me too, or send Frank again." Hopeless, hopeless appeal. There could be no answer.

Yet she thought she heard a voice: "Frank will return!"

She gasped, then checked her breath, and in silence knelt and listened. Then came a little sound, as of wood sliding upon wood. She looked quickly to the wall, but she could not see; for her eyes were blurred with tears. When she wiped them with her apron, and looked again, every panel of the wainscot stood in place.

She listened—no more sounds. She rose trembling to her feet. "What was that?" she said, her voice strained. "Speak again!"

No answer.

She stole to the settle and took her candle. She went to the wall, and listened again, her ear to the wood. No sound. "Who was that?" she cried loudly.

Silence still.

Timorously now she went to the dining-room, looking all about her. There was no one there, the curtains of the windows all were drawn. She went to the wainscot

near the fireplace, and laid her candle on the mantelpiece. With both hands she touched the woodwork, pressed here, pressed there. A tiny panel slipped aside.

She put her hand within the cavity, and fumbled. A whole section of the wainscot moved—a door that no one would suspect—and swung away upon a hinge. A dark recess was shown; Ann took her candle and slipped inside. She shut the door behind, and looked about her fearfully.

The candle lit a narrow, musty space, strongly sheathed in rough-hewn oak. To her right she saw a brick wall, open in one small place to show the back of the hall wainscot. To the left a winding stair ran up and down; beyond it was the chimney masonry. She harkened. Was there a sound, faint echoing from below? She was not sure.

Trembling, she looked at the floor. She had swept it recently; there was no dust to show footsteps. She crept to the end of the chamber, and examined the wainscot. Had the little panel been moved? She could not tell.

In a corner lay heaps of silver vessels, black from neglect, and by them a brass-bound box. They were the Ellery plate and jewels. Beside them were six little leather bags—Ann's savings of fifty years. "Nothing has been touched!" she whispered.

Had really any one been there? There was one way to know. She held the candle over the stair, looking down. She never swept here, except the first few steps. A little way down the dust would show. Should she go?

The memory of the voice came to her. As on an owl's wing, fear swooped down. Trembling violently, she turned, and opened the door into the dining-room. She stumbled hastily out, and the living air came like a blessing. When she had closed the door behind her,

and the wall seemed solid as before, she tottered to the table and sat down in one of the chairs. Upon the board she put her arms, and laid her head upon them. There she stayed until the opening of the outer door roused her.

She heard Dickie's voice: "But uncle, you were not able to go into the room?"

"Doctor Warren," snarled Mr. Ellery, "had sealed up everything, and Nick would not let me enter." He flung his greatcoat on the settle, and stamped up the stairs.

Dickie came into the dining-room. "Ann! Here you are. I'm going to bed."

She rose. His voice reminded her of his father. Dickie was all she had left. Her heart warmed, then yearned to him. "Dickie," she said tenderly, "shut the door. Come here, lad, I will tell you something."

But Dickie had his own thoughts. He shook his head. "I know all about it."

"Silver and jewels?" she said.

"Silver and jewels," retorted Dickie, "will not restore the tea. The king will be terribly angry. What is it you can tell me? The names of some of these scoundrels of Indians?"

Ann grew hard again. "Would you tell?" she asked.

"Ay," answered Dickie sulkily. "They should hang."

He did not mean it, but she flared. "I know nothing of your Indians," she cried. "But let the silver and jewels stay there. You shall never know."

Dickie understood too late. "Father's silver?—mother's jewels?" he asked hastily.

Ann raised a shaking arm. "You Tory," she said. "You shall never know. No Tory shall know."

"Ann!" pleaded Dickie.

"Where have you come with your Toryism?" she

demanded. "All the honour, all the prosperity of the Ellerys, was Whig. Your grandfather, your father, your brother, all were Whig. Now where are you with your Tory uncle? Look at the shabbiness of the house, the meanness of your life. What figure does your uncle make within the town?"

"Ann!" he cried, startled at her vehemence.

"And now the news that comes to-night," she went on, her little figure shaking as she brought forth each fact. "Humphreys is dead. Eight months he has been sick. What has become of the business meanwhile? Coming to rack. Did you not know? I knew. Why, even the Savages have ceased to buy the Ellery rope. Think of that, after sixty years of trade. The hands discontented, the customers lost. Only Pete, and Humphreys sending directions from his bed, have kept the gates of the yard open. Now what will happen? Do you know the business? No! Your uncle? 'Tis he that killed it! Are you proud of your Toryism now? Your wearing of broadcloth? Better have worn homespun and learned the business, as Frank did. Oh, Dickie, Dickie! Ruin is coming to us all!"

Another might have pitied him as he stood astonished. But Ann was angry. Breathless from the invective, she turned to go. "Never will I tell you of the jewels and the plate. Let them lie where they are till Frank comes back!"

"Frank comes back?" echoed Dickie.

"Ay," she retorted bitterly, as she left the room. "His ghost!"

CHAPTER V

THE NEW MANAGER

The sleep of Mr. Ellery that night was troubled. Twice he rose and lit a candle, to consult books which he drew from a receptacle in the wall. They were great ledgers, a duplicate set, it would seem, and as he pored over them he frowned in the endeavour to think of a way out of his difficulty. For, as Ann had said to Dickie, only Humphreys, sending directions from the sick room, had kept the Ellery business on its feet.

Mr. Ellery began to perceive the result of meddling, and to wish, too late, that he had held his hand. For when, after some warnings, which gave him some time to make all preparations, old Humphreys was seized with the first of his attacks, the old manager left the most complete machine in Boston, a business that could run itself. In the greatest ship-building port in America, where annually were launched boats famous the world over, it was something to have the largest business in rope. The Ellery ropewalks returned to their owner a fine income, and Humphreys hoped that he had perfected a system which, human idiosyncrasies not considered, would keep itself in motion indefinitely.

The hands were all experienced, and proud of the reputation of the yard. The foreman was competent. Mr. Ellery was to attend to the accounts—a point on which the old manager's mind misgave him, and was the weakness of the whole. For the trustee could not

keep himself from interference, and by little changes here and there—notably the reduction of the workmen's pay, and a crafty and suspicious manner toward old customers—in less than six months brought the business to the verge of ruin. The old hands left in a body, to be snapped up by rival ropemakers. New hands, unskilled, made rope which customers refused to buy. Pete the foreman, and Humphreys helpless in his bed, by repeated conferences did what they could; but though the frightened trustee put everything in their hands, it was too late to do much. Now that Humphreys was dead, Mr. Ellery did not know what way to turn.

But poring over accounts did not help him, unless the reminding of an ambition unfulfilled were help. The fulfilment of his plans depended upon the aid of someone who could manage the ropewalks. With this unsatisfactory conclusion he put away the books and extinguished the candle for a second time, and restless in his bed gnawed his knuckles until morning.

Dickie, fidgeting at the breakfast table, kept glancing at his uncle's face, and at the end of the meal followed him to the library. Mr. Ellery, always keenly apprehensive at any change in his nephew's manner, wondered what was to come. Dickie himself had spent a night of thought, and after one or two false starts succeeded in broaching the subject nearest to his mind.

"Uncle," he blurted at last, "I hear that the business is in difficulties."

An abyss, long dreaded, opened before Mr. Ellery's feet. It was as if Dickie had assumed the face and voice of his dead brother, and begun again the old-time war of interests. Mr. Ellery's heart began to flutter, as fear of consequences rose up. This was the most inconvenient time of all for his nephew to rebel. The business known

to be in straits, Dickie in opposition—next would appear Doctor Warren to repeat his threat of a suit to change the guardianship. On this last account there was no possibility of driving Dickie to Frank's fate, therefore conciliation was the only way. But at the moment he could not smooth his face, and like the fox that shows his teeth, he snarled.

"Who is meddling?" he demanded; "who told you that?"

It happened that Mr. Ellery had mistaken Dickie, and his instinct led him to the proper speech. Dickie was not suspicious. He failed to read the fear in his uncle's face, and saw only the indignation. He felt that he was prying.

"Why, Ann," he confessed.

"What do you wish to say?" asked Mr. Ellery.

Dickie stated with hesitation what was in his mind. "I thought that maybe I, since I am to own them some day, ought to enter the ropewalks and learn the trade."

Here may be seen how habit carries us through difficulties. Mr. Ellery perceived from his nephew's tone, diffident and apologetic, how complete his own ascendency was, and suddenly relieved, went confidently forward. Dickie was no such lad as Frank, enquiring and persistent.

"Out of the question!" declared the uncle, and then more kindly: "Out of the question, Dickie boy. 'Tis very good of you to wish to help me, but I can carry it through alone. Ask me nothing just now, in a few days I will tell you all about it." And so having gained time; having, also, caused his nephew to forget that the offer to enter the business sprang not so much from a desire to oblige as from a sense of duty, Mr. Ellery escaped from the house. His heart still beat fast with the sense of danger, not yet entirely avoided, and he sought

eagerly for a straw of help. But Dickie, relieved by the voice of authority from an offer which meant work, was free to attend to other matters.

The town that day was all agog. The Whigs had taken, before the world, the position from which they never retreated. Boston had thrown down the gauntlet to the king. While the news travelled on slow packets to his majesty, his representatives in Boston sought to take the challenge up. Customs officials, commissioners, the governor himself, came forward angrily. Nothing so bold had yet been done. The good Tories were shocked, the zealous ones were furious. Rewards were offered; it was understood that any participant in the tea-riot could have pardon, by naming others. But enquiry was checked at the outset. Who were the culprits?—whether a mere mob, or an organised band from the caucuses—and who, more important, were the instigators?—where was the proof? These were the baffling questions. Would any of these Whigs betray the rest? Whig as well as Tory asked the last question. More than a hundred persons knew the secret. Would any tell?

Dickie plunged into the whirl of the excitement with a boy's delight that something was doing. He joined groups at street corners, visited the wharves to view the ships, examined the samples of the soggy tea which were exhibited to rouse the indignation of all Tories, and read the bulletins that already offered rewards. Unusual feelings rose within him—a desire to chuckle, a vague envy of the privilege of such destruction—mere boyish instincts, but far from the sensations proper to one of his party. When he met Anthony Paddock, he was not of the state of mind in which he could wholly sympathise with Anthony's denunciations.

Anthony fumed and spumed. "But the actors," he

concluded, "were but tools. 'Tis these leaders of the faction who are the real criminals. Could we only convict them! If but one of them would tell!"

"'Twas so cleverly done of them," snickered Dickie, "that there is no proof."

"Clever!" repeated Anthony. "'Twas impudent! But had I, last night, been on the wharves, I would have arrested at least one of the Indians with my own hands."

"And instead," said Dickie drily. "You lay at the Bunch of Grapes, sleeping off your wine. 'Tis as well, Anthony. The wharves were massed with Whigs. You could not have got sight of the ships. 'Tis even said that Hancock was there, with his cadets un-uniformed, making a guard to keep all Tories off."

"The fellow shall be tried," cried Anthony.

"No evidence," retorted Dickie.

In just this way not Anthony alone, but other angry Tories found themselves checked by cool fact. There was no evidence. On the other hand discussion, earnest and alert, went on among the Whigs, many of whom were in a position of anxiety. On the night following the Tea-Party two men of humble calling sat in the little barber-shop and talked. The first was the barber himself; the second, Pete, the Ellery's foreman, he of the feathers and half-painted face, and of the hatchet. A row of razors lay upon the table at Nick's side. One, opened, gleamed in the candlelight, but the gray hone was drying. Nick could not work.

"He saw us both, last night," he said. "And is your manager now?"

"Ay; Mr. Ellery took him on this morning. Came to the walks about nine; met me at the gate carrying hemp. Asked for Mr. Ellery. My head was down; he couldn't 'a known me. I said: 'In the counting-house.' Then he laughed, took me by the shoulder, and turned me round.

'There's paint behind your ears,' he says. 'Red paint.' I could 'a dropped. 'Governor Hutchinson would give a hundred pounds for the sight of you,' he says."

"Gad!" cried Nick.

"I felt rope around my neck," said Pete. "I gagged, I did. He tapped me on the back. 'Go wash at the pump,' he says. I tell you, I washed. My skin's raw still."

"And Mr. Ellery took him on?"

"Ay. He came through the walks with him. Showed him everything. 'Here's Pete,' he says, 'our foreman.' The manager looked at me. 'A good one,' he says. 'A good clean face he's got,' he says. 'By the way, Mr. Ellery, what's become of the Indians I saw in the town last night?' Gawd!"

"Gad!" echoed Nick.

"The men like him," said Pete. "He made us a speech when Mr. Ellery left. 'You have been idlin' here,' he says. 'I'll have no more of that. Wretched stuff you've made for rope. 'Tis no rope; 'tis marlin. No wonder business is off,' he says. 'No more of this now. I noticed some rope in the counting-house here, hanging on the wall, five sizes. I make that a standard. If you can't make rope as good as that, I'll find men who can.' That was Mr. Frank's rope, Nick, made when he was sixteen. The hands got a half-holiday when he finished the cable."

But Nick was not attending. "If he should tell!" he said. "Gentlemen were talking in the shop this morning of the punishment. 'Tis not treason, but 'tis near as bad."

"He'll not tell," asserted Pete. "If he told about the floatin' tea, he's no Tory. How was that?"

"'Tis true," responded Nick, brightening. "No Tory

would 'a done that. I was at his side on the wharf. You and the rest——"

"Lower," cautioned Pete.

Nick lowered his voice. "You and the rest were breaking up the tea-chests and throwing the tea overboard. All were Whigs around us. He said to me: 'Who are these Indians?' I said 'Mohawks.' 'They do their work ill,' he says. He showed me the tea, floating in heaps inches out of water. 'Men in boats,' he said, 'could pick up a third of it.' I passed the word along."

"'Twas well," said Pete. "The tea was light as feathers, it would have floated till midnight. But we stirred it well after that. Now it lies on Dorchester Beach."

"Small virtue to it left."

"But do you suppose," asked Pete, "he remembers my face from last night?"

"Hush!"

Feet sounded on the walk without, then on the steps. A key rattled in the lock, and the new manager stood in the doorway.

"Ah, Nick," he said, "working so late? And 'tis our foreman with you. Pete, is it not?"

"Ay," said Pete, rising and touching his forelock.

"I thought this morning I had seen you before. Where was it, can you say?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I must think it out. Faces change—are disguised. Well, good-night."

They heard him going up the stairs. Pete sat down heavily. "He's teasing me! And does he lodge here?"

"In the garret, till Mr. Humphreys' room is ready. But I feel better of him, Pete. He'll not tell."

And he did not, nor did any one. While the Tories

tried all means, no Whig came forward to betray, no method was found to break their armour of silence.

But Mr. Ellery, it will be seen, had a communication for his nephew that night. It had the effect of directness, and was suited to its end. That they were poor, and that Humphreys' methods were antiquated, must be acknowledged. And yet Mr. Ellery had never concealed the first fact from his nephew, and the second—"my father did not breed me to the business, Dickie," he said regretfully, "and you know I was twenty years in New York"—had only just been discovered. Dickie, murmuring his sympathy, saw how Ann had misjudged. But now, his uncle finished, he had engaged a new manager, young and brisk, and in future they might even hope to lift the load of debt that encumbered the estate.

"Good!" said Dickie, and was much relieved.

Dickie, it will be perceived, in spite of his nineteen years was still little more than a boy. Simple, affectionate, and lazy, he usually believed what he was told and took what he was given—a satisfaction to his friends and, above all, to his uncle. At this period of his life the pages of Dickie's character were blank, and the record of his thought had not yet begun. But the untouched tablets of some minds are not to be marked by every pen, and, fortunately, Dickie's was one of these. In spite of the lad's docility his uncle knew, and usually acted on the knowledge, that he must speak to his nephew in language only of a certain kind; namely, that bearing the semblance of fairness and truth. Certain impulses, not to be foreseen, would seize him and carry him away; briefly, to be sure, as yet, but most uncomfortably, since to apprehensive friends they suggested permanence. Steadiness of purpose had never yet been reckoned among his qualities. Kittens, pups, and children are

easily diverted, and it was a simple matter to lead him from uncomfortable topics, as Mr. Ellery had once more proved. But as a Maltese, when once grown, will watch for hours at a mouse's hole, or as a bulldog learns to keep its grip, so Dickie had possibilities before him.

CHAPTER VI

THE BRITISH COFFEE HOUSE

The year wore along. Boston lay snowed under, or the streets ran water in the February thaws. Like changes prevailed in politics, where winter chill and summer heat contended. In America their variations were more important than the weather, while over in England the king and Parliament were preparing punishment for the destruction of the tea.

Dickie Ellery, open-eyed and open-mouthed, received vague impressions of the great events that were going on around him. Anthony Paddock was his guide and counsellor, taking care that all items of news should reach Dickie's ears in their proper form. The matter of the judges' salary and the impeachment of the Chief Justice, the proroguing of the House, Franklin's avowal that he had sent to America the famous Hutchinson letters, even the proposed Massachusetts Acts—especially of the last Dickie learned from Anthony.

It was designed, he was told, by special trial to protect any Crown servant from punishment for violence committed in the course of his duties. It was proposed to abridge the right to hold town-meetings, and by appointing councillors, judges, sheriffs, and even juries by the governor, to centralise power. And Dickie, as he applauded the measures with Anthony, forgot that the authors of the Massacre had been defended by Whig lawyers and acquitted by a Boston jury.

But the measure with the name of which the colony was ringing, was the Boston Port Bill, by which the port of Boston was to be closed, and the seat of government removed, until the tea should be paid for. Dickie did not see the wisdom of this until Anthony pointed out that loss of trade would speedily bring the Whigs to submit, when all would go smoothly again.

Yet in spite of Anthony's care Dickie heard echoes from the other side, principally through Rodman Savage, once Frank's friend, and Barbara, Rodman's pretty sister, who was older than Dickie, yet fond of him, and desirous that the boy should make something of himself. From them he learned that the Whigs would not submit, that the town would never pay for the tea, and that Marblehead, Newburyport, and Salem, refusing to profit by the distress of a sister-town, offered the merchants of Boston free use of their wharves. And when the bills passed Parliament, and it was learned that soldiers were coming to enforce them, it was Rodman who pointed out to Dickie the inevitable suffering of the working classes, and Barbara who, with unspoken reproach for Dickie's listlessness, showed him how the Ellery manager was forestalling distress among his workmen.

"When your uncle was ready to close the works," said Barbara, "as all other ropemakers have done, and as my father had to do with his shipyards, did not your manager guarantee your uncle twenty pounds a week if he would keep the ropewalks open?"

"Ay," answered Dickie.

"See what one man has done," said Barbara. "He is but Rodman's age. In six months he has saved your trade from ruin——"

"Ruin?" stammered Dickie.

"Ay," she said. "How little you know of your own affairs! But the town knows. He has saved you from

failure so successfully that now he dares to run the business by aid of his country trade alone, and if this embargo is short will save his men from poverty, gain you credit, and merit the thanks of the town. Yet probably the hemp supply will fail, and he must close."

Dickie knew what she was thinking: that this manager was setting an example for him to follow. And as the lad thought of the coming distress in the town, of soldiers and a possible repetition of the Massacre, he saw that the work of one man would not only keep many people well fed, but also help restrain the workmen from making trouble. More than any other class of men the ropemakers were turbulent and fearless. Dickie felt a touch of shame that he was so small a factor in his own affairs.

And spurred a little by Barbara's words, he watched events with a new desire to inform himself. The coming of General Gage, the new governor, and the departure of Hutchinson, the old, pleased him with their pageantry, but when the Port Bill was put in force there was no such delight for Dickie as for his Tory friends. On the first day of June the warships in the harbour moved into position upon all the channels, and along the water front. No boat was to be allowed to come or go with merchandise. The governor left the town for Salem, with all the officers. Bells tolled in all the churches, there were mourning emblems on Whig houses, and gentlemen appeared in black upon the streets. Shipbuilding ceased, sailors, ropemakers, and dockmen were thrown out of work. Trade of all kinds was affected; the shoemaker, the tailor, the baker, the marketman, all felt the blow at their prosperity. Yet at the Ellery yard there was activity, and the manager, as he went about his work, knew that the thanks of his men silently followed him.

For almost immediately suffering began in the town, from lack of money to buy food. It was small consolation to a self-respecting man that he could live on the contributions which came in from other towns in the province. To go daily to the Donation Committee for a dole of food and fuel, to idle in the streets, was exasperation to those men who had always been self-supporting. There was no present hope of change; the town, in a crowded meeting, refused to pay for the tea, and until the payment was made the acts were to continue in force.

And Dickie sighed for the unlucky people. Yet as the long-expected troops began to arrive, his mind stirred with pleasure at the sight of them. Almost daily, throughout June and July, there were new companies debarking, or artillery rumbling through the streets to the Common. Gentlemen and ladies went every day to view the parade; on the streets the gay coats of the officers became a familiar sight. Dickie loved to watch them, and Anthony boasted. Further opposition was now impossible. What if, as now was clear, the sister colonies were upholding Massachusetts, and by contributions were feeding the poor of Boston? What though all the colonies were choosing delegates to a general Congress? Nothing could be done against the army of King George.

Yet the Whigs were stiff-necked still. In a crowded meeting they refused to abolish that "root of sedition," the Committee of Correspondence, and steadily continued to strengthen their union with the other colonies. In the face of the governor's threats they circulated an agreement to consume no more English goods. Nay, the Whig leaders, Adams, Warren, Hancock, and the rest, went openly about seditious business, defying arrest, and the governor did not dare to seize them.

Dickie marvelled. Anthony's fleers, the contempt of the Tories for the "offscouring of the earth," could not blind the lad's eyes to the courage of the Whigs. "And I wish you fellows would be more temperate," he burst out one day, as he escaped from the company of his friends.—A new thing, a strange departure for Dickie. He was trying to think for himself.

The mood continued, for in the streets he met his manager, tall, silent, and observant. Here was Dickie's chance to know him better, and his little feeling of rebellion against his friends' intolerance prompted a strange proposal. "Where are you going?" he asked. "To lunch at the Coffee House? May I not go too?"

He saw the other flush beneath his tan, and under hesitation detected pleasure. The manager agreed, and the two went to the Coffee House together. It was an unusual meal to Dickie. He was with a Whig, with his uncle's servant, yet with a man of character, one stronger than himself. The few words were concise; the slow smile was attractive; the keen, quick-glancing eye showed self-reliance. Dickie's interest in the manager grew.

They had been eating alone; the meal was all finished but the cheese. Then, with great clatter, a half-dozen officers came into the room. Arriving too late to use the table by the window, which Dickie and the manager already held, the group stood irresolute, debating where to sit. "We are nearly finished," whispered Dickie. "Shall we not give up the table and go?"

"By no means," said the other calmly.

The officers took the table near their own. Dickie was glad that he had not gone. Every item of their equipments pleased him—their swords, their buttons, belts, scarves, collars. He forgot his companion and stared openly. The manager, calling for a long clay

pipe, filled it and smoked. The officers talked, while waiting for their food. Dickie heard every word.

Their careless manner spoke to Dickie of far campaigns, the life of the world. Their confidence was the outcome of British successes in a score of wars. How fine must be the life of men who were so frank and free, who laughed so gaily, ordered their wine so jovially, who filled the room with the clamour and the glamour of fighting men! Good-natured, too, they were, as they laid aside their swords, seated themselves, and began bantering each other.

There were two that interested Dickie most. One was a haughty man, whose stern eye, clean-cut nose, long upper lip, and jaw spoke aristocracy, his manner, ease. Dickie saw him in profile. The other was in full-face, shorter, brighter, gentler far of feature, quicker of speech. Between these two were divided the grace and grandeur of the soldier.

One of the officers spoke to the shorter one, laughing. "Egad, George," he said; "you are the only one of all the regiment that likes this Boston."

"Well," said the other, brightly, "I have cause. First as you know, Jack, because I like everything, even you——"

"Hear!" they cried.

"And second, because Boston presided in the stars at my birth, to influence my fate. I even have a liking for these Boston Whigs."

They all protested loudly, but the captain's smile was cheerfully defiant.

"'Tis true," he said jauntily. He showed white teeth; Dickie loved him for his face. "My best friend was a Boston Whig, tho' he is dead."

"Explain," said one.

The other looked at him surprised. "You know the

story of my Alice," he said, as if that were explanation enough.

It was. His questioner lifted his glass. "To Mistress Alice!" and they drank.

"But your worst enemy, George," was the next question. "Is he yet defined, or is he, mayhap, also dead?"

Dickie saw a change in the captain's face. "Thank God he is!" and his tone was earnest. "He and I could not both live together on this earth."

"And was he a Whig?"

"He wore the king's livery, but I never saw him."

"Never saw him?"

"My Whig friend killed him. Boys, you know the story."

They seemed to know, at the explanation. "But his name," asked one.

"Ask Sotheran."

The haughty captain had sat unsmiling. Now he spoke, and together the others turned to him. Dickie noticed in this act a tribute to his character. "Eh, 'tis a man of force," he thought.

"I know the name," the captain said. The voice was strong and even. "But if you please, I will not tell it." Dickie recognised this as a warning not to ask. There was a moment's awkward pause before a fresh topic was introduced, and Dickie, always curious, longed to know more of the forbidden subject.

Their meal came now. Dickie noted with pleasure that it was served by the officers' servants in uniform. He turned to the manager. "What fun to have one's own servants, and to live as well as these men."

The manager raised his finger and beckoned to one of the servants. The man came. "Will you tell me the name of the officer who sits facing us?"

"Captain Tudor, sir."

The man spoke loud and turned away. The officers heard, and looked. Tudor smiled, but the nearer captain, Sotheran, knit his brows. The distance was short between the two tables, and he spoke so as to be distinctly heard. "Sir, you are asking names?"

"If Captain Tudor will pardon me."

"Certainly," said Tudor; but the other continued: "Perhaps you would like to know mine?"

The servants all stood still, to watch and listen. The officers evidently pricked their ears. Dickie looked unquietly at the manager, then at Captain Tudor, who spoke. "Hey there," he said quickly to the servants. "You fellows go out, and shut the door. Sotheran, the gentleman has a right to ask my name."

Captain Sotheran, still looking at the manager, answered merely: "The gentleman does not reply." There was a moment of silence in which Dickie felt his heart beating fast. His hands grew cold. "This is a quarrel!" he thought.

The manager leaned forward. His eye was firm to meet the other's and he answered clearly: "I have no curiosity to know your name"—Dickie sighed—"but I should be glad to know how you came by that scar on your temple."

The scar sprang out suddenly into view, white, as the skin around it reddened. The officer clinched his hands; Dickie gasped. "Sotheran," cried Tudor springing up, "Henry, I beg of you——"

Captain Sotheran rose. His flush died; his face was calm but ominous as he faced the manager across the tables. "I shall be very glad to inform you, sir, at any time and place that you may name."

"Complete," said one of the officers. Tudor sat down again, shrugging as one resigned.

The manager tapped upon the table with his fingers.

His eyes did not move from Sotheran's face. "You honour me, sir," he said. "It pains me not to meet you."

The English captain laughed, and took his seat. "I told you," he said to the others, "the Whigs would not fight." Dickie's excitement gave way to discomfort, and on the face of Captain Tudor relief and disappointment blended. "The fellow seems stout and firm enough," Tudor thought.

The manager reddened now; he felt the change in them all, and in the stillness spoke again. "My reasons, sir——"

"Whiggish, priggish reasons!" interjected Sotheran.

"Are simply in the public request of the governor, to have no quarrels. I cannot take it upon me to break the peace of the town."

Captain Tudor's face cleared. "The gentleman is right," he said. The others nodded, all but Captain Sotheran.

The manager in his turn rose. "And I have certain duties, sir, which I may not now risk. Yet if I could not meet you, I acknowledge that I should not provoke you. In so far, I beg your pardon, for the present. And in a little while, when politics are settled——"

Captain Sotheran looked up quickly. "I understand, sir." The officers all rose and bowed as Dickie and the manager passed out.

On the street the manager turned to his companion. "Can you fence?" he asked abruptly. "Can you shoot with a pistol?"

"No," answered Dickie.

"Study both—practise both," enjoined the manager. "Good-day."

Dickie stood staring after him. What manner of man was this?

CHAPTER VII

THE ELLERY ROPEWALKS

Barbara Savage had never known trouble. Only one sorrow had oppressed her—the death of Francis Ellery. She remembered the shock of learning of his drowning. In her heart was a little corner kept for her memories of him. But that was as long ago as the Massacre, four years, and nothing else had ever gone amiss with Barbara. At last the day came when life was wearisome to her.

So she declared to herself, and she believed it. Little Barbara stood pouting and tapping with her foot, as she looked out of her window at the redcoats parading on the Common. But Barbara, Barbara—those pouting lips, those flashing eyes, that disdainful poise, however great vexation they express, show no sign of the grand despair which yet can come in life.

No, it was quite in ignorance of her possibilities of suffering that Barbara thought herself weary of life. She was angry, her patriotism was wounded, her pride in her home was outraged; but as for welcoming death, Barbara had no thought of such a thing. The blood in her veins was too hot, her spirit too high. She gloried in her homespun dress, and simple home-made ornaments. She wore them gladly to prove herself in opposition to the hated Massachusetts Acts, and when some foreboding soul suggested that bloodshed might

come, Barbara (she who had declared herself weary of life) flushed, and wished for the strength to bear a gun.

Barbara was cornered, that was all. With the rest of Whiggish Boston she was suffering under a peaceful blockade. The drum and fife waked her each morning, and she was ashamed, as she worked about the house, to notice her fingers and feet moving to military music. And this morning, finding her foot again tapping in time, she burst into tears of mortification, and cried out amid sobs: "Oh, I hate them! I hate them!"

So she did. So knew Captain Tudor as he met her glance, when before long, with Katy in attendance, Barbara left the house for market. So felt Mistress Caroline Oliver, the Tory belle, when the two ladies exchanged frigid salutations in passing. And the gentlemen attendant on Mistress Oliver laughed among themselves, quietly, when Barbara had passed.

"An iceberg! Defend me!"

"Nay, rather a withering flame! Eh, Tudor?"

Tudor thought that she was both. He felt hot and cold together. He admired that pretty Whig more every time he saw her. Therefore, becoming the tail of Mistress Caroline's train, he presently detached himself entirely, and turned unnoticed on the steps of Barbara. Twice he reprimanded soldiers for loud speaking after the little lady; his eye out, the while, lest she should take some turn unnoticed.

But Barbara's way was roundabout, and Captain Tudor became both ashamed and afraid. Ashamed of his schoolboy feelings, afraid she would notice him, he turned back. Not yet ready to take up again the banter of his friends, he seized upon an opportunity when he saw Dickie Ellery, and introduced himself to the lad.

Dickie, confused and flattered, nevertheless heard with some dismay the captain's request. "You wish to

speak with the gentleman who was with me at the Coffee House? I trust you go not to convey a challenge?"

"Nay," said the captain quickly. "God forbid. I have enquired concerning him; your Tory leaders here have told me that his life is valuable to them."

"He! Our manager?" cried Dickie.

"Ay," said the captain. "They say that he alone holds in check your most dangerous class, the ropemakers. Your Mr. Secretary Flucker says this manager can do more to keep the town's peace than a regiment of dragoons."

"Indeed?" said Dickie as he began to lead the way. This was a surprise, that Mr. Secretary Flucker should even know of the existence of the Ellery manager. Yet the statement was very likely true. Ropemakers had brought about the Massacre, but since the soldiers' coming they had been very quiet.

"If he should be killed, or even injured by one of us," said the captain, "his men, whose bread, I understand, depends on him alone, would have the town by the ears at once. There must be no duel."

They went along together, tall lumbering Dickie and the sprightly captain, contrasting greatly, yet the Englishman could even chat gaily, Dickie found, with such a stranger and a boy as he. Of the town and the Port Bill, of a certain search which the captain feared he must prosecute without success, unless one Dickie Ellery——

"Dickie Ellery!" cried Dickie. "Why, I am he!"

"So," said the captain in surprise. "You live in a great stone house by the water? And own ropewalks? Yes, so I was told. And had you, my dear sir—" the captain halted, and looked upon Dickie very earnestly—"a brother who went away some years ago?"

"A brother certainly," said Dickie, flushing as he always did when he thought of Frank. "But he did not go away. He drowned, was seen to drown here in the harbour."

"You will excuse me," said the captain quickly, "if I touched upon a grief. My sister is depending upon me to find the relative of one who saved her life. This is a disappointment; I was certain of you. Now I know not where to search." They went on in silence until they came to the ropewalks.

Through the window of the long building they saw figures go to and fro. Under sheds were piled a few bales of rope. Other sheds stood almost empty—the hemp sheds, their lessening storage foretelling the time when the Ellery works must close. But the place was active still. Two months more, the manager expected.

The captain went to the open door of one of the ropewalks, and looked within. Down the long perspective men were walking backward, weaving hemp, from knots at their waists, into the twisting ropes. Boys hastened to and fro among them with more hemp. Talk and laughter echoed in the place, ceasing by degrees as the men, one after another, perceived the British officer.

A tall fellow came forward. "What d'ye want, sir?" Then he perceived Dickie, and pulled his forelock.

"Send the manager, Pete," said Dickie.

"Ay, sir," and the man went to fetch him.

The captain, at the door, was conscious of lowering glances at his uniform, but looked in at the work with the frank interest he felt.

"Somewhere in Boston," he said, "is a ropewalk that is dear to me. You are interested, Mr. Ellery. I was never in the town before this month, yet here was bred a man to whom I owe—" he stopped and mused. "And

I thought you were the brother. There is no other in the town that suits. Alice must come herself; I shall write her so. Forgive me, Mr. Ellery. I was thinking of my sister; she is waiting but my word to come here, and I like not to have her alone in London; since my father died her best place is near me. And she longs to see the town, to know his relatives. Yes, I must write I need her help. Here is the manager."

Steps pattered, a lad came running, and halted in front of the captain. Then the manager appeared, and the boy's glance went back and forth between the two men as they spoke.

"You have come to see me?" asked the manager.

"Ay," said the captain, "and with strange feelings."

"Indeed?" The Whig was very formal, very well-bred. Dickie was struck by his manner.

"I am in a nest of you," laughed the Englishman. "Here are forty Whigs, each with a woldring stick. Are not those the instruments your men drub our soldiers with? And I but with a sword."

The captain's manner was engaging, and the manager relaxed and smiled. The boy spoke quickly.

"We will not hurt you."

"And why not?" asked the captain.

"The English," answered the lad, "are to shed the first blood."

"Eh?" cried Tudor, startled.

"Roger," said the manager, "go away now."

"Who is he?" asked the captain as the lad went away.

The manager shook his head. "He knows, but he will not tell. A runaway, past doubt. I found him all but frozen, almost starved, in the country three months since, as I was journeying on business."

"But what he said?" pursued the captain. "The

English are to shed the first blood. What did he mean?"

"'Tis preached in every pulpit," said the manager. "Even the children know it."

"But then," asked Tudor eagerly. "Blood once shed, what then?"

The manager shook his head. "May the time not come."

"But would the colonials fight?"

"Our one desire is, to have no fighting."

"You do not answer me!" cried Tudor.

"Do I need?"

The captain looked at the Whig. This tall manager, the sinewy ropemakers, typified the town and the colony. There were hundreds of such workmen in the streets, there were many such others to lead them. Tudor ran over rapidly in his mind the Whigs that had been pointed out to him: this manager; young Savage; Knox, the big bookseller; Warren, the doctor—one and all, they were fighters.

"Gad!" he said astonished, "I believe you would."

And Dickie was troubled as he heard him. The town resist, the colony rebel? It was called but a threat to frighten the Tories. Yet the Whigs had courage. Of that he had no doubt.

Tudor recovered himself. The manager pleased and impressed him; he was a man above his station, yet the captain felt he was going too quickly with a stranger. "Sir," he said more formally, "may I have a word with you in regard to our recent meeting? My friend Sotheran——"

He paused, feeling the change in the other's manner. The manager's eye darted a searching look; his lips set firmer.

"He has sent you?" asked the Whig.

"Nay," said Tudor quickly. "I came of my own motion, as a peacemaker. I understand, sir, your reasons for postponing a duel. Honour leads you to postpone it merely. And I learn the fencing master here prizes your skill above his own. Yet your antagonist would be the most practised hand in London. And—pardon me, sir, if I speak of this, yet you cannot know it—he is my friend, 'tis his one fault, but he is merciless to an adversary."

"You are mistaken, Captain Tudor," said the manager, "I knew of it."

Then his manner changed, and he looked upon the captain kindly. "This is very good of you," he said. "You came to say——"

"To express the hope," said Tudor, "that since a meeting must be postponed, the matter might eventually be forgotten altogether."

"You are very good," said the manager again. "And yet I cannot please you, Captain Tudor. My hope is that your friend's memory will be as long as mine."

He saw that Tudor was surprised, but would not let him speak again. "Captain Tudor," he said, "I consider that you have highly honoured me. And when you know us colonists better, sir, I hope that you will not lose your interest in our affairs."

"Were all the colonists," thought Tudor, "as courageous in a quarrel as this man?" But there were figures at the gate; Rodman Savage was there, and Dickie cried out "Barbara!"

"Pete," said the manager, calling up his foreman. "Take charge for the rest of the day. I am going away. Captain Tudor, I go to sail in the harbour with my friends. Do you care to come?"

Tudor was soon to go on duty, and declined. Yet he was introduced to the pretty Whig whom he had

admired. Her cheeks were warm at the sight of his uniform; but her manner was cold at meeting him. The captain's humour came to his rescue.

"Will the colonists fight?" he asked himself. "Egad, here is one that will!"

The question and its answer stayed by him during the afternoon; if there should be an outbreak, it would not be safe for Alice to come. But an evening with officers and Tories dispelled all doubts. Ridiculous to suppose that the Whigs would persevere in their opposition. Before the captain slept that night he wrote to his sister, begging her to come to Boston.

CHAPTER VIII

THE VOYAGE

That tall young lady with fair face, who read her brother's letter between smiles and tears, kissing the signature at the end—was she the Alice Tudor of the woods? That grave, quick look was the glance of one accustomed to the world and its hazards. That mild reserve was the result of much experience, even at her age. Yes, it was Alice; but the woman, not the girl.

So Alice Tudor sailed for Boston, and all the men on board watched her for the sake of her pure, fearless beauty. That they all loved her—indeed, for this very character of purity and courage, some did not. When her eyes flashed Ensign Hodges speechless in the midst of his song, when her silence rebuked the junior captain for his jest—cold and haughty, said they both. But she was approachable by all, admired by many, loved by at least one, Major Harley, whose spirit crawled on the deck before her.

"What does she like?" asked some. "Neither wine, nor cards, nor merry talk." But the few unspoiled boys, the honest, lonely major, and the astonished sea-captain, found her tastes to be for simplicity, honesty, and for healthy, unfashionable amusements.

Alice had been a horsewoman in London. How they had clustered around her when she rode! But the close air of the card-room, the restless, anxious spirits at the tables, sickened and repelled her. Out on the ocean

she would be on deck, would breathe the air, watch the ship, and welcome each portent of the sea. The porpoises and whales, the flying fish, the distant bergs and sails—these were for her. Not the low dusky cabin, the pack of cards, nor the ship's wine.

Health and good-living, these she loved. These others loved in her. They were unusual; so much the more to be prized. "None of your finicky ladies," whispered the mate. "She eats the food and finds no fault." "Egad," said the captain aside to Major Harley. "Watch her as she sways with the ship. See the colour—the blowing hair! Were I twenty years younger——"

"Were I ten years younger!" thought poor Harley.

One thing of Alice: she did not forget. How should one who has eaten boiled deerskin despise ship's beef? How should one who has starved, indeed, ever cease to be thankful for plenty?

And again, Nature, who had been harsh to her, she loved—loved wind and blowing spray, loved the great waves, the staggering ship. She gazed each hour at the tumbling waters.

She had an eye for the common men, the sailors of the troop-ship, and the luckless troops. If she were on the deck (as she almost always was) the poor privates worn by sickness, the sailors tired by toil, felt the day brighter and their bodies stronger. For she walked among them, smiled, and spoke.

And sometimes, as to all sterling natures, came to Alice the great melancholy of the sea, its eternal brooding. She would stand at the shrouds and gaze, with the sadness of centuries in her eyes, a lovely Sphinx, knowing no answers to her own questions: Where go we? What is this all for? This was not unhappiness, only wonder, overwhelming awe, and therewith a sweet con-

tent, just to live, to be in the world, to sail upon the sea and let God guide her.

At such times Harley and the captain, or the mate, stood guard lest any should disturb her.

Her maid roused Alice that last morning, poor sick Christine, in whose voice for the first time was cheerfulness. "Boston Harbour is in sight."

Alice dressed quickly, and went upon the deck. Her first view from the companionway was land, a low, green hillock rising from the water. She looked from south to north. There, scattered along, were more flat hills in groups or singly. Close at hand rose up in sharp contrast some rocky islets. On one of them was a lighthouse. Beyond, a channel opened. The ship was making for the entrance.

The soldiers were already on deck; some were even part way up the shrouds. One by one the officers came up on the quarter, but Alice did not see them. She stood at the bulwark, holding to a stay, and fixed her eyes upon the land. She saw the grasses waving, she smelt upon the breeze the odour of new hay. Island after island opened to her view as the ship beat its way along the channel. Fishermen in boats were close at hand. Cattle grazed upon the hillsides. It was peaceful, lovely, almost English.

The minutes passed unnoticed. The orders of the seamen tacking ship; the flapping of the canvas; the crowd of gesticulating soldiers, glad of land at last; even the old delight of wind in her face, of the rushing ship—all this made no impression. She thought no more of the coming reunion with her brother, ignored the group of officers behind, nay, at last even her whereabouts passed from her mind.

This was not regret; it was not memory—she lived again in another time, and saw its scenes. A black

forest standing in white snow, all distance lost amidst trees, the sky shut out. And there on the snow was a young man toiling, famished to a shade, faint unto death. A dream, a nightmare of devotion, unselfishness, sacrifice. A test of other men by which they failed.

The roar of a cannon shattered her vision, and brought her to herself.

They had reached the upper harbour. A little fortress was saluting; there were warships at a short distance, and sailboats moved on the water near at hand. The soldiers on the forecastle began to cheer. Alice looked beyond all, and saw rising from the water wharves and houses, cupolas, trees and spires. Her bosom rose and fell; her eyes shone. Boston!

The officers crowded behind her, pointed, asked, and talked. There was the flagship, there the battery. She did not hear. The noble ships of war she did not see. For her was only the town, where Frank had lived, where were his brother and his friends. She gazed and gazed, and could not have enough.

CHAPTER IX

AN ARRIVAL

Captain Tudor had met his sister when she landed upon Long Wharf. Alice's eyes were bright and eager as she glanced about her. Already from the ship she had recognised the Boston of Frank's descriptions—the many steeples, the numerous wharves, the Trimount behind all. Now when on foot she found herself within the town itself, she looked for more of those signs, long familiar in her dreams. At the very first, one stood before her.

From the wharf a street stretched on, bordered with buildings mostly of a public nature, shops, warehouses, taverns, and the customs house. Several of them were handsome buildings, all were of a pleasing simpleness, proper to the main street of a colonial town. But at the end of the street, standing directly in the middle, was a building finer than the others, square-shouldered, dignified, and strong.

Alice stopped and regarded it. "What is the matter?" asked her brother, but she did not turn from looking. The building was crowned with a bell-canopy, and supporting its pediment were two heraldic beasts, the lion and the unicorn.

"'Tis the Town House!" she said aloud.

"Ay," he answered, surprised. "How knew you, Alice?"

There were others in attendance, young officers come

to meet the London belle. Each put in his pretty compliment to the town or to her inspiration, but their remarks ceased when she still stood motionless. First her fixed gaze was the look of one trying to recollect; then she put up her hand to her temple, and closed her eyes. "Oh!" she said suddenly, and turned to the right, looking again. From the broad street ran a narrow little alley. "There!" she cried.

Through the alley was visible, at a hundred yards, the end of another large building. "There is it," repeated Alice hurriedly. "I know the place."

"'Tis Faneuil Hall," said the brother. "Yes," she said. Her breath was quicker, her cheeks were flushed, as she turned to him. "George, come with me," she enjoined, and to her escort she said: "Gentlemen, I beg you to excuse me." She went quickly to the alley, leaving an astonished group.

Her brother kept at her side. "What is it, Alice?" he asked again. "Do you really think——"

"It has all come back to me," she interrupted. "I can find the way to Frank's house. Do not ask me questions, but come." She walked with hasty step, and he, his interest increasing, went on with her.

At the end of the alley they saw the whole of Faneuil Hall. Alice cast up but one glance at the stately building, passed its end, and found the waters of the Town Dock lying across the straight path. "But there is a drawbridge," she cried. "Oh—there!" A little to the right a drawbridge spanned the entrance of the dock; she crossed, and entered another alley in front. It led to a larger street, running to right and left. Without hesitation she turned to the right. "We go on this," she said, "till we find the large house facing the harbour."

"Are you not—" began her brother, and checked himself. He walked at her side as she hurried on.

They went along the street as it curved to the right, following the water-front. Frequent openings led down to the wharves, where useless shipping lay unrigged; to the left were streets running away into the town. Alice looked at each house. "There?" asked her brother, as they came to one of larger size. "No," she answered. "That is of wood, and Frank's stood in its garden. But I know it is close at hand." With parted lips and eager eyes she pressed on, while he, wondering much, but constantly more excited, kept pace.

Suddenly to the right the buildings opened to show the water, and to the left a large garden rose in a gentle slope. She saw and quickened her step. Then she stopped. "There!" she whispered again.

A flagged walk ran from the iron gate of the garden to the front of a great stone house. Dark and grim it frowned upon her, but she looked at it and smiled. "There it is," she repeated, and clasped her hands.

"It must be!" cried her brother.

"Come," she said.

They entered the gate and went along the flags. "The knocker is an eagle," she stated. "There is a great brass latch." As they mounted the steps to the porch her brother saw that she was right. He seized the knocker and rapped loudly; Alice stood waiting in suspense, with her eyes upon the heavy panelled door. Who would come?

The latch was raised; the door opened inward. A little old woman stood there looking out. Her face was wrinkled, her hair grey, and she wrapped her thin hands in the folds of her blue-checked apron. Alice looked for a moment, then she started forward, holding out her hands. "Ann!" she cried.

"Land save us!" exclaimed the little woman, retreating. Alice followed. "Ann," she said more gently. "Do not fear me. I come with news of Frank."

"Frank?" cried Ann loudly. Her mouth opened, she began to gasp. "Frank?" she repeated feebly. Some one came to the door at the right, and Alice turned to see a tall young man.

"Dickie!" she exclaimed, her face beaming.

At the same moment her brother spoke. "Ellery!" he cried. "So you live here?"

"Yes," answered Dickie, "and this is your sister?" He looked upon her in awkward astonishment, her grace, her sweet face, but most her glance of undisguised affection, confusing him.

"I am Alice Tudor," she said. "Dickie, I know you better than you think. I knew your brother Frank."

"But Alice," said her brother. "His brother was drowned here, years ago."

"No," she replied. "He was not drowned. He went away to the great woods; he lived there, and there I knew him."

"Not drowned," gasped some one in the room behind Dickie.

Dickie turned. "Uncle!" he said, feeling strange and afraid. "Here is such news!"

Mr. Ellery sat in his father's chair, his hands on its arms, and though he tried to rise he shook, and could not. "Frank—" he repeated— "not drowned? What—what——?"

Dickie turned again suddenly, with joy in his face. "Then where is he?" he demanded.

"But he is dead, nevertheless," she answered sadly. "He died—saving me."

Mr. Ellery gasped again, and colour came back to his

face. "Dead?" he demanded hoarsely. "Are you sure?"

"I am sure."

He rose now, though unsteadily. "Did you see his body?" he persisted.

"I saw his body," she answered quietly.

"I—" he said. "I—" He put up a hand to cover his mouth. "I am sorry," he finished. Ann, who had been listening closely, put her apron to her twitching face.

And Dickie, pale, hung his head. "Well," he sighed. "'Tis the same."

"'Tis not the same," cried Alice with glowing face. "'Tis not at all the same! He saved my life; he gave himself up for me; by his means and his only am I now alive. Dickie," she said, with hands held out. "I took your brother from you. Will you not take a sister in return?"

He seized her hands and clung to them. Ann, through her tears, watched this wonderful vision. None such had been in that house for nearly twenty years. Mr. Ellery, now quite recovered, stepped affably to Captain Tudor.

"May I offer you and your sister," he asked, "a glass of wine?"

But Dickie and Alice continued to look at each other, he with frequent bashful glances, astonished and confused, she with direct and beaming looks. She was enraptured, bright with delight at her inspiration, and at the same time reverently thankful, as one who receives a long-denied happiness. Moreover, Dickie pleased her; he was not unworthy her anticipation. She pressed his hand. "Dickie," she said softly, "Dickie, my new brother!" And he, seeing her surprising beauty, so warm toward him, so wonderfully pure, could have fallen at her feet.

It was all so new to Alice, so pleasant, and so strange! To be shown the house, the portraits, and Frank's room; to see Dickie and find that she could love him; to find Ann; to look at Mr. Ellery and understand, in the light of all that Frank had told her, the greatness of his littleness: this fascinated her. But the afternoon was half spent, and she took her leave. Her brother brought her to the lodgings which he had prepared for her. She felt serenely thankful at her success, and wished, to quiet her excited heart, only to be alone and think.

But at the lodging a visitor was waiting, at the sight of whom Tudor gave a cry of welcome.

"Henry!" he exclaimed. "This is very kind! Alice, here is Captain Sotheran of ours to wait upon you, the friend of whom I wrote."

He was actually reddening before her; positively diffident and afraid. This was the Captain Sotheran of whom she had heard so much—the duellist, the woman killer. Rumour had flattered him; he was not cool. She smiled and curtseyed.

"Captain Sotheran does me much honour," she said.

But he had sufficient boldness to read her face, and in her approving glance gained confidence. "Britain," he said, "has transferred her capital. The king will come to Boston next."

"Pray spare me," she answered. "Or I myself must blush. And lest I should, be so kind as to excuse me, Captain, for I am weary from my day." She left the two officers alone together, and Tudor burst into laughter.

"She herself must blush!" he repeated. "Egad, you were blushing, Henry, and like a school-boy. Come, how do you like her?"

"Well!" replied Sotheran. "Well, said I? George—" he took Tudor by the arms—"she is all you described her, and more!"

They smiled together, the strong man and the gentle. They were perfect complements, as Dickie at first sight had felt them to be. Each was the adornment of the other, for force and grace, firmness and pliancy, haughtiness and amiability, coolness and warmth, characterised the one and the other. In a word, they were the grenadier and the light infantryman. Each had his own strength, beauty, and failing—of which last Sotheran's was (to the ordinary observer) his pride; Tudor's, that trustfulness which is the weakness of an honest heart.

They went out. Alice, at her chamber window, sat for an hour, looking out upon a street of that town of which she had so often thought. Her emotions were strong within her. She was again in the New World; what fortune would it bring?

Happiness, the following days seemed to show. She cared not that Tory Boston was at her feet, that from the governor to Anthony Paddock the men admired her. She sought out Frank's friends and made them her own. She sent for Rodman Savage; she called in person upon Barbara; she begged that Doctor Warren would come to see her, and when he appeared among Tories and redcoats she gave him honour before them all. Her parlour made a neutral ground, where partisans met and laid aside their differences. Doctor Church, as usual cultivating his eye for the beautiful, begged to be presented. She drew into her circle Knox the bookseller, and his charming wife. At her afternoons Tory and Whig drank chocolate together. For a while it seemed as if she were the unofficial agent of peace between the factions.

And as she came to know her new acquaintances better, there opened before her a path of happiness as yet untrod by her, yet which for every woman is alluring. Captain Sotheran, as her brother's dearest friend,

became intimate at the little cottage where Alice, with Mrs. Drew, who had come with her from England, received her friends. The captain still belied his reputation. He was called haughty, cold, a master rather than a suitor of women. So in fact he seemed with others. But with Alice he was yielding and attentive, a student of her wishes. She learned from others their surprise at his unwonted manner; the distinction was flattering and pleasant.

Only two things troubled her. One was that Dickie, attracted like the other young Tories, was learning the London accomplishments which the officers had introduced. True, he drank never to excess, and in gaming invariably won, but the lure had been fatal to many another boy. She commanded Sotheran and her brother to guard Dickie from harm. And her second trouble—irritation, rather—was that from day to day was postponed her visit to the Ellery ropewalks. The manager, one day absent in the country, on the next too busy for an interview, constantly put off the visit for which she longed, while in the meantime the day was drawing near when for lack of hemp the walks must close. The manager himself interested her, so was he praised by the Whigs for his achievement. Yet she had seen neither him nor the ropewalks, when that day arrived on which General Gage secretly sent out to Cambridge and seized the colony's powder.

CHAPTER X

THE SECOND OF SEPTEMBER

The last hemp had been hackled and spun, the last cable bound in its coil. The last customer, a countryman, took it in his cart. The men watched him as he drove away. Forty spinners, and their work was done. The siege was finished, the three months were over. Now, like their fellows of the other walks, they were to go out into the town, work, if they might, in the charity brickyards, and stand in line for the Donation Committee's provisions. The end had been delayed, but it had come.

The bell rang for the last time. Pete, the foreman, came from the counting-house door. "Men," he said, "file up now for your pay. And the manager is to give a guinea extra to each married man, ten shillings to us that's single."

The manager stood at the counting-house door, looking as they had always seen him, resolute and calm. The men fell into file and walked up for their pay. Each looked him in the face and said his thanks. The manager shook each by the hand, and warned him to keep the peace of the town. Then in groups the men went away. Except for the few months of Humphreys' sickness, some of them had worked there half their lives, and were not ashamed of tears. Some laughed recklessly, some swore bitterly. "Blood," muttered some as they thought of the soldiers, "must pay for this!"

The manager and Pete shut the great gates, and locked them with the heavy padlock. Roger, the manager's *protégé*, was with them. The two men faced each other and struck hands. Pete choked and could not speak; the other also was moved. In forty years the Ellery walks had not stopped work. They turned in opposite directions, and Roger kept at the manager's side, to be presently dismissed.

"Go home," said his protector kindly. "Ask Nick if you can help him in any way, and wait until I come." Alone, the manager walked toward the Common, busied with his thoughts.

He drew an audible breath at last, and raised his head. He looked about him as a new man. "Myself again!" he said. "Now things will change." They were changed already. The buildings seemed finer, the streets broader, the very sky bluer as he walked along. With a different eye he looked each man in the face as he passed, and when he reached the Common he stood and surveyed it as one that had come into his heritage.

Bright was the sun on that September day, the grass was richest green, the tents gleamed white. Far as he saw were glinting arms in motion, and marching troops gave contrast to the musing herd that couched upon the slope. The regiments were exercising; in one place, where was firing at a mark, smoke puffed repeatedly, and the reports came to his ears against the wind. Upon the Mall were gentlemen and ladies, officers, Tories, and even Whigs, differing strongly in their homespun dress from those in gayer colours. From the nearer groups he heard laughter, and a strain of military music came. A holiday and careless scene it was to him who came there with a purpose.

He mingled with the crowd and sought his friends. They were not upon the Mall, he did not find them

along its length. He saw Mistress Oliver with her little court, and Lady Harriet Leland, far eclipsing the provincial beauty with her admiring train. There were handsome Tory gentlemen and resplendent bucks and sparks; there were fine ladies in silks and laces, scarcely more soberly decked for the morning promenade than for an evening entertainment. But nowhere did he see the form he sought. At last by the firing-squad he perceived a little group, and hastened thither.

There were Rodman and Barbara, with Tudor close at hand. There stood great lumbering Dickie, and by his side a graceful figure. The manager halted; none of them had seen him. That was Alice, looking brightly into Dickie's face. A youthful form, a woman's eye and serious mouth—no spoiled beauty, no sophisticated London belle. Here there was none to court or flatter; she was at ease. She was in health, her cheeks said that; with friends, and with such friends! Therefore she was happy. The manager, as he looked upon her, felt his bosom warm.

He hesitated to speak to her. How should he speak, what should he say? How could he make her know him?—This is what happened.

Tudor had been showing off his company to Barbara, and with small success. The target, at no great distance, was little marred; Tudor was vexed. Worse than that, a lazy countryman who had sold his produce and wandered on the Common to see the soldiers, leaned against a tree and laughed. "Why, Cap'n," was his final taunt, "your men couldn't hit a barn, let alone a haouse. I shouldn't care to be fishin' out there on the Back Bay. B'gosh, three-quarters of your bullets hit the water."

The men were angry, and muttered. Tudor saw that Barbara struggled with a laugh, while Rodman was

studying the ground. "Well," he demanded of the countryman, "could you do as well?"

"As well? Gosh! As well? Naow, Cap'n! If my boy Tom, that's only fifteen, couldn't hit that target every time, at this little distance, I'd whop him good."

Barbara turned away suddenly. Tudor flushed. "Corporal," he said sharply. "Bring here three muskets. Now, my man, you shall give me a proof of your shooting."

"One gun'll do," said the fellow undisturbed. "But I'll load it myself." He watched the men offer their guns eagerly to the corporal. "Guess your men, Cap'n, don't like to have me laffin' at 'em. I'll take this one." He balanced it in his hand. "Lord! what a heavy thing! Loaded? Well then." He fired at a tree and watched the result. "Kicks like a mule. No wonder, Cap'n, your men can't shoot. Twice too much paowder to the ball. Naow, if you please, I'll show you what."

He loaded; a village wit he seemed to be, and kept on with his talking. "We use balls half the weight of these. Go jes' as far, Cap'n; kill jes' as quick. Save paowder, save lead, save weight in marchin'. Means a lighter gun. My gun to home weighs two paound less'n this, I swear naow. These guns are all right on parade, I guess, but marchin' in a rough country——"

Tudor cut him short. "Your gun is loaded. Let me see you shoot."

The yokel was alert, and aimed. The soldiers craned their necks to see; Barbara, Rodman, Dickie, and Alice, pressed nearer. The fellow fired, and dropped the butt upon the ground. Alice clapped her hands. "A bulls-eye!"

"B'gosh," said the grinning fellow, looking round. "You're pretty, my lady, and see well. Where's that fellow going? Come back, Corp'ral. Can't you see the

hole?" He loaded again, rattling the ramrod in and out the barrel. His hitherto lazy motions seemed now as quick as sight. His eyes snapped. "Cap'n, can your men load as quick as this? Stand away, Corp'ral. I'll show you naow. Mark, Cap'n. Jes' above the other hole." He fired, and Alice cried again to her brother: "George, he has done it!" The second hole was close above the first.

"Shall I fire again?" asked the countryman.

Tudor stood blank, but recovered himself well. He turned to Alice and smiled. "This is such shooting as Frank's was, Alice."

She shook her head. "Not at all!" she declared. "To hit something moving is far more difficult."

"I can do that, too," said the yokel. He loaded the gun again. "What shall I hit?"

"Give the gun to me," said the manager from behind.

They turned to him, but he did not look at them. He took the gun from the countryman and gazed out on the water. There were as always gulls upon the bay, fishing, screaming, and quarrelling. Some floated on the water, some swept across the line of sight. None suited him. They watched him as he frowned and looked. Alice, with a little gasp, crept up to her brother, and put her hand in his. Tudor glanced at her an instant, smiling. "This is Dickie's manager," he said.

"No," she whispered, in a tone of awe.

A gull detached itself from the rest, heading for the harbour. It came directly at the group, flying high, meaning to pass overhead, going with speed before the wind. It was the hardest shot the bird could present. While it was yet some forty yards away the manager raised his gun and on the instant fired. The gull was struck in the breast, seemed to crumple like paper, and

fell a mass of feathers. Tudor, the soldiers, even Rodman and the countryman cried out.

The manager gave the gun to the corporal and turned to his friends. Barbara smiled, Dickie cried "Bravo!" He paid no attention. Alice stood by her brother, shaking and pale. Her eyes were fixed upon the manager's, fear was visible in her face. He stepped to her and held out his hands. He spoke, himself much moved.

"Do you not know me?"

"Frank!" she cried, and clung to him trembling.

There they stood together, crowned with happiness. She gazed at him through tears, her soul in her eyes; between her parted lips scarce passed the fluttering breath. And he, after so long watching, so long waiting, after such time at last himself again, at last with her, could scarce command the emotion of his breast. For moments thus they stood, forgetful of all else beside each other. Then Dickie, almost falling, tottered near; Barbara, Rodman, Tudor, utterly astonished, drew close——

A bugle blew; paused not, but still blared, insistent and alarming. Then the clamour of drums struck upon the ear; the long roll rose from each regimental quarter. The staring soldiers snatched their rattling arms. The sounds forced themselves on Tudor's unwilling senses; he turned, perplexed. An adjutant came running, stopped at a distance, and shouted:

"Captain Tudor!" he cried. "Bring your men in! The colonials are marching on the town!" He turned and hastened back.

Tudor saw that the Common was in confusion. A platoon passed at the double; mounted officers dashed back and forth. The artillery horses, summoned from their exercise, came on the gallop, buckles and harness ringing. Tudor seized Frank's hand and wrenched it

once, then sprang to his men. In another instant he and his company were hastening to their regiment.

Dickie staggered to his brother, and looked him in the face. "What?" he asked. "Frank? What?"

"She is fainting," cried Barbara.

Frank caught Alice as her strength failed. He raised her on his arm. Then he met Dickie's eye. "Dear boy!" he said. But the sounds from the troops were not to be disregarded. Some one again shouted: "The colonials are coming!" In one glance Frank surveyed the Common, the soldiers in a swarming mass, the pleasure-seekers flying. Again he looked at the unconscious Alice.

A voice cried "Rodman!"

It was Doctor Warren, walking rapidly with other Whigs of influence. He beckoned Rodman. "I shall need you," he called. Rodman, with a last glance at his new-found friend, went after the doctor. The noise of the troops increased; the heavy sound of moving cannon came. Two men passed close at hand: the governor, anxious and perplexed; and the lieutenant-governor, Oliver, his wig awry, as from a hurried journey.

"'Tis not a mad mob," Frank heard him say; "but determined. They are marshalled in order. You must not think of sending troops against them." They passed on.

Frank turned to his brother and placed Alice, now first moving, in his arms. "Take her home, Dickie—Barbara!" he took both her hands and kissed them. "Take care of her; I must go." He hastened after Rodman.

The landing of the British troops in Boston

After Paul Revere's print

Book Three

AN ARMED TRUCE

Chapter One

"Welcome, Brother!"

AS, during a long period of dry summer weather, storms are expected but do not come, and in the quiet of each evening distant thunder is heard, from day to day louder, so through the year had increased the ominous muttering of the people. And as some day, in the heat, clouds gather and overhang, and from their black bosoms send out threatening flashes, but finally pass away unbroken into peace again, so on that September morning it seemed that rebellion had come, but by night all was quiet once more. Yet as the storm would surely return, so would the outbreak certainly come, unless those who held power should hasten to avert it.

For on the news that the governor had seized the colony's store of powder, and in so doing had killed citizens (but the last report was false), four provinces rose in arms, and the roads were black with armed men hurrying toward Boston. Nothing was more

determined than their intention to seize the town and drive out the soldiers. But leaders among the Americans represented to them that no one had been killed, that the governor had a right to take the powder, and that for the present there was no excuse for an attack. For the present!

Though the men of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire returned to their homes, they sent word to the Whigs of Boston that they would come again when needed. They advised a careful guard over the remainder of the powder, and secretion of all arms from seizure. The news travelled on to the South, and each colony responded in its manner, but each angrily, to the word that citizens had been killed. In that response some were wise enough to read the terrible future.

The troops did not read it, clamouring to be led out against the rabble. But General Gage, the governor, read it, and commenced from that day to fortify the town. The Tories later laughed and forgot it; even that commissioner who came into Boston on the gallop, homespun horsemen at his heels, declared that the Whigs were cowards. But many a man upon the other side saw at once what a force was ready to be loosed, and trembled when he thought of the possible results.

Francis Ellery saw, and knew that he could not yet dare to bring about his duel. One single spark might set the country in a flame; all personal desires must be subdued in such a crisis. Yet Frank could wait for a while without harm. It was in other ways that the events of the day had done injury to his plans, for while he was in Cambridge others had been given time to think, and to form their resolves in his absence. Alice, namely, and his uncle the old fox.

Tudor met him at the ferry, and seized him to bring

him to Alice. He himself had been of the guard at the Neck, the position of excitement. Alice had been overcome for a while; at least he had not been able to see her just now when he went to her apartment. Therefore he had come out to search for Ellery. In his hurried sentences, but more in his eager, manly glances, Frank read the affection and delight which Tudor could not bring himself to utter. And what, finished the captain, had the Americans been doing in Cambridge the while?

Oh, merely passing resolves, and disposing of some councillors and the high sheriff.

"Disposing!" cried Tudor, aghast. "Killing, man?"

Only taking their resignations; even the lieutenant-governor resigned from the council. And for the same purpose Commissioner Hallowell was wanted, but he fled on his chaise-horse and escaped. Then Frank told of the orderly meeting at Cambridge, the militia standing in companies, their arms laid aside, while one by one resolves were passed, or resignations accepted. The quiet dispersion at last, and the turning back of the thousands who still had been coming.

But they were ready to rise again, no doubt? No doubt whatever, and a silence fell between them as they meditated, the one on his responsibilities as an officer of troops among an irritating people, the other upon the changes in the town since morning.

There were many people upon the streets—officers in their uniforms, disappointed that there was no fight; and soldiers inclined to be quarrelsome now that the danger had passed. The ever-inquisitive inhabitants were gathering news, and the idle workmen were more than half willing to meet the soldiers on their own terms. But besides these—the usual sights and groups of the town—Frank saw standing here and there carts

with bundles of personal belongings, with women and children sitting waiting. Men dusty with travel enquired for lodging from door to door. And the young Whig smiled, but not with pleasure, for these were refugees from the country—Tories frightened from their homes by the events of the day.

"Egad," said Tudor presently. "I can't laugh with our fellows, or wish for fight. But to speak of ourselves," and he made an effort. "This is the second great day of my life; the first was when Alice returned. Ellery, I welcome you heartily. Had I chosen among all my acquaintance, you would have been the man. Everything I have is yours. My friends shall be yours, even Sotheran."

"Not Sotheran," said Frank.

"Yes, but he will," said Tudor. "He is a good fellow; I will explain, and everything shall be forgotten."

"Not Sotheran," repeated Frank.

"See, there he goes," cried Tudor, not hearing. "He has entered our cottage. Come on, we shall find him in Alice's parlour." And in Alice's parlour they found the captain, the maid about to leave him. He stood surprised, and stared for a moment at Frank as they entered.

"Tell your mistress," said Tudor to the servant, "that I have come."

"And that I have gone," added Sotheran, turning to the door. But he had to pass Tudor, who detained him, laughing.

"Nay, Henry," he protested. "Stop. You shall not go. Here is the strangest thing. Let me tell you. You know this gentleman?"

The captain turned and looked Frank up and down. He smiled, a haughty smile from the haughty soul of him. Tall, handsome, fine in his brilliant uniform, he

seemed to light the apartment as with the gleam of the star Lucifer. Frank, standing quiet in his sober clothes, could but admire. "I remember this gentleman," Sotheran said. "We have an engagement."

"You shall give it up," said Tudor. "I will persuade you. Henry, this is the best friend I have in all the earth."

The captain smiled again, and looking upon his shorter friend, tapped his shoulder carelessly, as one indulgently reminds a child. "George," he said, "that best friend of whom you used to boast, is dead."

"Nay," cried Tudor with delight. "He lives, and here he stands. Henry, this is he—Frank Ellery!"

Sotheran stepped back one pace, and for an instant dropped his mask of carelessness. As a miser, at an alarm, opens a painted window and looks out, so this guardian of a secret showed his proper face, where fear and fury blended. "What!" he cried; and his hands clenched.

"'Tis he," laughed Tudor gaily. "I knew you'd be surprised. Well, no welcome for him? Jealous, Henry?"

"Nay—nay," said Sotheran, recovering, and now with courage regarding the man who looked upon him calmly. "Not so, but quite surprised indeed."

"Greet him!" cried Tudor. "You shall be friends."

But they made no movement toward each other; instead, they coldly bowed. Sotheran, himself again, spread fair his hand upon his heart. "Mr. Ellery, your humble servant."

"Yours, sir," was the reply.

"Very fine," said Tudor, puzzled. "But very formal. You are forgetting to shake hands. Come, absolve each other from your engagement. It must be dropped."

"Willingly," agreed Sotheran.

"My dear Tudor," said Frank, and Tudor in the interest of the question did not note the subject turned. "Before your sister comes pray satisfy my curiosity. Here is your best friend come to life. Your worst enemy, of whom once I heard you speak—is he then surely dead?"

"Of all men," cried Tudor, "you should know!"

"Is there record of his death upon the rolls?"

The maid appeared at the door. "May Mistress Tudor speak with her brother?"

"Certainly," answered Tudor. "I leave you two together. Make it up, now. Answer his questions, Henry."

The door shut behind him, and the two looked at one another. The deepest interest, the keenest study, held their glances fixed, and they spoke slowly, steadily. Though Sotheran appeared to lounge and smile, though Frank might seem at ease, there was a tension in each brain, and they were merely actors.

"There was a record, Captain?"

"Ay," said Sotheran. "Only one lieutenant was killed on the frontier in '72. Killed by Indians, the list said, but of course it was the same."

"And his name?"

"Must you know?" asked the other. "I have it written somewhere. But I begged Tudor not to enquire. The man is dead. His family—his mother or sister—would be injured by the scandal. Would it not be better not to ask?"

He looked Frank in the face, and put his question fairly. There was no answer, and they stood gazing. Though homespun contrasted with the king's livery, there was likeness in their eyes, their mouths firm set, their cool composure. Nearly a minute thus they stood.

Then smiles grew on the face of each, the American's grim, the Englishman's bland.

"My dear Mr. Ellery," asked the captain in his most urbane tones, "have you enjoyed the day of excitement?"

"Captain Sotheran," enquired the other, "have you a mother, or a sister?"

Then the tiger looked out of the officer's eyes, and his hands clenched once more. One stole to his sword hilt, but there, in that room, no murder was possible, and Frank was secure. The hate that glared on him, the surprise and the fear: these were his revenge after two years. But the moment was brief. The devil disappeared from Sotheran's face, and his laugh was a marvel.

"No relatives!" he cried. "No sisters, no mother to mourn me. Ah, I am glad to see you, Mr. Ellery. What is life without an enemy? Ten minutes ago, and I scorned you. Now I can hate—at least until to-morrow morning. At what hour shall it be, and where? A clear sunrise, a quiet spot. Then he who leaves the place can even love the other."

Frank smiled.

"Let me propose," said Sotheran, "a solitary meeting. We can be more thorough. I despise humane interruptions."

"And besides," added Frank, "there will be no dying words, no last statement."

"I see we agree. Six o'clock, let us say. And to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow," said Frank.

"Still a coward?" asked Sotheran as with pity.

"Merely curious," was the reply, "to see what you will do. I give you rope——"

"A noble simile, oh valiant tradesman!"

"Knowing," finished Frank. "That you will hang yourself. Dear Captain, you are mine, and when I choose——"

"You will tell!" he exclaimed with contempt.

"Ah! no, for then Tudor would kill you. That pleasure I reserve for myself." They heard voices in the next room; the latch rattled. "Captain Sotheran, good evening."

The hint was as broad as the butt of a musket, but in his departure Sotheran showed well. A look of merriment grew on his face. "Dear friend," he said, "welcome back! Now is there interest in life, and a campaign begins. Good evening." And smiling still, he shut the door behind him.

At the other door Alice entered, timidly, her hands trembling before her. And here was a study in tenderness, which Frank, turning from that defiance of his enemy, could not decipher.

How had she dwelt on his image in these years, how loftily enshrined him in her heart! He, whose consideration caused the sacrifice of his ambition, whose devotion cost him his life, had become to her a wonderful ideal; and as time went by her heart, yearning for its master, turned unhappily to the one man who might have ruled it. The memory of him had not lessened; not gratitude, but understanding of him, caused her constant pain; and Alice, when she had lost him, loved him. She saw before her a life without other love than this, and being a woman made to enjoy rather than to renounce, but at the same time steadfast, she had prayed daily with tears for the miracle of his return. From this cause sprang the melancholy in her life; she was as a woman widowed.

Then when he came, light flashed up. The phantom rose before her and became flesh and blood; she saw

him, and he was the same. His manly form, which for her had borne enormous burdens; his face, refined by hardship; and then his voice, thrilling with every noble quality of his mind: were not less than in remembrance. Waves of sensation beat upon her heart, surprise and joy surged over her. The heavens seemed to open, she was blinded, then lifted up, and in the ecstasy of the moment all things were lost.

When she recovered herself, he was gone. Barbara would have attended her, but Alice desired only to be alone. Then when she might think, the woman in her rose up and drove out the visionary, and she began to fear.

She loved him, and she knew it. The dread, lest the rebellion should begin and he this time be surely lost, was quick to show her what her feeling was. But then, did he love her? Why had he, alive and able to communicate with her, remained as dead? She saw his purposes; but might he not have told to her his secret? He would have, if he had loved her. Of course he did not love her. Then she must love in secret.

And so, when fearfully she advanced to meet him, she greeted him as she had determined. Her composure was but manner, and one could know it from her trembling hands. Her sweetness did but disguise the salt of tears; and her voice shook when she spoke. Frank might have seen. But his heart was still stirred with anger, his soul was stern. He could not know the tenderness that threatened to betray her as she bade him: "Welcome, brother!"

"Brother!" repeated Sotheran in the hall. He took his ear from the door and tiptoed away, sardonically pleased.

Brother! Water fell upon the sparks of Frank's emotion. He was half Indian, trained to stoicism, and

instantly he took the place she gave him, kissing a sister's hand. Her lips yearned but to touch his hair as he stooped before her.

"Brother!" grumbled Tudor when Ellery had gone. "If he is not more than brother when the year is out——"

But Alice escaped with her tears. She had learned that Frank had written, and she had not answered. And he was to be her brother now, until he wanted to be more.

CHAPTER II

THE HOME-COMING

And Frank?

When he, from his interview with Alice, came at last to the old library where Mr. Ellery sat sunk in the great chair, and Dickie sulkily poked the dead fire, his reception was ready.

It was an interesting picture, could he have regarded it dispassionately. The broad back of his brother was eloquently turned, and his savage thrusts at the charred sticks spoke loud of uncertainty. The uncle's visage was composed into resignation, as he prepared to fight for all he had. There were no opening words of welcome nor pretence of cordiality. Frank halted at the door. Mr. Ellery remained seated, and bore the gaze of his nephew with considerable success. When he felt that his eyes must fall, he turned his look to Dickie with a sigh, and spoke.

"So, Frank, you have been deceiving us."

Frank understood, and saw that the fight was for the possession of Dickie's mind. Dickie was listening for his answer.

"Have you no welcome home for me, uncle—or Dickie?" he asked a little sadly.

Dickie stirred as if to turn. Mr. Ellery spoke quickly. "Have you not forfeited a welcome?"

"Have I, uncle?"

"When you returned last December, why did you not come to us?"

"Do you not know, sir?"

"Oh!" cried his uncle. "I am pained to the heart by this underhand action of yours. That you could so deceive me, and so spy upon me——"

"Spy upon you?"

Mr. Ellery's sallow cheek grew paler still. "I expect an apology, Francis."

Frank saw now no further change in Dickie's attitude. "I prefer to explain, sir," he answered. "Did you not once, in this very room, swear to keep me from the rope-walks till Dickie came of age?"

"I never meant it, Francis," answered his uncle.

"You swore upon the Bible. When I came last December and found the business on the brink of ruin, and knew that I, and only I, could save it, could I do otherwise than I did?"

"Francis," said his uncle very gravely, "you should have come to me. I would gladly have given you the management of the walks."

One of the phenomena of our mental nature came suddenly to Mr. Ellery's aid. Into Frank's mind, stirred as it was by the discussion, came the word "brother," uttered sweetly. It passed quickly, but stung him into sharp speech.

"I do not believe you!" he answered.

"Frank!" cried Dickie, starting up.

Mr. Ellery also rose.

"Let there be no quarrel," he said. "There can be no further argument between us. You have not trusted me, Frank; but you are welcome home. I shall be patient with you, and when you are ready to be friends with me you shall find me waiting." With a dignity inspired by his words, he left the room. He climbed the stairs to his own chamber and stood there, thinking ner-

vously. But his last look at Dickie had given him courage.

Dickie had sat listening, pulled both ways. Frank's voice had thrilled him, but the habit of respect and obedience was not at once to be shaken off. Frank's final, open disbelief of Mr. Ellery's word brought Dickie to his feet indignant.

Yet as he faced his brother, alone, the strong and earnest face before him tempered his feeling. "What will he say?" thought Frank, and waited. Dickie struggled for words, but before he could find them his protest faded into disappointed pleading.

"Would you not even apologise?" asked Dickie. "Once more with us, and already defiant? It was reasonable for him to feel hurt, and for me. You do not seem to have considered us. Had you no heart?"

"Dickie," asked Frank, "do you know that you decided me to keep unknown?"

"I?" cried Dickie.

"I found when I came back, Dickie, my teachings forgotten. I left you opposed to uncle; I found you friends with him. I left you a Whig; I found you a Tory. Yes, I had a heart, and it was cruelly hurt. What place was there for me in your life? None, Dickie, none."

Dickie was too deeply impressed to speak. Frank went on:

"There was a place waiting for me elsewhere, Dickie —a place that no one could fill but myself. I saw Humphreys, and he advised me, begged me, to do as I did. But had I not found my brother so completely changed, I never should have followed the road Humphreys pointed out."

"Humphreys disliked uncle," cried Dickie, with burning cheeks; "but father trusted him."

"Father was good," answered Frank; "as are you, God bless you, Dickie. You see no harm in any one, not even in politics."

The tables had been turned on Dickie, and the instinct of the young is self-defence. "In politics," he replied, "I am for the king."

"And I against his ministers," answered Frank. "Some day, Dickie, we shall think alike. We must, or it will be a sad life for us both. But let us end this, Dickie." Frank was deeply disappointed. "Is there any way I can help you? Do you need money? Uncle has none unless he draws upon our savings."

"I have money," answered Dickie. "But our savings? Why, we are poor—in debt!"

"Well," said Frank, "let all this pass. Try to believe, Dickie, that I have thought of you in everything I did. In the future it will be the same."

He ended with a sigh, and Dickie nearly melted. Another moment, and all might have been forgotten in an avowal of affection. But Ann, drawn by the sound of voices, came to the library door and rushed at her boy with a cry. Mr. Ellery, fearing that the conference might last too long, called from the stairs: "Dickie, I want you." Dickie went away, and though Frank saw, he did not move to stop him. The brothers had not even shaken hands.

Truly Frank's home-coming was a disappointment. Ann wept over him, and Pete came like a dog to his master; Doctor Warren and Rodman were happy to recover him, and Barbara was joyous; Mr. Adams sent for him; Doctor Church was gracious to him; Henry Knox sought him out to renew his acquaintance; and in the Whig ranks a place was made at once for Francis Ellery. But where his heart was most deeply set, there he had failed. The word "brother" took the delight out of

Frank's heart; he knew not what he had expected, yet not that. Though there had been no rupture with Dickie, there was no confidence. And the news that the estate was in debt brought anxiety, or else added suspicion.

CHAPTER III

REDCOATS AND TORIES

Time did not draw the two brothers together, for Dickie continued to go on his way. He believed in his uncle; he agreed with the Tories; he saw no harm in gaming. Thus he said daily to himself.

Dickie was in the condition of a cracked jar which, far from pretending that it is whole, has not even heard that it is possible for earthenware to be injured. He seemed more of a Tory than ever, so that even Anthony was satisfied with him. Yet his confidence in himself was shaken, and his affections could not be smothered nor his perceptions dulled.

He was fond of Frank in spite of himself. He had admired him as a manager; he could but see that he was a fine fellow. The deception aside, Frank was a brother to be proud of, though Dickie would not show his feeling for the world.

And however he might rail against the Whigs, Dickie's sense of humour did not leave him, nor his love of fair play. The officers and Tories who declared the Whigs cowards could draw from Dickie only a weak agreement. Was not Doctor Warren a Whig, and was there a coward nerve in his body? Frank and Rodman were not afraid, nor were the farmers of the country, as Dickie instinctively felt. If the colonials were but blusterers, why should General Gage fortify the Neck, as he did with all haste, and mount more cannon on

every battery? And why should the prominent Tories of the colony one by one move to Boston with their families? And was it exactly honest of the Tories to promise the Whigs not to serve on the council, and, once safe in Boston, to break the promise?

Such questions arose in Dickie's mind, occasionally interrupted by a chuckle. For when the Whigs quietly removed one night the cannon from the provincial battery at Charlestown, and not long after took from under the very eyes and ears of a guard some cannon near the Common, it really did seem clever. Other such things occurred, until at length the admiral, to preserve the colonial cannon that remained, felt forced to spike them. At that news Dickie, although he immediately checked himself, laughed aloud and cried: "Is that our only means of keeping our own?"

Yet Dickie was in a most unenviable state of mind; for while his instincts would not be denied, his reason persisted in betraying itself. He regarded the Provincial Congress, for instance, as an impudent body, whose establishment of a new system of militia was illegal, and whose election of three generals was like a threat. Its actions were silly, because feeble; but its collection of the public money was actual rebellion. And the Boston mechanics, in refusing to build barracks for the troops, acted foolishly and uselessly, because workmen could be had from New York, and the only result was a vexatious delay. Meanwhile, as the year advanced, the soldiers shivered in their tents; the town was crowded with people from the country; and the idle inhabitants still refused to submit to the authority of the Massachusetts Acts.

Dickie, in other words, repeated what was told him, as the surest method of avoiding thought. He was not at home with himself; he tried to forget himself, and

went more and more into the lively company whose object was pleasure. But a sulkiness pursued him, descending upon him whenever he remembered himself. At such times, Dickie was not happy at all.

Such a time came one day toward the end of October, when he sat with his chosen friends in the large room of the tavern. There met the Association, so-called with many other longer names, of officers and Tories, for the serious pursuit of winning each other's money.

Captain Sotheran was its organiser, president, and leading spirit. He held, and meant to maintain, a position in the town as the officer most experienced in the science of fast living. Thoroughly versed in all the ways of London, he set the fashion here, and drew around him the youngest of each regiment, with those of the provincials who yearned for instruction. The club already had a reputation in the town, and Sotheran, as its leader, was adding lustre to laurels gained in London. It was he who had invited Dickie to the meetings.

That day, as on other days, Dickie won constantly at cards or dice, yet he could not smile. Just now, when Doctor Church had paused to look in at the door, and the Tories challenged him to dice their champion, Dickie had won ten guineas in two throws, and the doctor had left an I. O. U. with Sotheran; but the money lay cold in the lad's pocket, and he could not rejoice with the Tories at the defeat of a Whig.

"And the doctor is deep in debt, they say," cried Anthony in exultation. "His country house is heavily mortgaged."

"Nonsense," grumbled Dickie.

"'Tis true," asserted Anthony. "My father says so. Remember how extravagantly he lives and how much

he games. Did you see his face change when he lost? Even ten guineas is of weight with him."

"Poor devil, then!" muttered Dickie. He could not agree with his friends that morning. The smoke of pipes was offensive to his nostrils, the loud laughter disagreeable to his ear. And the man whom the officers were now quizzing—he who had announced himself as a New York Tory bringing workmen to the town to build the barracks—displeased Dickie by his noisy words.

"Not a shilling of profit, upon my word," the fellow was saying. His broad red face, with boldly staring eyes, coarse hair in a careless queue, great bare hands that held a broken riding-whip, splashed boots, frayed hat, and faded green coat, all were disagreeable to Dickie. "And as I wrote to the general, if the policing of the town is put in my hands, Boston will soon be as quiet and orderly as London."

"A grand simile!" cried Tudor laughing. "Our London mobs would put a Boston crowd to shame. Not a maimed man, nor one beaten to death, have I heard of since I came. Nay, not a broken pane of glass. If to change Boston to London be your object, friend, 'twill not appeal much to the general."

"Excellent wine," said the New Yorker unabashed. "I will fill again, by your leave. Gentlemen, remember that the finishing of the barracks is my doing."

"And still they stand," commented Sotheran, "mere frames."

"Nor is half the good begun that I mean to do for the town of Boston. To repress the Whigs, root out vice, take some of the spirit out of the lower people, as I assure you we know how to do it in New York; in short——"

"To tame the devil," put in Tudor.

"Even that. Yes, gentlemen, I am the man for all these. And if the king's army here in Boston does not bless my coming——"

Dickie rose. The noise and smoke, the hilarity in which he could not join, disgusted him. But the New Yorker saw him and called his name.

"Hey! 'tis young Ellery, upon my word."

Dickie paused, regarding him with surly eyes. "How do you know me?" he asked.

The Tory winked at the officers. "My name is Brush —Crean Brush. I know you well. Do you not remember me? I am the one that first reported the drowning of your brother."

Dickie smiled sourly. "You saw him drown, if I remember?"

"Truly did I, and could not prevent."

"Ho!" cried Anthony.

"Uncle paid a reward?" asked Dickie.

The officers burst out laughing. "Egad!" cried Tudor, "'twas easily earned. Can you restore it?"

"Looks not able, from his dress," answered Harriman.

"What mean you, gentlemen?" asked Brush.

"My brother is not dead," said Dickie.

The Tory's face was a study, and the company began to laugh afresh. But he recovered himself and bowed. "My dear sir, I am heartily sorry for you." Then the laugh turned on Dickie, and he strode out. The noise behind him rang in his angry ears.

Home Dickie went, with his head held low. Sotheran had called him "Dickie" twice; that was the triumph of the morning. But the remembrance of his gambling was not pleasant. The crisp air contrasted with the tobacco-tainted room, the quiet of the streets with the empty laughter he had left behind. He saw grave

Whigs walking, and their solidity was a relief from frivolousness. These were impressions, and vague; Dickie did not analyse his sensations. But his spirits were a barometer of fair accuracy, just now recording low pressure.

He reached the house. Some one ran up the steps after him as he opened the door. Dickie turned, and saw the burly form of the New Yorker, Brush.

"Are you here?" asked the lad.

"Truly," he answered cheerfully. "My old friend Thomas—your uncle, my boy—will be glad to see me." He pushed past Dickie into the hall, and stood looking about him. "The old house, not a bit changed. Not even a new carpet," and he winked at sullen Dickie. "Where is your uncle? Will you not fetch him?"

Dickie closed the door and started up the stair. Brush's greatcoat was already on the settle, and he stood switching his boot with the broken whip.

"You needn't come back yourself," he said.

CHAPTER IV

AN UNWELCOME GUEST

Each age produces its adventurers. These vary in their class according to the age, but the classes remain fixed.

The brawler, unless he has a genius for self-culture, is not thriving in our day. A hundred years ago there was still room for him on the earth, and he elbowed his way almost exactly as in Ajax' time. For him of refinement the weapon of terror was the duelling sword; in the lower ranks the resort was to the cudgel. Given a lusty arm to wield the latter, a voice loud to bluster, with a countenance of brass, and the owner was sure of consideration from his fellow-men.

But given in addition a keen eye for the times, a knowledge of flattery as well as of threats—for while threats are but stepping stones, flattery is a ladder to climb by—and the person thus fortunately qualified was in a way to get on in the world.

Crean Brush, Irish by birth, long a New York Tory, had emerged by this means from the lower order of men, and won himself a position at the skirts of the upper. It was a delicate station, with difficulty held, occasionally cried upon with the voice of scandal. Brag, bluster, and sometimes force were necessary, for he was a sheep-dog of great men, trained to fetch and carry, guard, and even bite. But as dogs are occasionally discarded by their masters, so are human servants.

His latest stroke of fortune leaving him adrift, he came to Boston to take advantage of the turn in politics, and also to see his ancient friend, Thomas Ellery.

Brush made himself free of the Ellery library, and threw himself in a chair. He gazed appreciatively around the room, which, with its faded grandeur, still meant riches. Tom yet held this place—so much the better. Ellery was Brush's gold mine, his money in the bank. Occasionally he chuckled as he waited, and squirting into the fireplace the juices of his quid, thought cheerfully of a marriage long ago. And when he saw at the door a pinched and haggard face, he laughed with self-content.

"Come in, Tom," he cried. "That's right, too; shut the door. Why, you are the same old pair of tongs. Can you put on no flesh with your riches?"

A pair of tongs Ellery was indeed, by contrast with the burly man who sat and jeered at him. A shaky pair at that, as he stared at Brush, panting and dismayed. Brush, lolling at ease, slapping his boot with his whip, changed presently his laugh to somethng of more meaning.

"A pretty welcome," he said. "No better greeting, Tom, to your brother-in-l——"

"Sh!" cried Ellery in a fright.

"So I touch you?" asked Brush coolly. "But no one will hear, unless your nevvy has a habit of listening at doors. Well, here I am. What do you say to me?"

"It does seem," whined Ellery, "as if you might have stayed away. I paid you to."

"Tut, man; time's up. I stayed four years for your little twenty pound. Now the troops are back, I'm here again."

"Not to stay?" faltered Ellery.

"Certainly. Fine picking from the army always. I'm

a little out at elbow, you see. They laughed at me at the tavern to-day, but with a new suit from you and a job from the governor, I shall do well for a while."

Ellery winced, and his mind diddled on the brink of precipices. He could not respond to the suggestion of clothes, for his pocket's sake; and there were certain topics that drew him with an unpleasant fascination while yet his apprehensive heart held him back. Brush watched him with a broadening smile. "Well, man," he demanded, after a moment of silence; "have you no interest in your loving friends?"

"What friends?" hesitated Ellery.

"She sends you her love," answered Brush.

Ellery sighed: that marriage of which Brush thought so cheerfully was no pleasant recollection for him. It was a union compelled by the threat of the cudgel, and though smoothed by a promise of secrecy, it had caused him half his woes ever since. "I hope," he said, "that she is well."

"Oh, do ye?" retorted Brush. "Well now, I'd not have thought it. Where is the money in all this while that should keep my sister in good health? That's what she'd like to know."

The position, face to face with Brush, was a little uncomfortable. Ellery took a chair at the farther end of the table. "I sent money," he answered.

"Did ye?" asked Brush, leaning forward to scowl at him around the tall flagon. "A little came, to be sure. Bedad, 'twas not enough to keep her in clothes, let alone the boy."

"How is the boy?" asked Ellery, for the diversion's sake. But inwardly he groaned. Two hungry mouths to feed! A growing boy to clothe!

"Well enough," answered Brush. He leaned back to grin, then forward to scowl again. "Well enough,

thanks to the labour of his loving uncle. I've done for that boy, Thomas Ellery, what his father should have done, and I say it to ye squarely."

The discomforts of life pressed heavy upon Ellery. He squirmed in his chair, and locked and unlocked his fingers in a gesture that was very nearly a wringing of his hands. "I sent money," he repeated.

"Ay," answered Brush. "But 'twas not enough. And I'm here this day—old friendship's sake aside—to enquire what ye mean to do for the wife and child that are dependent on you." He grinned behind the flagon again, with a hidden humour, leering the while with one eye keenly cocked. There was a confident good-nature in his tone. "Come, Tom," he added, "speak up like a man. Ay, and pay up, too."

So the process began, scientifically, of extracting money from an Ellery. Loud protests of poverty were of no avail. "What have you been doing in these years," sneered Brush, "if not laying it by? The estate in debt? Good Lord, Tom, tell that to your nephews." Sums at last were mentioned, and a wretched haggling followed. Ellery, like an old hen, flew squawking from cover to cover. Brush, like the farmer amused, batted him with right hand or left toward the coop. But his patience gave way at last. "Come, come," he said. "Here is my true word. Act the proper, Tom, or my sister herself will come on with the boy and live in the house."

"You know she can't," said Ellery, in this one detail safe. "Not in this house."

"Well then, bedad, right here across the street."

Visions rose up in the Ellery mind. Even the unimaginative dream, and Thomas Ellery had a nightmare in broad daylight: of a loud-voiced slattern hailing him in the streets and proclaiming herself as his wife

throughout the town; and of a whimpering boy with a dirty face following at his heels. The end came, and he slunk upstairs for his money. Then Brush waited complacently for his payment, but the scrawny hand withheld the money, while Ellery made his last suspicious enquiry: "How do I know you'll pay her? How do I know you've ever paid her what I gave you?"

"She seems satisfied, doesn't she?" said Brush. "She doesn't come and look you up herself." The unwilling coins were counted out. "And now," said Brush, "a glass of wine before I go."

Ellery went for Roger, now as Frank's servant living in the house. "One glassful," he directed. "Not the decanter, mind." He returned to sigh in his chair and bite his nails. People never seem to die; Frank had returned to life. "You say she's well?" he asked, longing for bad news.

Brush leered at the old smuggler above him. "The best of health," he answered.

"And the boy?"

"Bright and lively; a credit to his father." Brush laughed silently, wagging his head at the picture.

"Couldn't you—" hesitated Ellery, "make him support himself? Send him to sea, for instance."

Brush spat happily. "I'll think of it," he answered, and rolled up his eyes from enjoyment. Ellery sighed again; sailors sometimes drown. "I wish you would," he said.

Then Roger came, and set down the tray hard, staring at Brush.

"Eh, what!" cried Brush, starting and staring too. He rose and caught the boy by the shoulder, turning him to the light. "Why, Tom—" He stopped, perceiving that Ellery still sat sunken in his chair. "Who's this?" he asked.

"My nephew's servant," answered Ellery, sighing once more.

Terror showed on the boy's face, delight on the man's. "Well, ye young brat," he said. "My respects to ye. Have I seen ye before?—never, I'm sure."

"Never, sir," answered Roger in a low voice.

"Do I hurt your shoulder? Excuse me." He pressed harder. "Do you like your place? Are you treated better than your last? You've got no thought of leaving?"

"No, sir."

"Well"—Brush glanced at inattentive Ellery, then spoke to the boy with a terrible face, but with voice smooth as before—"mind ye're good; do your work well, and stay right here. That's the advice I always give a boy. I like your looks; I'll come and see you often. If you try to leave"—Ellery was still not listening—"the devil himself will light on ye. Now go!" and Roger gladly went.

Brush laughed as he took up the wine. "You won't drink with me, Tom? I'd give you a toast, but here goes alone. 'May a certain boy we know of live long and prosper!'" He gulped the wine, and slapped Ellery on the shoulder. "Good-by; I'll see ye in a few days."

"You'll keep away?" begged Ellery.

"Oh, well, for a while." He left the house. Ellery crept to his room and sat there gloomy; Roger cowered in the kitchen. But Brush strode cheerfully along the street, occasionally grinning with amusement.

CHAPTER V

A COMMISSION

It was field-day on the Common. The December sun shone bright, the surface of the ground was soft. Here and there in sheltered places lay snow, but even at its beginning that famous winter was mild. The glitter of arms, the tread of marching troops, and at times the sound of military music, had drawn from the town the flower of the Tories to watch the parade. The Fourth was off duty; the officers mingled with the spectators, and their red coats made brighter still the groups that sauntered on the Mall. Ladies in furs and velvet, gentlemen in broadcloth and satin, promenaded, ogled, and conversed. The sound of feminine laughter rose on the crisp air; the deeper tones of men responded. All was gayety, save for the occasional sight of Whigs in sober clothes, passing with unapproving eyes askance.

A knot of officers had taken their stand where all the other sightseers must pass them in review. They were Tudor and Sotheran, with their lieutenants, Harriman and Ormsby, all wearing the scarlet of the Fourth, and members of the Association which already had such a fashionable reputation. The four marked the costumes critically, and the least ambitious aspirant for popular favour trembled as she passed their group.

But Alice, as she approached, they regarded with no trace of disapproval. She walked between Frank and Barbara, and bowed serenely as she passed.

"By Gad!" said Harriman, "were that fellow in our uniform, none but you, Sotheran, were handsomer than he. And the pretty little Whig—who is she? George, desert us not."

But Tudor slipped away to Barbara's side. "A magnet," finished Harriman. "And do you stay here, Henry?"

They glanced at Sotheran furtively. He was calm, but a dull red had crept into his cheeks. He answered: "Yes, I stay," and his voice was steady, but his eyes gleamed. It was dangerous to meet his glance; they looked away.

Then Dickie came with Anthony, and they hailed him. Why had Ellery not been to the Association of late? Dickie explained, with the boyish directness which was his charm, that he had in truth been tired of play, and besides, Doctor Church had been asking him to cards.

"So that is why," said Sotheran, "the doctor has not come for his revenge of me."

"He thought he had an innocent in Ellery," cried Harriman. "And who won?"

Dickie laughed and tapped his pocket. The others looked at each other with appreciative smiles. Then Dickie excused himself, for the governor was coming.

"Tommy's worried," whispered Harriman.

"Tommy" seemed worried indeed, as he approached them with peevish face. Responsibilities greater than his skill, perplexities than his tact, oppressed the governor. His usually complacent brow was clouded, and his fussy strut had regained, in his abstraction, something of naturalness. He was talking querulously with his companion, Colonel Fenton, and they caught as he came near a sentence of complaint: "Stiff-necked beyond comparison!"

"The Whigs," muttered Ormsby.

The governor, on seeing the group of officers, stopped at a few paces and regarded them. He replied to their salutes, but still spoke to his companion. "And this is what I have to bear with on the other hand."

A smile struggled faintly at the corners of Colonel Fenton's mouth, but the officer managed to regard the young men gravely. The general stepped closer to them, and singling Captain Sotheran, held up a finger. "It is you, sir, I understand, that are the head of this Association for high play."

The others dropped their eyes; Sotheran, knowing his chief's fondness for respect, saluted again like a corporal, and responded: "Our play is not very high, sir."

"Why, sir," responded the general testily, "I hear that many officers are deep in debt, counting upon remittances that have not arrived. And respectable gentlemen among our party, sir, complain that their sons are learning extravagant habits. I am not at all pleased—more, I am displeased. I expect that this hint will be enough, sir. Good morning." And with the colonel following, he walked away.

The flush renewed itself on Sotheran's face, and he tapped with his foot as he watched them go. The others, looking at him, saw this was no time for pleasantries. But the captain presently recovered his manner and turned to his friends.

"Fidgety old fellow," he remarked lazily. "A trifle upset this morning; the Whigs are on his digestion. But he'll forget."

"You won't go on, Henry, surely?" asked Ormsby.

"This is not a campaign," answered Sotheran. "He won't enforce it. It's all because his lady wants us at her assemblies."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Harriman. "Six-penny loo! Middle-aged ladies with false teeth. A sip of currant wine when we rise from table. Departure strictly at midnight. Thanks!"

"And you're right, Henry," said Ormsby. "Tommy will change his mind. He's changed his mind on every subject so far. But here's Colonel Fenton returning. Tommy's gone on. Let's stroll."

"Not I," replied Sotheran; and so they waited. The colonel stopped when he reached them. "May I ask you to attend me to the Province House?" he asked of Sotheran. The others, much interested, watched the two walk away.

"Another wigging," said Harriman. "This is serious. By Jove! if we can't do as we like in this stupid place, it's hard."

But the general, true to himself, had changed his mind again, and Colonel Fenton was leading the conversation away from the reproof. "The general was hasty," he said. "I trust you were not put out."

"Oh, no," said the captain composedly. His companion, glancing at him keenly, looked appreciative.

"I hope," said he, "that you are willing to advance yourself."

"I hope so."

"The general was troubled," went on Colonel Fenton, "by the unbearable colonials. 'Tis a peculiar situation here; the general is often at a loss. He needs some one now for a delicate mission. There is an opportunity to forward one's own interest while doing the king a service."

"Any one should be very glad," was the reply without eagerness, "to do the king a service."

The colonel smiled and appeared to change the subject. "The weather is charming," he said. "How

pleasant this town would be were it not for the political disturbances. The obstinacy and secrecy of these Whig leaders is remarkable. I went to Mr. Samuel Adams recently with certain propositions. I hinted that he might wish to make peace with the king. Have you ever had occasion to note the religious language that some of these fellows assume? He rose up very grandly. 'Sir,' he said, 'I have long since made my peace with the King of kings.' And he showed me to the door."

"No?" said the captain, mildly surprised.

"It is a fact," averred the colonel. "Do you know, his assumption of dignity imposed upon me for the moment. The general was much disappointed. He would give a great deal for information of Whig doings."

"Try Warren," suggested Sotheran.

The colonel shook his head. "Out of the question. But just now sure word was brought to the general that it might be possible with another of their leaders."

"Indeed?" murmured the captain.

"Warren," said the colonel with a subtle emphasis, "is not the only Whig physician in the town."

"Very true," answered Sotheran. The colonel steadily regarding him, he was forced to meet his eye.

"You have met one other?" asked the colonel.

"I have," was the reply. A flash of intelligence passed between them.

"If the general," said Colonel Fenton, "is a little awkward in opening the subject, perhaps you will be able to assist him." They spoke on other things until they reached the general's room in the Province House.

The colonel left Sotheran with the general. General Gage, after a nervous greeting, walked up and down in uncertainty; and the captain, eyeing his nails, the ornaments, the portraits on the walls, waited with patience. "Captain Sotheran," hesitated the governor at last;

"I wish to speak with you upon the—er—public situation. My lack of information—er—particularly distresses me. Colonel Fenton has kindly endeavoured to help me. But up to the present—there is nothing."

"Perhaps some one of less prominence," suggested the captain, "of lower rank, sir, might have better opportunity."

"But where?" enquired the general quickly, a gleam of shrewdness on his heavy face. "Can you suggest?"

"If the general will outline the nature of the information he requires, perhaps I could find a way."

"Sit down," said the general promptly.

They sat on the same sofa, and with the precaution of a stage whisper the general began to unfold complaints. "My position is a hard one," he said. "I am instructed to check the Whigs, to prevent meetings, and gather information against the leaders. But they check me; they carry off their stores from under the noses of my guards. By adjournment, they have kept their town meeting since last May. And I can learn nothing! The powers they possess of keeping secrets! I have no evidence in my hands sufficient to incriminate any one. All we need is a few facts—merely enough to arrest the leaders—then the opposition would cease. The fellows would be punished and the king would reward. The king," he repeated, "would reward."

Captain Sotheran was smoothing his ruffles placidly.

"But," the general went on again, "we must learn from one in their confidence. No mere follower, you understand. I have sounded the leaders; there is nothing to be done with most of them. Yet one remains"—the general fidgeted—"whom you—whom Colonel Fenton says you know."

The captain studied his cuffs and appeared to medi-

tate. "This morning," he reflected aloud, "I was forbidden to play high."

"We will forget that," said the general quickly.

"There is a Whig," went on Sotheran, intent on his gold braid, "who can be approached on the side of play. But—" he paused.

"You have debts," suggested the general, after waiting.

Sotheran missed Colonel Fenton's delicate touch. "This person of whom you speak," he said, "may also have debts."

"He has!" the general replied eagerly. "That is where we are strong. His country house is mortgaged; his personal debts are large; his tastes are extravagant. I have just learned in a letter from Hutchinson that he was once before on the point of giving information. Do not you think it can be done?"

"There is one unfortunate essential," remarked the captain. "Debts require—" He checked at the word.

"There is plenty of money for such a purpose," said the general, not hesitating at all. "Your debts and his, both shall be paid. If you can ascertain from him the amount, he can be relieved at once."

The captain saw that circumlocution was thrown away. "Pardon me," he said; "they should not all be paid. Little by little; and if in the meanwhile he makes more——"

"So much the better!" interrupted the general in delight. "I had not thought of that. My dear Captain Sotheran, you are just the man. I put the matter in your hands. How large shall I make the order?"

He rose and went to his desk. The captain once more regarded a portrait. "You understand that it cannot be done in a day?"

"Of course. Of course," replied Gage.

"I doubt if he will care to appear in court to give evidence."

"Letters!" cried the general. "Something over their signatures."

"His price will be high."

"The king will pay. How much?" The general poised the pen.

"Give me," said the captain with decision, "an indefinite order. I cannot be sure how much I shall need. It will save much running to you."

"Very well," agreed the general after a pause, and wrote.

When, after taking his leave, Captain Sotheran stood on the steps of the Province House, the order buttoned in his pocket, for the first time in years he felt excited. Not at the idea that he could do the king a service; not, to do him justice, at the thought that his debts were to be paid. Debts pressed lightly on him till the bailiff threatened. His form was more erect, his pulse was quicker, the veil of indifference was gone from his eyes and they shone, because he felt that he held the key to all his most secret desires, and to his revenge.

CHAPTER VI

A MESS OF POTTAGE

A human heart as deep and as dark as a well, containing God alone knew what passions; a form superb, a manner lofty, a face as composed as a Van Dyck portrait, an eye unresponsive as glass; finally, a mind of vast and sluggish power, seldom stirred: such were the characteristics of Captain Henry Sotheran.

So satisfied was he with his life that to move in high society, and to have money for his pleasures, were almost enough for him. One other thing, however, the nature in him craved: respect, that is, deepened by a suggestion of mystery and dread. By his exploits with duelling sword or pistol he gained the glamour he desired; by aloofness he deepened the spell. Men were deferential to him, cautious of expression, willing to contend for his good-will. Women were fascinated by his manner, his few words, and the respect that was paid him.

Thus he compassed his small ambition. He might go or come, speak or be silent, as he pleased. Mostly he preferred to be that contradiction, the haughty fop; was fastidious in dress and word and company, commanded, lorded, and was obeyed.

There are episodes in our lives we would gladly forget —deeds, words, even thoughts. Time does not weaken the memory of them; recollections persist in returning, bringing to the good man humiliation, to the bad or

weak, anger. One such there was in Captain Sotheran's life—one complete failure, his blackest act, foiled by Frank Ellery. The thought of it roused not a blush, but fury. He had no care of the stain of it, but he fumed that he had been checked and wounded by a creature he despised. No one before had so much as scratched him; no one had even looked into his eyes with contempt; he had never inspired anything but alarm. For these things he hated the woodsman, and for this in addition: that instant of fear before the sword cut him. That was almost the worst of it all; he could not forget it; it recurred in his dreams—an awful moment, with a white, indefinite face threatening, an impending stroke, and in his own heart horror. No memory of pleasure could obliterate that shame; no woman seduced, no opponent whom his sword had pierced. As Tudor loved, so Sotheran hated the memory of the dead.

Then when Frank started up, that instant of fright was renewed—a double degradation. Immediate retaliation was denied; a slower course began, in which Frank stood in his way like a wall. Into Sotheran's mind, first stung by fear, then deeply spurred by opposition, came like brain-flashes to an angry eagle considerations for revenge. Viewing all things from his mental height; constructing by mere effort of memory the once unheeded perspective of circumstance; comprehending solely by desire, as by inspiration, the course of political events; he had waited for a while thinking, regarding, pausing, till the moment offered. Incidentally, by a policy that attracted him as much as his bold suit to Alice, he took advantage of the division between the brothers and began to conciliate Dickie. But still he waited, until at the last something wonderful happened.

The moment on the Common when he saw Frank

pass by with Alice, when he knew his friends to be studying him curiously, had been bitter. But there was more than the shame of being openly supplanted, more than mere personal rebuff, for then he realised how much he cared. At the sight of Alice, rosy and pure, somewhere within him a throbbing began, the sudden pulsing of a new force—his heart. From that instant, up to the terrible end of his life, he was ruled by a new passion—love.

Never before had his heart swayed him at all. All his impulses, all his desires, had hitherto come either from his brain or from mere nerve centres, seats of animal craving. Conceive a man who had never been exhilarated in his life, either by wine or woman; who indulged in these solely from a cool appreciation of their excellence. He was controlled by his mind. No impulse had ever yet led him beyond his plans; nor had pity for an adversary or affection for a friend in any degree changed his course of action. Neither had Alice at first brought him out of himself. Intention to conquer her and to crush Frank were his strongest feelings; dangerous because aided by self-possession, pursued in cold blood.

But then his heart began to beat fast, and love leaped into being. Real love, tortured, misshapen, perverted, an awful passion, without warning seized and ruled him. It added itself to the brain's powers; it quickened and stimulated them; it breathed malevolence and demanded action; it instantly doubled his forces. The giant in him awoke, glaring about for a weapon. Accident, in the shape of General Gage with his commission of corruption, put the weapon within reach. Sotheran seized it and began at once upon his course.

That day, at noon, in one of those taverns whose cautious proprietors kept the dividing line between Whig

and Tory, Doctor Church had sat down to his dinner. He was away from his usual haunts; he had a desire to be alone, to consider his liabilities and appraise his assets. He ordered "anything," he ate indifferently, but he drank with judgment, and made note that good wine was to be had even in that place.

He looked up from his brooding when a tall figure loomed above him, the glint of scarlet and brass from which first attracted his eyes. The face, a long and strong one, was familiar. He heard himself addressed, and searching his memory for their last meeting, recalled his brief visit to the Association. "Oh, yes," he said; "you are Captain Sotheran."

"Landlord," said the captain, "a bottle of the doctor's wine. 'Tis sure to be your best. Nay, no food; I have dined. Doctor," he went on, as the landlord departed, "you have not sought me, as I hoped."

"In truth," said the doctor, "I had forgot. I am so busy, d'ye know, I'm sometimes absent-minded. Sit down, pray, Captain."

It was a delicate assumption of ease with which the captain seated himself. The weary doctor did not see the keen looks which shot at him, noting his careless dress, his hair disturbed as if by hands in thought, and the circles at his eyes. "This man is mine," the captain thought.

Aloud he said: "I never supposed that you were allowed to be alone. Where is the following of Whigs? You have escaped them?"

"Ay," said the doctor, forcing himself to attention. "One must have privacy."

"That is well for me," answered the captain, "because—" and he tapped his pocket.

"There was an I. O. U., was there not?" asked the

doctor. To himself he thought: "Were it the only one!"

"A little one," said the captain. "A few minutes only are enough to make it change hands."

"My dear Captain," answered the doctor, "I am a careless man, and have not so much money by me."

"You mistake me," returned the officer. "I am not the man to press for payment. I merely thought there must be cards here."

"Oh!" said the doctor. A smile came and his eyes twinkled. "Forgive me if I misunderstood. Landlord!" he cried, then turned to the captain again. "I have not held a hand for two days. Landlord, a pack of cards!"

Then he paused. "But unless you lend," he said, "or credit me, I cannot meet you. Captain, let me remind you of an episode in history. When the Dutch fought the English, a century ago, in a certain great fight upon the sea, the powder of our countrymen failed. The admiral sent to the Dutch a message that he would prove himself not beaten if only he might buy more powder. The Dutch replied—can you guess?"

The captain drew his purse from his pocket. "That a fair fight to a finish is worth two victories gained by other means. Such at least would any soldier say." He began to laugh and extended the purse.

"*Veertig pond*," cried the doctor; "can you lend so much? Eh, but the purse is heavy!"

"There are a hundred guineas," said the captain.

"Divide them evenly," challenged Church. "If at the end of the half hour I have not them all, and the I. O. U. as well, then the devil is with you.—And against me," the doctor added to himself. The contemplation was not pleasant.

Nor was it pleasant to watch, as the half hour passed,

the gradual reassembling of the coins at the captain's side. Little gain by little gain, Sotheran won; occasional reverses did not change the course of the game, but merely delayed the end. Sotheran was a masterful player; the doctor was hasty and venturesome. These facts, more than the captain's luck, caused him to win. Finally the doctor threw himself back in his chair. "There!" he said.

He had nothing left. This last chance of aid had slipped away like the others, leaving him once more worse off than before. Fifty guineas deeper in debt; creditors pressing more every day; the end in sight—it was a hard physic to take, wormwood for a cureless ill. He looked longingly at the coins in the table, a golden heap, which Sotheran pushed out into the centre and then daintily stirred with his finger—a clinking, shining, tempting heap.

"Why do you do that?" Doctor Church demanded querulously.

The captain did not look up from his pastime. "Are they not fine?" he asked. "Is there anything finer in this world?" He took a dozen of the coins and let them slip back slowly through his fingers.

The doctor made no answer.

"So yellow," murmured the captain; "so bright and clean! What would not a man give for all of these?"

A groan forced itself from the doctor's breast. "More than you know."

Sotheran looked up quickly. "Eh, my dear Doctor Church, you don't mean to say that the trifling loss is anything to you?" The other's haggard face and longing eyes were a delight; but the captain's tone expressed depths of comprehension and sympathy.

The doctor withdrew his eyes unwillingly from the money. "Trifling loss!" he repeated. He felt the

impulse to confide, to unlock his breast. "Sir, if you only knew—" He checked himself and gestured eagerly toward the money. "Could you but lend me that!" he cried.

"I cannot lend it," answered the captain.

The doctor drew himself together, passing a hand across his face. "Excuse me," he said confusedly, but abruptly added with irritation: "Then put the money out of my sight."

"Let it stay," answered the Englishman smoothly. "Let it stay a moment." He began again to stir the coins with his finger, looking in the American's face. "My dear sir, I am very sorry."

"'Tis nothing," replied the doctor with an effort. "Only a tradesman who demands to be paid to-morrow. Never mind."

"I should be glad to lend," said the captain. "But unfortunately—. However, I can find one to do so, if you desire."

"Never mind," repeated the doctor.

"He would lend it," continued the captain slowly, the chink of the coins audible between his words. "He might even—give it."

"Give it?" demanded the other.

The captain met his eye. "He is a good friend to all that love him," he said, "and one whom all should love. He wishes to be friends with all Bostonians; will show favour to those who deserve it. Yes, he will give this very money—on conditions."

The pause that followed was terrible. The captain saw a flush come out on the other's face; the doctor put both hands on the table as if to rise. Then he sank down, looked the officer full in the face, and with mouth half open gazed at him startled. For some seconds he looked, then dropped his head on his breast.

"On conditions," repeated the captain softly. "You understand?"

The doctor moved his head for a Yes, but said nothing.

Then the captain waited in suspense. He had come quickly to his point, perhaps too quickly. It depended now on the doctor's circumstances: how closely he was pressed, and for what sums. He drew from his pocket another heavy purse, and poured its contents upon the heap already on the table. At the sound the doctor looked up, and the captain read his countenance.

The landlord was approaching. "There, Doctor," said the captain briskly, "is what I owe. You have won it all except the I. O. U., which we will play for as often as you wish."

"Anything more, gentlemen?" asked the landlord.

"Nothing," replied the captain. "I hope to be here again—will you charge my bottle to me? Captain Sotheran of the Fourth." The landlord withdrew.

The doctor had not looked up. The captain took his hat and stood for a moment close to him. "Shall we meet again in a week?" he asked.

"Tell me," required the doctor hoarsely, "exactly whom you mean."

"Adams, Hancock, Warren. These in any case. Whomever else you can. But certain evidence, you understand. Their own writing."

"Yes," whispered the doctor.

Sotheran bent to him. "Listen," he said; and there was a ring, not of gold, but of steel, in his voice. "This also. There is a fellow, Francis Ellery, lately come to life. You know him?"

"Yes."

"He must be included also."

"Very well."

"Good day, then," said the captain brightly, for any listening ear. "We shall meet here again, shall we not?" He went to the door, but glanced back as he closed it. The doctor was extending his hand to the money on the table.

CHAPTER VII

A NEW ALLIANCE

To carry a jaunty front; to live as well as the best in the town; and to be, among his political associates, admired and trusted, had long been the aims of Dr. Benjamin Church. The first was natural to him; the last he had won by his address and tact; but the second he had bought dear.

Equipped with the best education the colony could afford, his training finished in London hospitals, the doctor stood high in his profession. But with a desire for expression, a clever pen, and a talent for verse, he was not the man to keep himself from the public eye. Elegies upon distinguished men, occasional light poetry, and some partisan writings, brought him into prominence. He early saw the popular side, and willingly embraced it. For the sake of his professional standing (since a Whig would as soon employ a Tory lawyer as a Tory doctor), it was wise to go with the majority, and the admiration of the many was dearer to Church's heart than the friendship of the few. He won the fourth place in public esteem; the members of the caucuses gave oath at each meeting to reveal their deliberations to none but Adams, Warren, Hancock, and Church. Able to steer with the wind, for a number of years he enjoyed himself to his heart's content.

But sailing even on a summer sea is not always smooth, and the winter of colonial politics was ap-

proaching. The doctor found himself in troubled waters, with contrary winds. The coming of the troops had frightened him; he feared the anger of the king. And Church's extravagant life had led him deep into debt. Gaming, his favourite amusement, almost a passion, turned suddenly against him. He trusted to it to bring him out of debt; it failed, and thrust him deeper. The time came when he was very closely pressed. When he sat down in the tavern to consider his assets, he found himself constantly thinking that his most valuable possessions were his secrets.

Captain Sotheran came to him at the right moment. Fortune acted as with set purpose; the loss at cards was the last straw. The doctor sold himself in the way that pleased him most; with the one hand he clung to the life that was dear to him, with the other he betrayed it. His stunted, worn-out conscience was no bar. But now that he had surrendered himself, the dread of discovery—not his own shame, but public disgrace—was unbearable. He shrank at the thought of the popular disdain; he used every endeavour to shield himself. His hope was to earn his pay while saving his reputation—a delicate, juggling task, to contemplate which drove him to the bottle or the gaming table—or both together.

Therefore, it was not strange that at the end of a week he was in search of Captain Sotheran. He met him walking in the street alone, and joined him with the outward flourishes and gestures from which any looker-on could see their acquaintance was merely ceremonious. But between the words of formal greeting he thrust in other sentences: "I have something for you. And I need money. This place is too public; will you go with me to the tavern?"

So they went together, but the doctor's jauntiness

was less than usual. He had begun to realise that he was no longer his own. A smile, put on for the deception of the Whig workman who passed and touched his hat to his leader, had shown him his future path. He was bought, he was on a chain, and this officer of low grade was his keeper.

As they went they met on a narrow side street a lean, tall man, with threadbare coat unbrushed, and with apprehensive aspect. His eyes were shifting quickly, and as he passed he made no response to the doctor's greeting of: "Good day, Mr. Ellery."

"Ellery?" asked Sotheran, halting. "Did you call him Ellery?"

"Ay," answered the doctor. "Thomas Ellery, the uncle of—your friend."

"Turn back," said the captain quickly. "You shall introduce me."

But Mr. Ellery, after bowing and smiling mechanically, begged to be excused. "I am in haste," he said. "You must pardon me."

"He is quite spiritless," whispered Church to Sotheran, as Mr. Ellery started on.

"By your leave," answered Sotheran, "I will inspirit him. Wait me here a minute, good doctor, while I have a word with him."

He caught up with Mr. Ellery, and walked at his side. "Sir," he said, "although of such brief acquaintance, I wish to recommend myself to you."

"I will remember you," replied Mr. Ellery.

"Nay," said the captain, studying the wrinkled face; "but you have not yet observed me, nor can you repeat my name."

"I pray you," begged Ellery, hurrying on, "let me go."

"Let me speak," replied Sotheran, keeping pace with him. "I will not delay you. I wish to speak of your nephew."

"Which?"

"The older, Francis."

"Well, say quickly."

"I am his friend."

Mr. Ellery cried out suddenly: "I wish nothing to do with you!"

"Such a friend," continued Sotheran, "that I wish he were in the harbour. That I would put him there again."

He finished with a sudden snarl of hate. Mr. Ellery stopped, and stood staring at him.

"Now look at me," said Sotheran. "Remember my face. Shall we not be friends? We can serve each other. We have the same purpose, you and I."

Mr. Ellery put a trembling hand on Sotheran's arm. "Your name?" he asked huskily.

"Sotheran of the Fourth," he replied. "Courage, sir. You are not alone. I will wait upon you. We shall see what we can do together, eh?"

"Yes, come and see me," agreed Mr. Ellery. "No, he might be there. Let me come to you. When, and where?"

"Soon," answered Sotheran. "Soon; I will let you know. Meanwhile, remember me. Good day."

"Sotheran of the Fourth," repeated Mr. Ellery, and stood looking after him.

"Well," said Doctor Church, as the captain rejoined him, "whether or not you have put spirit into the old fellow, he is changed."

They went again to their former place of meeting, called for cards and wine, and presently money and

a folded paper changed hands. After a proper interval, warm with his wine, and satisfied, the doctor went away.

The captain remained after the other had departed; he sipped his wine and drummed on the table with his fingers. He thought, and his powerful face displayed unusual traces of his feelings, as in his dusky corner he felt himself free from observation. Ideas were coming to him, his plans were moving forward, and he saw in the future not merely success, but triumph. It was not long, however, before Tabb entered the room and stood at attention before him.

"Well, Tabb?" asked the captain. "You saw me come here?"

"Nothing new to-day, sir. Christine says Mr. Ellery's not been to call on Mistress Tudor for two days."

Sotheran drummed again on the table. "Does he still give you the cold shivers when you pass him on the street?"

"Ay," returned the servant. "When I think of that time I ran in and found *her* gone, and you lying in blood——"

"That will do!" commanded the captain sternly. "Tabb!"

"Sir?"

"Mistress Tudor's maid pleases you?"

"Oh, yes. Nice little thing. Sort of innocent."

"She likes you?"

"I think so."

Sotheran leaned forward and looked in his eye. "Make her like you more," he said. "Play with her. Turn her head."

"Sir?" asked Tabb, a stare and a smirk contending on his face.

"Make her yours!" commanded the captain. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

The captain placed a guinea on the table, and left the tavern. The servant called the landlord, ordered wine, and began in his turn to play the officer.

CHAPTER VIII

PETTINESS

That corner in the tap-room of the Silver Ball, where Sotheran and Church already twice had sat, was destined before long to see another meeting. The captain sent word by Tabb to Thomas Ellery that on such a day, at such an hour, he could be found at the tavern. But to his surprise and disgust, at the appointed time there entered, not Ellery alone, but also Brush.

The world at that moment was not going well with the New Yorker. He was out of money, he wanted more, and on the street he clung to his brother-in-law for the purpose of extorting it. He began to drop hints. The boy—oh, Ellery knew well enough what boy—there was a secret about him which Ellery would like to know. Would he pay to know? Ten guineas—eight guineas? Never; and Ellery marched on.

"Well, then," said Brush at last, "the boy has run away. Now, will you pay?"

"Run away!" cried Ellery, between delight and unbelief. "When? Where?"

"A year ago. But where?—as if I knew!"

"Couldn't you find him—catch him?"

"No," answered Brush; "and tried my best, too. Now, won't you give me something, Tom?"

"Why should I?" grinned Ellery, resuming his walk. "He's gone."

"Ah," responded Brush, "but where is he?"

Ellery stopped in alarm. "Will he come here and find me?"

"Fool!" sneered the other. "He doesn't know of you, or his own name."

The father was relieved. "Don't you call me a fool. Crean," he directed, walking on. Brush still followed.

"Now you'll give me something, won't you, Tom?" he asked. "Just for the news."

Ellery had reached his destination. "No," he answered. "Now, I'm going in here, Crean, to meet a gentleman. I don't want you. Come to me to-morrow," he added as a propitiating afterthought, and entered the tavern.

But Brush, like a bulldog, shook his surly head. "To-morrow!" he repeated angrily. "I'll see what sort of a gentleman he is to meet." He entered after Ellery, and stood lowering at him and Sotheran.

"What does he want?" demanded the captain haughtily. "Why did you bring him? Send him away." But as Ellery turned he found Brush at his side, about to accost him again.

"Tom," said Brush, "I'll tell you something now, by Gad! that will make you pay. That boy——"

"Go away," cried Ellery in an agony. "Crean, you've been drinking."

Brush had been drinking, just enough to make him stubborn. "Not with money of yours," he retorted, angrier than ever. "That boy——"

"Go away!" repeated Ellery.

"Is here in Boston."

Ellery actually reeled. The captain, scornfully settling himself to wait, saw the dismay on his face, and at once was attentive. "In Boston!" gasped the unhappy parent.

"In your own house," added Brush.

"Mine? What!"

"Your nephew's servant."

"Roger!" sighed Ellery, and sank in a chair.

He was but a panting, timorous creature as he endeavoured to collect himself. His shaking hands, his open mouth, his rounded shoulders, even his grizzled hair betrayed agitation, straying from his queue. The other two surveyed him, Sotheran with cold amusement, Brush with contempt.

"What!" cried the New Yorker, as Ellery did not speak. "He knows you not. He will not hurt you, Tom—not bite. A boy, a mere shaver. Brace yourself!"

"But if he knew!" exclaimed Ellery hoarsely.

"I will see you again about that," answered Brush with meaning, and turned to go.

But the captain, his scarlet blazing in the dingy room, raised an arm. "Stay, friend," he commanded lazily. "Come, sit down. Here is wine."

"I must go," stammered Ellery, beginning to scramble to his feet.

"Nor you either," returned the captain. "Sit still. Now, friends, what is this pretty little mystery?"

He looked from one to the other as they hesitated. Brush enquired of Ellery with his eye: "Shall I tell?" Ellery, with a face of dismay, signalled "No." But the captain, seeing some new thing connected with Frank, meant to understand it.

"Come," he said slowly—"drink, Mr. Brush—it seems there is a boy in question, whom I think I remember to have seen. He turns up unexpectedly in the house of Mr. Ellery, who, it would seem, would prefer him in Tartary. He knows the boy, but the boy does not know him. He fears harm, but the boy cannot harm him unless Mr. Brush says a certain word. What is that word, Mr. Brush?"

But he received no reply.

"The word," said the captain genially, "sticks in Mr. Brush's throat. But let me examine. There is something that Mr. Ellery does not wish the boy to know. It would seem"—he eyed Mr. Ellery, smiling—"as if there were—some—hidden—relationship."

"No!" cried Mr. Ellery, starting from his chair.

His pale face was spotted with red, his eyes showed fear, his breath, as he stood and panted, came rasping in his throat. Brush looked up at him in comprehension, but the captain quietly smiled.

"Oh, sit down," he drawled. "There is no cause for agitation. The secret is safe with me. Pray sit down; that is right. And so this handsome stripling is your—son?" He read the correctness of his guess in the downcast looks of both, and languidly smiled.

"A little wine, Mr. Ellery," he said, filling a glass and pushing it across. "The weather is cold. Pray do not regret my discovery of this interesting secret. Perhaps I can make good use of it. Come, let me enquire a little further." And he presently drew from them a few more particulars.

"The boy knows himself only as Mr. Brush's nephew," he mused. "Supposes his father dead; knows not his own name. For some time he has been Mr. Francis Ellery's servant. I understand there is a strong attachment between them. Now, how can we relieve Mr. Ellery of the lad's presence, which will be painful to him?"

"Yes," interjected Mr. Ellery eagerly.

"Come, Mr. Ellery, what do you offer to be rid of the boy?"

"Rid!" cried Ellery. He leaned forward, both hands held out. "Oh! if you—" Then he realised his mistake, and stopped petrified, his face ashen. Sotheran

was looking at him in cynical understanding, Brush with a sturdy disgust.

"Gad! Tom," cried his brother-in-law, "why do you hate the boy so? To wish him out of the world—hell! it's unnatural."

"Nay," said Sotheran. "The instinct of a father is always true. But—I surprised a secret desire, Mr. Ellery. Now, how much do you bid?"

"Nothing," gasped Ellery. "You're wrong—quite wrong, truly."

"Then let us forget it," went on the captain smoothly. "Mr. Brush, we were both mistaken. Let us begin again. How much, Mr. Ellery, will you offer Mr. Brush to relieve your house of the presence of the boy?"

"Five guineas," proposed Mr. Ellery, willing even at a high price to buy his former words. "Six——"

"Ten," amended Brush briefly. "And his clothes and keep."

"Send him back to New York," suggested Ellery, "to his mother."

"Send—who with?" demanded Brush. "He'd escape on the way."

"Let him," thought Ellery; but Sotheran spoke again:

"Ten guineas will satisfy Mr. Brush from Mr. Ellery. And ten—from me."

"From you!" cried they both, turning upon him. "From you? Why?"

"Because," he answered indifferently, "I mean to have the boy."

"You!" repeated Brush. "What for?"

"Perhaps," answered the captain, "to please Mr. Ellery. And I need another servant—to run errands, black shoes, and assist my man."

"Don't let him run out of sight," advised Brush,

laughing loudly, "or he'll never come back. But come, it's agreed. Give me my money, and I get you the boy."

The captain counted down five guineas from his purse. "The rest," he said, "on delivery of the article."

"And you, Tom?" demanded Brush, his eyes snapping. Ellery did the same. "There!" cried Brush, spinning a coin on the board. "And easily earned," he added to himself, sweeping the money, spinner and all, into his great palm.

Ellery leaned toward Sotheran. "Why did you ask me to come?" he asked in a low voice.

"To make your acquaintance," answered the officer. "To satisfy myself how far you are willing to help me with your nephew. I think"—and he smiled with meaning—"that I know."

Ellery winced, but continued to look into Sotheran's face. "You hate him?" he asked anxiously.

"More than you," replied the captain. "I have more staked against him."

"Not half so much," exclaimed Ellery, heedless that Brush could hear. "Not half—but Roger, why do you want him?"

"You are inquisitive," said Sotheran coldly.

"But why?" persisted Ellery. "What will you do to him?"

Sotheran's eye for an instant flashed at his thought. "I want the boy," he answered, "to anger your nephew with. To ruin him before his eyes, to——"

"Yes, yes?" urged Ellery eagerly.

"Nothing," finished Sotheran, nodding with his head toward Brush. But Brush was ostentatiously pocketing his money.

"Egad!" he muttered to himself. "You have a job on your hands, my fine Englishman. Roger knows a thing or two."

CHAPTER IX

ROGER

In the great Ellery kitchen, where years had discoloured the ceiling, and touched with sobering hand the walls, bright utensils still shone, and on the hearth a fire flamed. It was night, but the fire and one candle sufficed for light, throwing shadows into corners and upon the walls. The place was warm, homely, and cheerful, and the four who sat before the fire felt, each in degree, the influence of the room.

Ann and Nick and Pete and Roger sat in a semicircle. The two men held glasses in their hands, and Pete, looking to measure the liquid that steamed upon the hearth, saw with satisfaction that there was plenty more.

"'Tis a good drink you brew, Ann," he said, reaching for the crock.

"Pay for it, then," she answered. "Tell me some more news. I go so seldom from the house that I hear little. How goes it, d'ye think, with Master Frank and Mistress Tudor? Why does he delay?"

"Well," ventured Pete, "for one thing, he's too busy to see her much, with his work for the committees, and being Doctor Warren's right-hand man. And Lord! she's so ringed round with officers and Tories—how can a Whig go there?"

"But he does go," cried Roger eagerly. "He'll win her!"

"To his luck," responded Pete. "Roger, you're not drinking?"

"No," answered Roger. "I've drunk too much in my life. I drink but when I must."

Pete turned in order to look at him the better. "Drunk too much in your life! Hear the boy!" He and Ann laughed together loudly, and Roger flushed.

"My uncle," he said, "began on me at three years, first with beer, then with spirits. I learned to carry it —and I learned other things, too," he added slyly.

"What other things?" enquired Pete with curiosity.

"To be drunk," explained Roger. "Uncle always was ugly when tipsy, but I'd lie like the dead when I saw danger coming, and he wouldn't beat me. I learned to lie still for hours."

"Good!" cried Pete. "But who was he, this uncle of yours?"

"Never mind," answered the boy, and closed his mouth so tight that they laughed. They had learned that on some subjects Roger could not be made to speak.

"All right," said Pete, and turned to Nick. "What gossip from the shop?" Another moment, and they were launched on the stream of politics.

Roger sat closely listening. A thin, sharp lad he seemed to be, with bright, unhealthy eyes and mouth long used to hiding secrets. Eager to learn, stubborn-idea'd, in his own person knowing well the meaning of oppression, his course of life had taught him the value of certain things. He had made his own fight for freedom, had tested its dangers and its delights; knew hardship and ease, roughness and kindness, hatred and love. Already he had pledged his devotions, at whatever risk. He was Frank Ellery's slave, and forever a Whig.

He could not fail to be both the one and the other. He ran away from his uncle because he could not bear his tyranny; he heard discussed everywhere in the country the principles of liberty; he had made his way toward Boston, because it was liberty's home. Injured and freezing in the country, Frank had not only found and succoured him, but also kept him carefully and kindly. In Boston the boy was happy, until the shock came of meeting again with his uncle.

Dread constantly hung over him that he would be taken back. But he had been allowed to stay where he was, and continued to admire and study the great men of the town. He knew them all by sight and name, he understood their desires, he was close to the undercurrents of intrigue that accompany all great political movements. He longed to be more, to be active in the work, if but the bearer of a note or a watcher at a window. And he would be—he felt it—suitable for such purpose.

The others came in their talk to the discussion of the movements of the troops. Roger did not need to be told that every lounger at a corner, every stroller in the streets, each man out of work, each woman at her kitchen door, was a Whig agent, self-appointed. Every unusual action of the soldiers was at once noted and reported. "But," emphasised Pete, "we want more. To learn their plans beforehand—how can we do that?"

"What plans?" asked Roger.

"Of seizing our leaders. They've threatened it for months. Or of marching out after our stores in the country. If they should strike quickly, we could not prevent."

Roger drew the long sigh of a visionary. To save Hancock and Warren from seizure, to give warning of the movements of the troops—even a boy could do

these! His eyes grew dim with desire for the opportunity.

And then the blow, so long dreaded, fell. His uncle appeared at the kitchen door, to seize and carry him off. It was in vain that Pete and Nick protested; Mr. Ellery was there to sustain Brush. Pete sent Nick for Master Frank—that was all that could be done—while the ropemaker himself dogged Brush's steps as he led the boy through the streets.

Since Brush had seized him, Roger had not said a word. "Roger," asked Pete, ranging up alongside. "Is he your uncle?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Shall I smash him? Will you run?"

"No," stammered Roger. "Oh, I can't do it; I'm not able."

Pete dropped back. "Wait till Mr. Frank comes!" he threatened Brush.

Brush hurried, almost dragging the boy, through the streets. They were nearly deserted at that time of night, but at each figure he saw approaching he grasped his cudgel firmer, and constantly over his shoulder cast glances at Pete coming close behind. He began to breathe easier as he approached his destination; and at last, when he turned into the street where were Sotheran's quarters, he felt relieved. A light was burning at the captain's window. Brush went quickly, and knocked at the door.

Then he was forced to wait; and waiting, he heard the hasty steps of persons coming along the street from its other end. Pete stood close at his side. Brush could but hold the boy and look in the direction of the sounds. They came nearer; it seemed as if two persons were coming, one with quick light steps, one with a firmer stride. Then two men, the taller in advance, the

shorter tagging close behind, came in sight under the street lamp.

"Here, sir!" cried Pete in delight.

"Stand there on the steps, Roger," ordered Brush roughly. He placed the boy against the door, and again rapped loudly with his stick. To his joy he heard feet on the stair within, just as Frank Ellery neared him.

There was a little light from the street lamp. Frank came close to the man and looked him in the face. "What's this, Brush?" he asked quietly.

"He's my nephew, sir," asserted Brush with excitement. "He ran away from me. I found him at your house. I have a right to him."

"You might have come to me," replied Frank. "I will buy your right. Give me the boy. Roger, go to Pete. How much?" he asked of the New Yorker.

"I won't give him up," cried Brush. "Roger, stay where you are." He knocked again on the door.

"Mr. Brush," began Frank again, this time sternly. But Brush heard some one rattling the fastenings of the door. "No, no!" he cried. To make sure, he caught Roger by one arm, just as Pete seized him by the other. Then the door swung open.

There in a flood of light stood Sotheran, and behind him Tabb. The scarlet uniforms were brilliant, and Sotheran stood and smiled, a jaunty, sneering figure.

"What's all this noise?" he asked. "Ha, Ellery! squabbling at my door?"

"I've brought the boy, sir," said Brush eagerly.

"Very well," answered the captain. "Let him alone, fellow. Here, Tabb, take the boy."

But Pete cried out so fiercely, "Stand back!" that Tabb recoiled. Frank stepped forward.

"A word with you, Captain," he said.

"Be quick, then," was the answer. Standing above, Sotheran looked down insolently.

"The boy is my servant," said Frank. "By what right do you take him?"

"He is my nephew," bawled Brush.

"Is that true, Roger?"

"Yes," said the boy.

Frank paused, then turned to Brush. "Once more, Mr. Brush, give him to me."

"The boy is the captain's."

"Well?" demanded Sotheran, as Frank looked at him.

A hasty word was on Frank's lip, but he bit it in two. He clenched tight his cane—his grandfather's sword-cane—as he restrained himself. "Then, Captain"—and his tone was quiet—"pray return the boy to me."

"A request?" asked the captain.

"If you please."

"Then damn your request!" cried Sotheran. "You sneaking Puritan, go back to your committees!"

Nick and Pete, with angry snarls, drew closer. Frank stood firm. "Captain," he asked, "what mean you to do with the boy?"

The captain came down one step. "To wreck him!" he answered. "To spoil, by God, the thing you care for!"

Anger boiled up in Frank's breast, and carried him away. He strode closer, and seized Sotheran by the sleeve. "Captain——"

"Well?"

"Three minutes with you in a chamber. Candles, and your pistols."

The captain threw off the clasp. "No!" he cried. "Damn you, 'tis my turn now! You had your chance,

and lost it. Ellery, by God, I'll ruin you, and I begin this night!"

"Come down!" answered Frank vehemently. He twisted his cane in his hands, and drew out the short, light blade. "Here, under the lamp! I have a sword, bring yours!"

The captain hesitated; the temptation was strong. Against his own longer weapon Frank would stand small chance. But his revenge was too well planned; he put the opportunity by, and laughed.

"Tabb," he said, "take the boy."

"By heaven!" cried Frank, "you shall lose him or fight for him. Pete, stop him!"

But as Pete, with a snarl of joy at the permission, sprang forward at Tabb, Roger came in between, stretching out his hands. "Master Frank," he said, "I'm satisfied to stay. I'd—I'd rather stay."

"Roger!" cried Frank, astonished.

"I—I want to stay," stammered Roger. "Don't try to get me back. I—I want to be with the soldiers." Then he burst into tears.

"Take him in, Tabb," directed Sotheran again, and the servant led the boy into the house. The three Whigs stood astonished; Brush himself was scarcely less so; but Sotheran turned for a final word.

"Your own servant against you," he sneered. "The rats leave the sinking ship."

"You refuse my challenge, Captain?"

"I would not soil my sword," was the answer; and drawing Brush after him, the captain went in and closed the door.

His eyes were gleaming with satisfaction. "Take the boy upstairs, Tabb," he directed. "Friend Brush, I am obliged to you."

"They're going," said Brush, listening at the door.

"They're gone. I'll slip off the other way. The five guineas," he suggested. Sotheran gave them. Brush paused for a warning before he opened the door. "Don't be too sure of the lad; he's sly."

"Not too sly for me," replied the other. "Good night."

Brush went quietly out, and Sotheran ascended to his room. The fire of his recent defiance was still in his eyes, and in his breast the brute was aroused. "Challenge me, would he?" he muttered. "Gad! I'll break him." He entered his room. "Well, where is that boy?"

Roger, trembling, stood in the middle of the floor. The captain took the candle in his hand, and surveyed him closely. "Thin," he commented. "Well, you'll be thinner. Can you work?"

"Yes, sir," answered Roger.

"Speak up. What can you do? Clean boots?"

"Yes, sir."

"Louder. Brush clothes? Polish brass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do your work well, then, or beware the strap. Are you a Whig?"

"No, sir."

"A Tory?" with contempt. "You lie. Tabb, my cane."

"A Tory! A Tory!" asserted Roger earnestly.

The captain struck him across the knuckles. Roger cried out. "If a Tory," demanded Sotheran, "why did you stay with that Whig?"

"He was kind to me."

"Kind? Then so am I. Well, if a Tory, you shall prove it. Tabb, a glass of wine. Now, boy, drink me a toast. The king!" He gave the glass to the lad,

who took it and raised it to his lips. "The king, you oaf!"

"The king," repeated Roger, and drank.

"All, all of it!" warned the officer. Tabb stood ready with the bottle. "Fill again, Tabb. Now, boy—Lord North."

"Lord North."

"Fill again. What, boy, you drink to Lord North?" Sotheran eyed him suspiciously. "No tricks with me." The boy was trembling and evidently afraid; but he held up his head.

"Truly," he said, "I'm a Tory. You heard what I said to Mr. Ellery. I'd rather be with you."

The captain grumbled, and looked him over. "By Gad! if you try to deceive me—" he muttered. "Give him the glass again, Tabb. Now, boy, the Boston Port Bill! All—all!" as Roger drank.

Yet the captain was not satisfied. "Tabb," he said, "the brandy. Now, this time we shall see. This time——"

"Please, sir," begged Roger plaintively, "I feel dizzy."

"Confusion to Adams and Warren! Drink."

Roger was pale. "I feel so strange, sir," he pleaded.

"The toast," repeated the captain, his cane raised. "Drink!"

The boy seemed unsteady on his feet. "Confusion—" he began.

"To Adams and Warren!"

"To Adams and Warren!" He raised the glass to his lips, opened his mouth to drink, then collapsed. He fell heavily, the glass was shattered, and the fumes of the brandy rose in the room. The boy lay where he fell, and began breathing hoarsely. Sotheran pushed him with his foot, but Roger did not move.

"Pick up the glass, Tabb," directed Sotheran. "Now you may go." He sat at his table and eyed the prostrate boy. The beast in him was not yet satisfied; he wished he might do more. But he began to gloat over his success of the evening. It was brutal, unworthy—more, it was wanton—but he was pleased. He did not foresee that that unnecessary act would destroy his most careful plans. As he rose and left the room, Roger, through lids scarcely open, watched him go.

CHAPTER X

TENSION

For more than six months had existed an unparalleled situation in Massachusetts. Since that day in September when bloodshed was imminent, the colony had governed itself. Its capital was defended against the mainland by a fleet of ships, and by earthworks on the Neck. In it were the governor and his council, with judges, commissioners, and sheriffs—all of the crown officials, in short, that had been able to flee from the country to the protection of the troops. None dared to return to their homes, knowing that those of their associates who were still outside of Boston had resigned their positions, and found it prudent to remain within the limits of their estates.

But though in the colony the old machinery of government was stopped, something new took its place—namely, the public conscience. In defiance of Parliament, the people held meetings, and selectmen of towns were tacitly entrusted with the responsibilities of keeping order throughout Massachusetts. They succeeded well. Without judges, sheriffs, or juries, with all laws in abeyance and penalties suspended, never had there been such a period of internal tranquillity.

There was communication between Boston and the country, since men were free to come and go. Yet the town was in a state of semi-siege; few provisions could be procured for the army, and the troops were on salt

rations. No proclamation of General Gage was heeded beyond the limits of Boston, except his bombastic pronunciamento against hypocrisy, which stirred to its depths the anger of the colonists. And every time a body of troops crossed the Neck for exercise a thousand eyes were on them, the word was sent around, and the whole neighbourhood was ready to spring to arms.

Meanwhile, into Boston continued to pour contributions for the relief of its inhabitants. From Maine to the Carolinas provisions were sent; from the mountaineers of the new country beyond the Alleghanies came offerings. Thus were supported by the whole of America those who were suffering in the general cause. Even nature herself seemed to help, for the winter was the mildest ever known. In patience the people of Boston bore their trials, and with the consciousness of general approval, remained firm. They would not submit to the acts of Parliament, nor would they pay for the tea. They simply waited.

But at a time when greater hardships were visible in the future, each mind was overclouded with cares. Painfully situated were the members of families divided against themselves. Francis Ellery, working to strengthen the Whig cause, rose each morning with the thought, and at night lay down with it, that so soon as the real troubles commenced, Dickie and he would be on opposite sides. The great, lovable boy had a firm hold on his brother's heart; the longer they lived in the same house the closer grew the bond.

Frank could not tell how much he was to Dickie. Dickie followed his own road, kept to his Tory companions, and was fond of his uncle. The older brother felt great anxiety for the younger, longing to go with him, to warn, protect, and instruct. He knew the dan-

gers of the life the officers were teaching; he watched closely for the signs of dissipation, and dreaded to see them begin—the heavy eye at breakfast, the reeling step at night. But Dickie preserved always the same aspect, kept his clear skin and ruddy lip, and in every way remained the same.

But in the younger brother's heart still gnawed the worm of discontent, and thrived on what it found there. Daily Frank grew more to him, and his love increased. Secretly to look upon him was to Dickie a pleasure; he admired the superb physique, the head well poised, the eye like a hawk, and the mouth like—like nothing but the mouth of the old smuggler, humorous and firm. But humour seldom played now on Frank's lip, almost banished thence by the last years of care.

And Frank's present troubles were heavy. Dickie divined his brother's anxiety for him, knew the disappointment and chagrin at losing Roger, and felt sure that Frank was sore at heart over his relations with Alice. Sympathy began to plead in Dickie's heart against his judgment of his brother, to offer excuses, even at times to lead the lad to scrutinise his uncle's actions and to weigh his words.

At such times Dickie even gained some insight into politics; so far, at least, as to perceive one cause of surface irritation. He noted the difference between the officers of the army and the people whom they were sent to quell. Brawls were almost nightly in the streets. "These fellows have it all their way at home," thought Dickie. "They do as they please when returning from a drinking bout; the good citizens yield the road, pay damages, and say nothing." But the lad knew well that the exasperated Bostonians were ready to repay a jostle with a push, or would come out and break the heads of those who broke the windows—astonishing and dis-

gusting conduct, as the officers loudly proclaimed. Dickie had a brief insight into the personal side of political disagreement, realised for a moment how differences in manners produced irritation, and obscurely perceived that divergent educations can produce as great misunderstanding as dissimilar race or language.

Yet at such times of thought, detecting himself, Dickie went at once to the other extreme. He loved his uncle remorsefully, was ultra-Tory, and plunged the deeper into gay society. Then in the very midst would rise up the picture of Frank, and Dickie would pause, withdraw, and slip home to bed.

In other households than the Ellerys' were doubt and searching of heart; even in one where, of all places, it would seem content should rule. Alice Tudor now lived in a pleasant cottage in the court end of the town, with colorless Mrs. Drew as housekeeper and companion, and her brother under the same roof as cavalier. Alice was testing the delights of simple life, and found them such as under other circumstances she could enjoy. But with a mind stirred by alarms, and a heart —none but she knew how sadly—discontented, she found herself in the condition of all in the province, watching and waiting as the days passed.

Her time was spent among people who were, for the most part, unaffectedly confident and gay. The serenity of the remainder was deceitfully natural. Yet by subtle signs Alice came to know that the more serious among the loyalist party were not at their ease. They were aware, as was she, of the threatening faces of the Whigs, a background to each Tory gathering. With one ear they listened to the noises in the air; as it were, they constantly looked over their shoulders to see who was behind. Alice could not meet the governor and fail to know that his cares increased from week to week,

nor could she walk upon the streets and not perceive the increasing tension.

Her brother did nothing to put her at rest. His mind was on the same subject; as she watched him she saw he found no comfort. Many a day he came into her parlour with a weary air, between his eyes a frown, and detaching his sword would stand it in the corner as if he said: "Stay there, I'm sick of thee."

But on one occasion he came to her with a very thoughtful face. This time she was waiting him eagerly. "Well," she demanded, "all passed off quietly?"

"Quiet enough," he answered. "And yet every minute we were on a powder mine. There was such a crowd in the Old South that Warren had to come in by the window. A number of us officers were on the pulpit stairs; right before us sat Adams and Hancock—all three of the leaders in one trap."

"But the general sent no one to arrest them?" she enquired.

"No; there were a thousand Whigs there, armed with cudgels, which they carry everywhere now, like gentlemen their walking-sticks. If the general means to seize these leaders at all, he probably will do it quietly. Warren referred to the Massacre, as they call it, and then to the future, more boldly than I deemed possible! 'Twas like a threat, and in our very teeth. Moreover, when I consider this was a town meeting, held against the law, these people—" He paused for words to express himself, and recalling his duties, went off as he came, with the face of a man astonished.

On still another day he came to her with a letter, which he put into her hands. "Read this," he said. "This letter is from a Virginian to one of our officers. I borrowed it for you to see. Read especially here"—and he showed her where to look. She found herself

reading with great interest, until she came to a word that caused her to cry aloud.

"Bloodshed!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered. "So says Ellery, so says Savage, so said Doctor Warren the other day in his oration."

Her eyes travelled down to the signature at the foot of the letter. "Who is this Mr. George Washington?" she asked.

"I know not. But do you note what he says of the execrations of posterity upon those who are instruments to execute the king's will? I am such an instrument, Alice."

To lead his mind away, and at the same time satisfy her own, she turned the subject. "You speak of Frank," she said. "Have you seen him lately?"

"Not at all," he answered. "There it is again, Alice. How much there is between him and us! How can he come here often when he meets so many Tories? Even you cannot make them forget their differences."

"Even I!" she sighed. "But have you seen Barbara recently?"

"Is an officer," he asked, "an oppressor, as they call us, welcome at a Whig household?"

Although she could not tell how much he was interested in Barbara, she saw that his feelings were deeply stirred. So were her own. Each day she saw widening between him and Barbara, between her and Frank, a greater rift. Tories and Whigs drew more closely into groups; intercourse was more and more difficult. Frank alone, of all the Whigs, came to the Tudor parlour. Invariably he found visitors; invariably there was awkwardness. There was no wonder he came less and less.

But while so many in Boston were learning to dread

the future, there was one man who chafed at the slow passage of time, and sought to hasten the progress of events. Captain Sotheran, eagerly prodding Doctor Church to new disclosures, holding close relations with the careworn governor, was a changed man. His comrades scarcely knew him, wondering at his new and earnest manner, afraid of the irritable temper that he had recently developed. A devil clung to his neck like a burr, pricked all his energies, and brought new schemes constantly to his brain.

But time moved slowly. To wait for a secret packet from Doctor Church was a plague; to keep up his interests in his former pursuit was almost beyond his power. He bore each bit of news to the general with a feverish desire that he might double its importance. When at last his mosaic was nearly complete, it still lacked what was, to him, the most valuable piece.

Gage summoned Sotheran at last and questioned him closely. "There are surely as many stores as you say deposited at Concord?"

"There you have the memorandum, a fortnight old. To-day there will be more, rather than less."

"And Adams and Hancock are at the Concord Congress? Can you inform me where they will lodge on any given night?"

"I can."

"Warren is for the present in Boston?"

"Usually."

The general, thoughtful, paced up and down the room. "Well," he said at last, pausing suddenly, "there will never again be such a chance. Listen, Captain Sotheran. I have determined to send out in a few days an expedition to seize the Concord stores. You shall go on ahead quietly, and arrest Hancock and Adams. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"You shall have a picked escort. You must not fail. What is it you wish to say?"

"Warren?" asked the captain.

"He shall be arrested that same night."

"Could I not stay here and do that—would it not be better?"

"No!" answered the general emphatically. "The other is the more delicate task. If you succeed, Captain, you shall be well rewarded."

Sotheran's face flushed, and he spoke with vigour. "I wish only one reward. Arrest Ellery as well."

The general regarded him. "This is a personal matter?" he enquired with hesitation. "I feel myself forced to say, Captain Sotheran—of course you have served us well, but—but without better evidence——"

"You shall have it," cried the captain. "Doctor Church has promised it. On what date do you plan this expedition, sir?"

"The night of the eighteenth."

CHAPTER XI

SMOKING THE WHIG

The eighteenth of April came—the time when the people of England and of her thirteen colonies, members of one race and one empire, were to take their separate roads.

America had done all in its power to avoid the final issue. Towns, Committees, Colonies, Conventions, Congresses, had in turn addressed the king, the Parliament, and the English people. In words firm and respectful they had urged consideration of their rights; in acts sometimes bold, sometimes forbearing, they had indicated their desire to accept any compromise that would not curtail their charters. They had waited, and not been heeded; had restrained themselves, and were cried upon with threats.

The colonies were exasperated. Petty oppressions and real hardships; threats at their liberties, more dear than their lives; rumours of greater wrongs to come; the certainty at last driven home of the unyielding temper of the king—these had combined to make the people ready for the struggle.

Thus amid rumours and menaces the last day came of peace. All was ready for the blow. An English king was again to be shown that Englishmen cannot be governed by force.

On the evening of the eighteenth day of April there was an assembly in the parlours of Lady Harriet Leland.

The usual fine ladies and gentlemen gathered at the appointed hour; Dickie and Anthony arrived, curious and excited; officers came in their bright uniforms. There Mistress Caroline Oliver came, determined to outshine her hostess, as one lamp another; and thither came Alice Tudor, in relation to them both as was the moon.

She was escorted by Frank Ellery, whom a note had summoned to her service, who was delighted to be with her, yet wished himself away. Much was doing in the town; there was frequent occasion for watchfulness, for consultation, for despatching warning notes. Why had all grenadiers and light infantry been free from exercise the last few days? Why were the boats of the men-of-war moored together near the foot of the Common? But Alice's face was a pleasure to his eyes, her voice a caress to his ear.

Yet a silence fell between them; their mouths were stopped by their thoughts. "There is nothing to say," thought Frank to himself. "Either nothing or too much." A weary consciousness of public distresses, the certainty that terrible things were bound to ensue, complications in themselves dreadful enough, without being made worse, weighed upon him. A man who habitually repressed himself, hitherto absolutely self-reliant, he had not yet come to the point where to unburden was a demand of his nature, consolation a need of his soul.

But Alice listened for words, even commonplaces. She saw him so seldom and thought of him so much, knew by sympathy so many of his cares, that it was impossible for her not to desire closer intimacy. Gratitude and admiration, the one undying and the other constantly growing; with them a natural and deep regret that she and he were so separated, daily worked to

maintain and increase her secret affection. Besides, what did he think of her—or did he think of her at all? The longer they walked, the more she wished the silence to be broken. But they reached the house without another word, and were admitted to the anteroom.

There, before they could separate to go to the dressing-rooms, she turned to him. "Do you know what I have been thinking?"

"Tell me," he said.

She stood in the light of many candles; a white scarf was over her head, beneath which her curling hair and her eyes, at that moment earnest, were doubly fine. As she spoke she unclasped her wrap, and it revealed her figure, all in creamy white. She was a picture, almost a vision. Admiration seized him. She saw, and it confused her. She answered with a charming blush.

"Just as we reached the door," she said, "a memory came to me. In the deep woods, upon the snow, you and I were walking together—on snowshoes, Frank, in our clothes of fur and dressed deerskin. You bore your axe and gun; I was carrying a sable taken from the trap. Such cold, such silence, and such barrenness! Can you remember?"

"Can I remember?" he repeated, a fire kindling in his eyes.

"What a difference!" she said softly.

"What a difference!" he echoed. A difference indeed. Were they two even the same? Could this glorious creature once have been that little girl? Was he once a woodsman, slayer of beasts and bearer of burdens? Had they, who stood in this handsome room, with waxen floors and panelled walls ablaze with lights, truly lived in that snowbound wilderness, in a little hut?

—A shadow came between them, and a figure in scarlet bowed before Alice.

"May I conduct you to Lady Harriet?" It was Sotheran's voice.

"Thank you," she returned. "But I must lay off my wrap, and Mr. Ellery is here to assist me. I will not trouble you, Captain." She gave Frank one glance as she turned to the door of the dressing-room. Yes, he realised, she is the same. The fire in his eyes became a flame. He, too, turned to lay aside his cloak, and Sotheran, unnoticed, bit his lip and returned to the reception-room.

The glow of Frank's flame remained to warm him. He met unmoved the cold glances of officers in the dressing-room, as they surveyed his homespun. "What does the Whig here," muttered Harriman to de Berniere, "this night of all?" He slipped out to warn Sotheran.

"I know," said Sotheran, "I know." His eye was on the floor, and he tried to conceal the anger in his face.

"Yes, and Doctor Church is here," went on Harriman. "Two Whigs. If they should suspect!"

"Leave Church," said Sotheran. "He will be busy with the punchbowl and the ladies. But we must get Ellery out. Harriman, do you as I say, you and de Berniere."

Alice and Frank entered the reception-room. The company buzzed at their entrance, and there was a slight general movement toward Alice. Sotheran saw Dickie, Anthony, and full half of the officers and Tories, turn in her direction. Even Harriman felt the attraction.

"How she stirs a room!" the lieutenant exclaimed. "Egad! I must pay my respects." He was starting forward when Sotheran caught him by the sleeve.

"You are forgetting," reminded the captain imperiously. "See Ormsby, de Berniere, and one or two more, but not Tudor. Bid them be ready to smoke the Whig. You must give me your speech that you made before the Congress of Officers."

"Really?" asked Harriman.

"Yes, and Berniere his. Go tell him so."

Alice was bringing Frank forward, almost as one introduces a stranger. Tories and officers pressed up to speak with her, but none greeted Frank. Displeased, she paused a moment to make sure. A little knot of soldiers and civilians gathered at once in her front, another at her right side. At her left stood Frank alone, although he was acquainted with many. Impatiently she swept a way with one movement of her fan, and with head erect, her eyes steel-blue, led Frank to where Lady Harriet was standing.

Whispers rose behind them, to be immediately stilled. Their voices were heard distinctly in the room. "So glad to see you, dear," exclaimed Lady Harriet. "And you have brought the truant! Mr. Ellery, I am pleased to welcome you."

"And I, madam," he returned, "most flattered by your invitation."

Tudor stepped up to Alice, and drew her aside to speak with her. Lady Harriet, embarrassed to be alone with the Whig, and impatiently signalling to those behind Frank to move, go away, do anything but stand and stare, was progressing to the easiest topic, the weather, when a voice rose in the quiet of the room, and she stopped to listen.

It was Harriman's voice, in a tone of pompous gravity. He was standing in a circle of officers, who were evidently prepared for applause. "My ever-honoured fellow-citizens," he had begun; "it is with a high sense

of my greatness that I venture to address you. Obedient to the calls of my country at all times, I appear before you to offer the feeble efforts of a dishonest mind—" Those around cried "Hear!" Frank flushed and bit his lip. It was a burlesque of Warren's recent oration.

"The hearts of Britons and Americans," went on Harriman, "now burn with jealousy and rage. So be it! So may it ever be! The arms of George, our rightful king, are extended toward us with sympathy and love; but shall we accept his kindness? All gracious heaven avert it!"

He paused and glanced fiercely around, pouting his cheeks. Laughter arose from his circle, and spurred him to proceed. But Lady Harriet interrupted.

"Oh, fie!" she cried. "Fie, Mr. Harriman, desist! 'Tis far from amusing. Gentlemen, the tables are set for cards."

"But Lady Harriet," put in Ensign de Berniere, "let me tell you of another speech. You know I was up country scarce a month ago——"

"In a countryman's dress, Mr. de Berniere?" asked Alice coldly.

"Eh, yes," he said. "A most excellent disguise. Few knew us. At a tavern on the road, as we ate, we watched a company of militia exercise. Oh, 'twas excellent! Such uniforms and equipment, and such order! That fellow Falstaff scarce had worse. And the captain made a speech at the end. 'Fellow-citizens,' he said—now I'll give you his manner. 'Fellow-citizens, since it may come abaout that we meet the British, I'll tell ye what we do. Bravery we have, coolness we must cultivate, an' also, fellow-citizens, patience. Stand when ye see them coming, wait for them to fire fust, then take good aim, and when ye've fired, charge. Naow, re-

member, friends, what our old men tell us of Cape Breton and Louisburg. What we did then we can do agin, an' if the rig'lars weren't much withaout us, they can't be much agin us. And with Putnam and Brigadier Ward to lead us, we'll do as ever our fathers did.'"

His voice was drowned by laughter.

"Very good, Mr. de Berniere," said Lady Harriet dryly, when it had ceased. "Your talents are scarce excelled by those of Mr. Harriman. But the tables——"

Sotheran had been standing at one side. Now he put in his word. "Have you heard, Lady Harriet," he asked, "that the Whigs are leaving town?"

Lady Harriet, none too well able to manage an emergency, involuntarily looked at Frank. Instantly the situation changed; Frank was brought into the conversation, and the answer was for him to make. He saw Sotheran's eye suddenly light as at success; he knew that all were listening.

"They are," he said.

"And can you tell me why?" asked Sotheran.

"So many Tories," was the reply, "are coming in, that the Whigs are crowded out."

A movement among the listeners acknowledged the retort, and Harriman spoke sharply. "Eh!" he demanded. "Is it not that the Whigs are frightened?"

"Come, come," interrupted a voice, and Doctor Church pushed into the circle. He bore a glass of punch in his hand, but none ever saw the doctor more than flushed. "Gentlemen, here we are neither Whig nor Tory, but all friends. Let us laugh—let us drink!"

"Drink?" repeated Harriman. "By all means! Glasses, Ormsby, de Berniere!" They turned to the table bearing the punchbowl, and took glasses from the

servants. "Here, Mr. Ellery, is a glass. Let us have a toast. Sotheran, what shall it be?"

Danger was not averted; it thrilled in the air. As Sotheran stepped forward, Doctor Church found no words, and Lady Harriet, afraid and nervous, had no further thought of stopping the proceedings. Sotheran, glass in hand, faced Frank.

"You say," he asked, "the Whigs are but crowded out. Sure they hope to return?"

"Surely," answered Frank. "When times are quieter."

"Then drink the toast with me, Mr. Ellery. Success to all the wishes of those who next leave town!"

Frank glanced along the line. He saw a sneer on Sotheran's face, a smile on Harriman's, and on Tudor's an expression undecipherable. He raised his glass "Success!" he said, and sipped the wine.

"He has drunk it!" exclaimed some one from behind.

"And you, Doctor Church?" asked Sotheran.

"Oh—success!" responded the doctor quickly, and likewise sipped.

Sotheran's sneer showed enjoyment as he glanced from the doctor to Frank. "This next," he said, holding up his glass. "To the disputed courage of the Yankees——"

He paused for Frank to repeat it, but got no answer. He went on: "—The undisputed courage of the British——"

"Fie, Henry!" cried Tudor.

"—And to a tug of war!"

There was a moment of breathless quiet, as all present looked at Frank. He felt the eyes upon him. There are moments when one cannot think, yet must act. Then, action is the result of the combined instincts

resulting from life's training. He turned and set down his glass upon the table.

"I cannot drink your toast," he said.

"Nor I," said Doctor Church. "Fie, Captain Sotheran, to wish war!"

Frank turned to Lady Harriet. "I must take my leave of you," he said. "I am sorry that my presence has caused discomfort." Embarrassed, she made no effort to detain him, and he went to Alice's side.

"Good night," he said.

She looked up at him with eyes where anger and sympathy contended. "I am sorry," she said, "that I have exposed you to this."

"Think not of it," he responded. "I am repaid to have seen so much of you. Well paid, Alice." His voice warmed, and he gave her a glance that brought the colour to her cheeks. "Do not suppose," he said, "that I forget those other days, that other life. Never dream that I forget! Good-by."

"I cannot ask you to remain," she answered. "Good-by."

He lifted her hand to his lips, looked once more into her eyes, then turned away. He walked erect through the group of officers, and left the room. "Egad!" muttered Harriman in the silence, thinking of their first meeting in the tavern months before. "'Tis the second magnificent exit I have seen that fellow make."

CHAPTER XII

THE EDGE OF THE VOLCANO

Doctor Church accompanied Frank into the street. He put his hand on the younger man's arm. "I see you are stirred at what has happened," he said. "When you are older you will take things easier. 'Twas their folly, that was all. But for form's sake I leave the house with you."

But Frank was thinking. "Doctor Church," he asked abruptly; "did you notice that those were infantry officers, yet all wore spurs?"

"Eh, no!"

"Tudor," mused Frank, "wore spurs—Harriman, Sotheran, de Berniere. Doctor Church, I am convinced that mischief is afoot to-night."

"A-horse, more likely," laughed the doctor. "Mr. Ellery, there is an ordinary close at hand, whose wine——"

"Pardon me, Doctor," interrupted Frank. "Listen!" They listened to sounds unusual in the night. "Surely that is the tramp of troops upon the Common."

"Never," returned the doctor. "'Tis but a rumbling cart. Surely these fellows are too indolent to lose their sleep. Come, Mr. Ellery, a glass of wine with me."

"I must investigate," said Frank. "Come you with me, Doctor." But the doctor protested he had work to do, and they separated.

But at Lady Harriet's, where still was awkward

silence, Alice stood imperious, and looked coldly upon Captain Sotheran, who bowed before her.

"Forgive you?" she asked. "And for what reason? Mr. Ellery was my guest."

"And mine," added Lady Harriet, coming to her side.

He bowed again to her respectfully, but with firm aspect. "I am truly sorry," he said, "that I was forced to be rude."

"Forced?" repeated Alice.

"Briefly," he explained, without a smile, "twas a military necessity." Alice's face was unchanged. "This night an expedition starts for the country, and we must presently take our leave to go with it." He saw that she grew pale.

"An expedition!" exclaimed Lady Harriet, clasping her hands with pleasure.

"Therefore," finished Sotheran, "lest Mr. Ellery should suspect, we got him from the house." He seemed to be addressing both the ladies, but all his attention was on Alice.

She turned to her brother, suddenly alarmed. "George," she demanded, "do you go?"

He came to her uneasily. "The general's orders," he said.

She was still pale. "I must go home," she said. "Lady Harriet, I cannot stay here. George, will you escort me home?"

He hesitated and looked at Sotheran, who answered for him with regret. "We must leave here in a few minutes. We ride in advance of the expedition, on special duty."

She looked about the listening circle, where all eyes were on her face, so eloquent of distress. "Gentle-

men," she asked sadly, "do you know what is to come of this?"

"Surely nothing, Alice," said her brother eagerly. "'Twill be swift and successful; I understand we shall be gone scarce twelve hours. The Yankees will be rubbing their eyes, while we shall be finished."

"They are no stupid peasantry," she responded. "But may you be as rapid as you hope, and meet no opposition. Dickie, will you bring me home? Lady Harriet—gentlemen—good night."

Sotheran approached her as she reached the door. "I am forgiven?" he asked.

"You have disarmed all anger," she responded. She was sad and thoughtful, and passed without more words.

Lady Harriet stood alone, and gestured in despair. "Three gone, and so many more to go! What is to become of my party? I cannot forgive you."

The officers pressed around her, Sotheran, Harriman, and Ormsby foremost and obsequious. "A military necessity," exclaimed Harriman. "Think of the occasion." "Oh," cried they all, "Lady Harriet, forgive!"

"Well," she yielded, flattered, "I forgive."

"Mr. Ellery's toast, then, before we go," proclaimed Sotheran. "Glasses all round! Punch, there! Are all ready? Success to those who next leave the town!"

They drank the toast amid triumphant laughter, gayly forecasting a holiday march. Then the officers who were to go took their leave. In the street Sotheran, bidding his party mount and wait for him, hurried to his quarters. There he found waiting a cloaked and muffled figure, in the upper hallway of the house, outside his chamber door.

"Is it you?" he asked, peering in the dim light. "Have you the papers, Doctor? There was no chance

at Lady Harriet's to give them me. Come inside." He threw the door open.

Doctor Church followed Sotheran into the room. It was the first time he had been there; he was uneasy. "No names, for God's sake!" he cautioned. A candle was burning in the room, and the doctor, looking about him, saw a form upon the floor. "Who is that?" he asked.

Sotheran surveyed it by means of the light. "My servant," he said; "in one of his drunken fits. A boy I got of Ellery—a keepsake I am preserving in alcohol." He smiled at the grim pleasantry. "Thus he lies half the day."

"Will he not hear?" asked the doctor anxiously.

"He is like a log," replied Sotheran. "A few glasses of wine, and you can discuss all secrets before him. We have thrust him with needles; he cries out, but is too sodden to wake. See, I will prove it."

He held the candle over the boy, and tilted the hot grease onto his cheek. Roger squirmed quickly, groaned, and covered his face with his hand. But his eyes did not open, and presently he was again quiet. The captain laughed.

"Do you see?" he asked. "Now, the letter."

The doctor handed him a folded sheet of paper, with a broken seal. The captain opened it, and read with sparkling eyes.

"'Tis good," he said. "Nay, friend, 'tis perfect. Now, this other thing—where sleep Adams and Hancock to-night?"

"At the house of Mr. Clark, in Lexington."

"The house of Mr. Clark, in Lexington," repeated the captain. "You are sure? Good! Then payment is due." He turned and reached into a cupboard. "Will you take the whole five hundred now?"

"All—all," responded the doctor eagerly. "I can carry in gold what a warehouse porter could in iron. Give me it all." He took two heavy bags from the captain and thrust them inside his cloak.

"Now go quickly," said the captain. "I have more to do." He lighted the doctor out, and shut the door behind him.

Elsewhere in the town, at that moment, Frank Ellery was searching for Revere, the silversmith, leader of the Whig artisans and most trusted messenger of the patriots, to summon him to Warren's house. But Captain Sotheran sat at his desk, and quickly wrote a note. "Tabb!" he called, when it was finished. "Tabb! Where are you?"

The servant answered sleepily from the adjoining chamber: "Here, sir." He entered, frowsy. "I've just been dozing."

"Just been listening," corrected his scornful master. "Here." As he spoke he enclosed Doctor Church's letter in his own, and sealed the packet. "As soon as I have gone, take this to the general. D'ye hear?" He rose.

"Yes, sir."

Sotheran approached the servant and looked him in the eye. "Tabb," he said, "do you remember our little mishap on Lake Huron?" Though his words were careless, his eye glittered with anger at the recollection.

"Surely, sir," said Tabb quickly.

"Does Mr. Ellery still make you shiver when you see him?"

"A little, sir."

Sotheran tapped the letter in his hand. "Here, Tabb," he said, "is what will make him forever unable to harm us more. Prison, Tabb; a voyage to England, a trial in London, the gallows, and the grave." He

snarled out the words with delight. "That is what this letter means for Mr. Ellery."

"Good, sir!"

Sotheran laid the letter on the desk. "Take the saddle bags, and come with me. D'ye know what the bags contain, Tabb? Cords for tying prisoners. They will soon be on the sanctified arms of Adams and Hancock."

"Eh?" cried Tabb, astonished.

"So soon as I have gone, come back for the letter. Deliver it at once to the general. Come." He went to the door, then paused. "Finished!" he cried exultingly. "By heaven, finished! Now, Ellery, press your suit from prison! Tell of me what you will; none will believe a traitor!"

He went out with Tabb.

They locked the door behind. There was silence in the room as the two went down the stairs; then the house resounded with the clang of the front door. In the chamber the candle was still burning. The letter shone white beneath it upon the desk; the light cast swaying shadows into corners. In the room began the sound of hurried breathing; then, presently, of something moving.

Roger stirred on the floor, and sat up. He listened; he searched the room with his eyes. Next, he rose quietly, cautiously, to his feet. He stood for a moment, then stepped on tiptoe to the desk, walking with certainty, requiring no support. He took up the letter, and stood listening. Then he broke the seal.

The outer letter was the Captain's. "General—I send enclosed the evidence for which you wait. Both Warren and Ellery sleep in Boston this night, and can be seized as planned. I will not fail to fulfil my duty

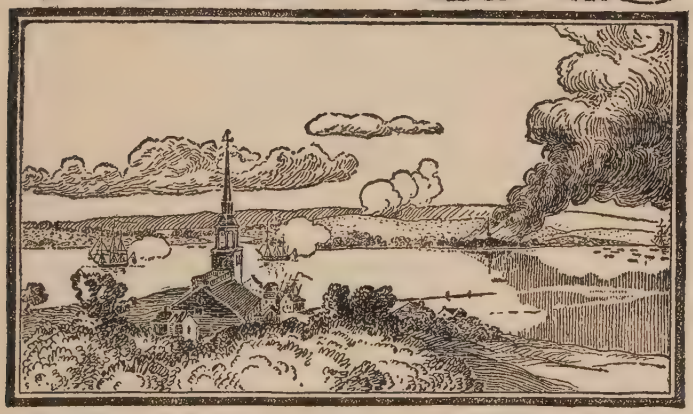
in Lexington.—Henry Sotheran." Roger laid down the letter, and opened the other, somewhat creased and rubbed. He recognised Frank's writing.

"My dear Mr. Adams," the letter ran, "upon direction of Doctor Warren, I went to Cambridge and forwarded to a safe place the three cannon which were there concealed. These were the ones, as you enquire, which I caused to be removed from the Charlestown battery some months ago. Your directions in regard to the other stores I had already forestalled upon my own responsibility. As to the cannon which were spiked by the man-of-warsmen, I am planning with Doctor Warren——"

Roger thrust the letter into the flame of the candle. It caught fire, blazed up, and the boy dropped it on the hearth, watching it till it was but a cinder. Still it preserved its shape; characters could be seen upon it; he knelt, and rubbed it to a powder between his palms. Then he rose, folded once more the other letter, sealed it with the seal that still lay upon the desk, and placed it where it was before. As a key rattled in the door below, he cast himself once more down in his corner. Tabb came up the stairs and into the room, took the letter, thrust it in his belt, blew out the candle, and departed. Roger lay where he was so long that at last he fell asleep.

Midnight and silence settled over the town. The band of officers was gone; the troops were gone. Gone, also, were single figures, unseen in the night. But while the soft breeze breathed peace upon the sleeping houses, Alice Tudor leaned from her chamber window, anxious, unable to sleep. All lights in the houses were out, save that in Doctor Warren's study, across the way, a lamp still burned. She saw shadows moving on the shade, and her apprehensions increased. Across the river the

troops, which were to have accomplished their mission so swiftly, delayed upon the Cambridge marshes, and in imagination she heard the sound of signal guns and the galloping of horses in the country lanes, conveying their messages over leagues of country.



The burning of Charlestown

from an old-time sketch

Book Four

CONCORD FIGHT & CHARLESTOWN BATTLE

Chapter One

The Nineteenth of April

THE dawn was as pure and as warm as a morning in June. No cloud obscured the sun as it rose on that day; so fine and so calm was the hour, so happy the face of the earth, that the words of the patriot-seer had a double meaning. What a glorious morning was that!

In a small garden in Boston the birds awakened, innocent and sweet. The first enquiring note from the lilac was answered by one from the cherry-tree, sleepily, brokenly. One by one the birds roused themselves as the light grew clear. Over in the corner a robin at last withdrew his head from his wing, shook himself, preened himself; then with a flirt he sprang from the bush, sailed the few yards to the trellis by the window, and in clear cadence called his mate.

Alice Tudor waked from her dream, and lay with dewy eyes and rosy cheeks, its spell still upon her. Her brother had returned, dusty and tired, but cheerful. He

pinched her cheek, told her the humours of the march, and laughed at her fears of the evening. The country had been asleep; scarcely a farmer had looked out to scowl at them. The provincial stores were destroyed; now could there never be war. She smiled as she lay, and was happy.

Then the robin again called his mate. The little sound smote on her heartstrings; as at the note of a drum her happiness fled, and trembling, she sat upright. That was a dream—dreams go by contraries!

She heard steps in the street, and her ear, long since well trained, took note of them. They were the hasty footsteps of two people—one heavy and lumbering, the other lighter and more springy, but both firm. They ceased, and she heard the sound of a brass knocker rapping. Messengers, she knew at once, for Doctor Warren. She went to the window, with beating heart, and drew the blind a little way.

There were Frank Ellery and a dusty countryman, waiting at Doctor Warren's door. She drew back quickly. But knowing Frank's face so well—too well, she often told herself—she had read in his profile all she needed to know. Calm and resolved—disaster!

And then, in ten minutes more, she heard them go away, the doctor with them. There had been a consultation at the door; she had heard one word—Fight! As they went, she drew the blind once more, and watched them go.

Thus, with the disappearance of Frank from her sight, and with the word "fight" in her ears, began for Alice that memorable day. How it would end—either the day or the epoch which the day began—Alice, perceiving the direful situation, but no more able than the very stones to read the future, could not even hazard a

guess. With a little gasping sob, her hands pressed to her heart, she turned from the window.

The town waked to whispers of ill omen. For a while uncertainty buzzed in the streets; it was said that messengers were coming frequently, both to the governor and the selectmen. It became known that the Province House was as a beehive; that the governor and his confidants were anxious. At street corners, at garden fences, and at front gates, people stood eagerly enquiring. Then rumour, gaining strength and size, stalked through the town. Out in the country men had been killed!

The name of Concord was on all men's lips—Concord, where the Provincial Congress sat; where were, as was whispered, the colony's military stores. Could it be that that name of peace meant the beginning of war? Then came another name, passed hurriedly from mouth to mouth—Lexington!

Yet there was no definite news. Alice received from the servant each rumour as it swept the street. Men had been killed—Americans or British? There still was fighting—no, there was not. Then she heard at a distance the drum and fife. "Oh," she cried, flushing with hope, "Christine, run to the corner and see if the troops have returned!"

Christine went in haste, to come back with eyes big with interest. "No, ma'am, 'tis not the troops returned. 'Tis marines marching to the Common. And, oh, 'tis said they go out to help the others, who are all prisoners, ma'am!"

"Prisoners? Impossible!" responded Alice; but the very rumour was disquieting.

Then Dickie came to the cottage. Alice welcomed him, in the hope of news and comfort. News? Why, nothing had happened. Frank gone out? Yes, but to

fight? Nonsense! Troops were going out to reinforce, certainly, but only as a precaution. Through the morning Dickie came and went, bringing her such comfort as this, as ignorant of the meaning of the day as the very children who, dismissed from school, were playing in the streets. Even if there were a little firing, he assured her at noon, there was no danger to the troops. But Alice remembered Aneeb's account of the fighting against Braddock.

Aneeb, sitting in the lodge, had told the story to his son. A handful of Pottawattomies were with the French. The English troops had been moving slowly, steadily, day after day, nearer and nearer Fort Duquesne. The garrison was small, the fort weak, the Indian allies were few. "On the last day," described Aneeb, with glowing eyes, while his son drew closer, breathless, "the French commandant called us together, said that the English were but a few miles off, gave our young men rum, and our chiefs presents, broke open the powder barrels for us to help ourselves, and sent us out to fight." And then—the surprise and confusion, the brave English standing in companies to be shot down, the futile volleys against the invisible Indians, the yelling, the noise, the soldiers falling by dozens, and at last the flight. "But for the Virginians," said Aneeb; "but for that young chief Wash-in-ton, we should have killed them all."

Stone walls, thought Alice, were as good as trees. Where was her brother now?

Where was Captain George Tudor? Where were all the other gay and careless officers who had gone forth so jauntily?

Running, swearing, screaming. Hoarse with rage. "Pick up your gun; get back to the ranks! Load, damn you, load! My God, Harriman, the men are

wild. Is Gould down? Another officer gone! Here, Corporal, help that man bind up his arm. Leave the gun; he cannot use it. In step, men; steady, steady. Thank God, here's a halt! Close up! Halt!"

"Here," the stone tells the traveller of to-day, "the British halted for rest." The exhausted flankers came in, guns were loaded, the men were marshalled afresh. But bullets came from nearby thickets, from walls and trees and barns. Protected by the hill, assailable from one side only, the men continued to drop in the ranks, and looked in vain for the enemy—for but a single man to shoot at. A glimpse of a shoulder, or the top of a head, were not mark enough for platoon fire.

"I'm not hit," said Tudor to his lieutenant. "Not yet, thank God, but here is a hole in my sleeve. How close the farmers creep up; and they drop from the very clouds. There seems to be a man for every bush. And the heat, Harriman, and our poor devils tired and hungry! But here we go on again. Forward, march!"

Another wooded turn, where flanking is impossible. Will the countrymen never engage properly? Will they never come into the open and fight like men? No volleys, nothing but steady, slow, pop, pop, pop.

What was it Ellery once said? When the Middlesex farmers take aim across their stone walls—the methods of the Indians a natural resort of a militia. "Steady, men, steady, there! Keep your temper. Don't swear. Get the step, now. Hep! hep! hep! Steady, I say; slower, slower! Throw down your knapsack, then, if it galls your wound. Harriman, I doubt we can hold them for another fifteen miles. Thank God, soon we're at Lexington again. Stop there; stop, man! Steady, steady, in the ranks there! Steady, I say. Shall I run you through?" Sweating, swearing, Captain Tudor is beating his men with the flat of his sword.

The Americans are firing from every cover; the troops, tired and demoralised, are passing panic rumours along the line. Major Pitcairn has had to leave his horse. The lieutenant-colonel is wounded. No reinforcements are coming at all. How close the damned farmers creep up; what devilish shots, and never seen to fire at in return. How can you hit what's moving? Tomkins down, Wilkins hurt, Billson shot in the throat. There's that fellow with the red neckerchief coming up now to fire again. He never misses; he moves too fast to be hit. Thank the Lord, he fired at the company in front. Here's the man he hit, twitching, but already dead. Step over him and pass on. Oh, for water, water! The sergeant was killed at the last well, when he tried to drink. God, there's the man with the red kerchief again! How quickly he loads!

The men press away from the fellow with the red bandanna; the captain shouts and darts, with threatening sword, to keep them on the road—and so, for rod after rod, in dust and heat, with parching throat and empty belly, eyes smarting, feet sore, seeing blood on the road, and now and then a fallen comrade, fearing the blow of the bullet, and in return firing but at the air, seeing merely a head here, a lithe figure there, and next a black muzzle, on go the flower of the troops, all but running. Alice, Alice, where is your brother now?

"It is of no use to worry," Alice told herself. "But the uncertainty confuses me. Take me," she asked of Dickie, when he came again, "to see Barbara." Would Mrs. Drew come? No; and Alice went with Dickie.

For the first time she was in the streets, seeing on all hands frightened faces, with eager, unsatisfied, questioning looks. At Barbara's gate they entered, to be met at the door of the house by Barbara herself, with a cold face.

"Why do you come?" she asked, occupying the passage, without offering to stand aside.

"Why, Barbara!" faltered Dickie.

Barbara's welcome was far from warm. Her brother was out in the country, fighting—fighting against Alice's brother. Dickie was a Tory, and had been smiling. On such a day to smile! So Barbara confronted them at the door. "Why do you come?" she asked again.

"Barbara," said Alice gently, "you and I are friends. We must always be friends, whatever happens. Let me in. I come to ask the news."

"The news is bad," said Barbara; but she stood aside and let them enter.

The Whigs had the news; they had had it from the very first. "Father is out," said Barbara. "The countrymen are firing on the regulars all along the line of their retreat."

"Retreat? Ho!" cried Dickie.

"Wait," returned Barbara; "wait until father comes."

Then Mr. Savage entered the house. "Barbara," he called, as he entered, "fetch me my spyglass. Mistress Tudor?—Dickie? Come with me, all of you, to Beacon Hill. Cambridge bridge has been taken up; the troops must come back by way of Charlestown—or not come at all."

And then—Alice could see it again at any time she pleased, by closing her eyes. First was the eager climb up the steep hill; the hundreds of people already there, the hundreds more coming. She saw the broad inlet of the river, the mainland a mile away in front, and off to the right the peninsula of Charlestown, the point of safety for the troops. Then was waiting and watching, talking, fearing, and at last——

"There is smoke!"

"No; dust on the Cambridge road."

There were smoke and dust together, and then the glitter of arms. She looked three times through Mr. Savage's glass. That was a terrible sight. Along the road, in a lengthening line, were winding the troops, dusty red, without order, and in great haste. From them puffs of smoke, beside them puffs of smoke, above them, on the hillsides, puffs of smoke. Men were swarming on the hills, men in brown—the countrymen. The troops marched fast, now hidden by houses and trees, now plainly visible in their uneven array. That was the army, the pride of the nation, and those—heavens!—those were the cowardly farmers! She saw a man fall. This was the new world—this her fortune in America!

On and on the troops went. There were the marines, there the carts with wounded, there the useless cannon. And puffs and puffs and puffs of smoke came from fields and houses and hills. The rapid march—a flight—continued; no sound was heard from the distant muskets; it was a silent panorama, but near her Dickie bit his lip and swore, and men drew hissing breaths, and women groaned and fainted. Yet the march went on, nearer and nearer Charlestown, and the ships, and safety, while the column grew thinner and shorter, and here and there red bodies dotted the dusty road.

But at last—at last the final quarter mile was passed, and she saw the troops crossing Charlestown neck. Safety! The guns upon the ships began to thunder; those men in brown, scattered along the roadsides and the fields, drew back; fresh companies, sent over from Boston, were in line across the little isthmus; and in frightened Charlestown the weary troops cast themselves down, even upon the pavements, to draw breath.

The cloudless day was over; June in April brought its lovely sunset. The nation was aflame; for forty

miles around men were hastening toward Boston, and the men of Marblehead and Salem, arriving just too late, were gnashing their teeth at the sight of the troops in safety—but the day was over and the fighting done.

Alice was cold. Was one of those red spots, motionless on the distant road, her brother? Was Frank unhurt?

This last question was answered. Mr. Savage, sweeping the shore and water with his glass, suddenly said, "There comes Frank Ellery," and pointed to the river. There in a boat, was a single rower, leisurely scanning Charlestown and the troops.

But her brother? "Dickie," begged Alice, "take me home."

CHAPTER II

THE SIEGE BEGINS

Many were the feelings of the troops in Charlestown. Men in the ranks, veterans of the Seven Years' War, forgot wounds and fatigue, groaning as they thought of the day. Grizzled officers, accustomed since years to consider their arms invincible, were amazed at what had happened. And young ensigns, now that they had pause to think, gritted their teeth as they realised that their uniforms, for the first time under fire, bore the stain of flight.

But the soul of him upon whose shoulders rested the responsibility of all this was filled with alarm. Everything had gone wrong; he had nothing to show for this day. Pitcairn, hurrying over from Charlestown, brought to Gage, standing near the ferry, the report that at Concord little had been done. Either the stores had been spirited away, or the report of their quantity was false. Three cannon had been found and disabled, a few barrels of wooden bowls and spoons burnt, a number of barrels of flour broken open, but no powder was seized, no balls, and no other arms of any kind. The general, knowing that his information was correct, knew also that either these devils of Yankees had been too much for him again, or that there had been mismanagement somewhere.

But he thought of one head upon which he could vent his displeasure, and turned to an aide. "The

Fourth are crossing, are they not? Send me Captain Sotheran."

Captain Sotheran came, tired in body but not in mind, disappointed of one thing, but with his best hope sure of fulfilment. Major Pitcairn withdrew, and the captain approached the general eagerly.

Gage fixed him with his eye. "You will report, sir!"

"Report, sir?" The captain had forgotten the importance of the task which had been given him.

"Report! report!" repeated the general with weak anger. "Where are Adams and Hancock? You have bungled your duty. I should like to know why."

"Well, sir," said the captain sullenly, "according to orders we stationed ourselves between Lexington and Concord, to stop all comers. Soon after midnight came two riding along the road, whom our pickets spurred out to stop. They turned into the field where we were waiting; one ran right in among us in the dark, and we seized him. The other must have seen us; he put his horse at a fence and got away."

"To Concord, yes," commented the general bitterly; "so that the Yankees saved all the best of their stores. Well, proceed, sir. What of Hancock and Adams?"

"The prisoner was Revere, the silversmith," said Sotheran. "He bore himself haughtily; said he had alarmed the country all the way from Boston, and the people were rising on us. We held him till the troops were near Lexington; then let him go and rode to find Hancock. I asked a maid the way to Mr. Clark's house. She said Clark's tavern was down a road to the left of the green. We went——"

"They were gone?" interrupted the general.

"They were at the house of the minister, Mr. Clark," said Sotheran, grinding his teeth. "The jade had tricked us. We lost ten minutes searching the house;

when we found the right scent, that devil Revere had warned them, and they were gone!"

"Their papers?" demanded the general.

"Revere had taken them; we saw him and another man with a trunk."

"You did not pursue?" cried Gage.

"Firing had begun at the green," answered the captain. "There were militia around us, and between us and Revere. Considering our duty done, sir, we reported to Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, who sent us to take command of our companies."

"My God!" burst out the general; "and not one of you the man for a bold stroke! Those papers, or those men, were worth half the province to me."

Sotheran said nothing. He remembered that Harriman had cried: "Come on! We can take Revere." Tudor had urged: "Adams and Hancock cannot be far." His little following had been ready for the bold stroke for which the general longed, but he, in command, had not given the word.

He was not the man the general thought him. Brave indeed he was, indifferent to danger, fulfilling any duty in contempt of hazard. He would have gone alone against a battery as willingly as he often went, in the early morning, to a duel first and a little breakfast afterward. But to spur across fields after a man with a trunk; to scour the country for two rebels—well, damn, why should he?

"And, thanks to you again," went on the general, "I have lost Warren."

The captain started. "But Ellery," he cried. "Not Ellery, sir?"

"Where was the paper," demanded the general, "that you were to send? I waited for it."

"'Twas in the letter, sir. Surely you found it?"

"I did not," said the general.

"Perhaps it fell among your papers, sir. You must have overlooked it. Send—let me go myself and find it!" Sotheran pressed close to the general, his face pale with eagerness.

"You presume, sir," replied his superior. "Stand back!"

The captain bent himself and begged. "Let me—allow me, General—but to go and look upon your desk, or among your waste paper. 'Tis not too late."

The general flushed with anger at his insistence. "Sir, the letter is not upon my desk. If it fell among my waste papers, 'twas burnt this morning by my orders. And 'tis too late; Warren and Ellery were seen to cross the ferry early this morning. Go, sir; at once!"

With angry eyes, white to the lips, Captain Sotheran saluted and withdrew. His haughty self-confidence broke into fury as he returned to his men. Not the disgrace to the regiment and the army, not his own failure to fulfil his task, had touched his pride; but that his revenge was balked—that roused his devil.

And the general, left to himself, walked up and down with such despair upon his mild, weak face, that his subordinates dared not approach him. Hancock, Warren, and Adams were to the rebels more than powder and ball—they were backbone, heart, and brain. To have caught them would have been worth the day and all its losses, but without them he knew the storm that would break upon his head. How reputations crumble! Only the strong can bear responsibility, only the eagle fly in upper air.

Meanwhile, Captain Tudor, despairing like the general, but without the bitterness of personal disappointment, was telling to his sister, in broken words, his experiences of the day. "I have but a moment," he

said. "I must sleep with my men at the barracks to-night. Poor fellows—oh, Alice, it was terrible!"

So changed he was from his carelessness of the night before! "You are not hurt?" she enquired earnestly. "You are so pale, George?"

"Faint and hungry," he said. "Hurt to the soul. No, I must not eat just now; I came but to tell you of my safety. Such a dreadful day! We are disgraced—beaten by a militia! The most frightful march! I can never forget it. Our oldest soldiers were in a panic; discipline was forgotten; all things were forgotten but fear for themselves. The Americans that fell into their hands—oh, near the tavern at Menotomy, where I have dined, an old man stood at the fence and fired at us. They killed him; they thrust him with half a dozen bayonets. And he—my God!—of our own English blood! I saw boys, Alice, shooting at us. How they must hate us! This can never be remedied."

Tears came to his eyes—honest, manly tears, such as many lovers of their country at that moment were shedding. "This can never be remedied!" he repeated. Never be remedied! What terrible forebodings did he feel—did all sober Tories and good Whigs feel—at the thought of civil war. "I did not expect this," cried poor Tudor.

Few expected it. The warnings of Warren, the actions of Congress, and the arming of the colony had been considered but pretence. Even now, few understood what had happened.

Thus Dickie Ellery, seeking his brother, was still bewildered. "What is this?" he asked, when he found Frank in his room. "Why has this happened?"

"It was bound to happen," answered Frank.

"What brings you back?" asked Dickie.

"Doctor Warren sent me."

"And what," continued the younger brother, "is to happen now?"

"War, Dickie, war," said Frank.

"No!" cried Dickie breathless.

He pointed out to Frank, as well as he could, the folly of it. The king was irresistible; to use force was madness. When had a few people conquered a king? Magna Charta—what's that? No, Dickie knew nothing of the great Revolution. Couldn't Frank see that any one who engaged against the king would be ruined forever? An ideal? "Why, I've always been satisfied," cried unhappy Dickie. "Why shouldn't every one be?"

At dark Frank Ellery was standing on the summit of Beacon Hill. Lights, numerous and unwonted, twinkled on the shores that encircled the harbour. They were thickest in Roxbury and on Charlestown Common, stopping the two egresses of the town. While Sotheran, learning that Frank had returned, was revolving new plans against him, Frank stretched his arms in greeting to his distant countrymen, and his pure ardour brought inexpressible emotion to his breast. The country had sprung to arms—the siege of Boston had begun!

CHAPTER III

PERSEVERANCE

All during that nineteenth of April, when hurrying from road to road Frank Ellery informed and directed the eager farmers, intent as he was on the work the thought of Alice was in his mind. In shady lanes or in dusty roads; now so close to the fight that he could see the troops, now far away; in spite of the excitement he saw her face repeatedly, saw her as she had stood in Lady Harriet's anteroom, and heard her words: "Do you remember?"

Did he remember? Yes! Every day of that former intimacy was precious to him; once he had known her every thought. By the strange subconsciousness of love, she was present to him in danger and in work; he returned to Boston warm with the thought that he was nearer to her. Soon he should see her; soon she should yield!

The length of the interruptions that came was enough to drive him mad.

From the very first there were things that he must do. First, to secure all of Doctor Warren's papers, medicines, and instruments, and take them before midnight to the Cambridge shore. On his return he secured his two boats from seizure, concealing them where none but he would ever find them. Then he must see the selectmen, and gave them Doctor Warren's message. It was two o'clock before Frank was sleep-

ing in his bed. Early in the morning the selectmen sent for him to come to the town house.

Upon their shoulders was the responsibility for all the townspeople. By the militia outside, supplies were cut off; at any minute there might be fighting in the town itself, and what to do with the poor and the sick, the women and the children, must be considered. Ellery was needed, Henry Knox was needed—both strong young men well known among the poorer classes—to quiet those who came besieging the doors of the town house. It was here that began the close acquaintance of Frank with the man who, from his service in the Boston battery, rose to be the commander of the American artillery. They worked together on that day. At midnight, Frank, freed from his service, neared Alice's cottage, only to see redcoats at the windows. He turned away, went to Beacon Hill, and looked upon the panorama.

Below him was spread the peninsula of Boston, stretching away to the narrow neck on the south. Westward was the broad and shallow Back Bay; eastward lay the harbour. From the north Charlestown reached out from the land, shaped, like Boston, as a pear, and connected with the mainland by its slender stem. To the southeast Dorchester, with its rocky heights, squarer than the other two peninsulas and broader based, likewise stretched out toward Boston. Though Frank was no soldier, the military situation was at once apparent.

Well protected though a peninsula usually is, Boston could be either dominated or defended by the other two projections of the shore which approached her on the north and the southeast. Only the narrow river channel, scarcely two furlongs wide, separated Boston from Charlestown, the two hills of which were in easy

cannon range. On the other side, Dorchester Heights commanded the town. If the Americans could take and hold the Heights, or Bunker's Hill, the British could not remain in Boston. But, on the other hand, however great the number of beseigers, let General Gage but seize those vantage points, protecting the land approaches as his fleet controlled the water, and Boston would be impregnable.

Away at Roxbury Frank could see his countrymen working busily, as they had worked all day. Carts were going back and forth, entrenchments were rising. Nearer the town trees had been felled and drawn in front of the approach of the Neck. Light was failing; as he looked in other directions he could see no evidence of similar activity. But the works at Roxbury put heart into him. He went down the hill forecasting a good future, for he knew that from all New England men were hastening to Boston, and that the news of Concord, sent to the farther colonies, was kindling in all hearts a flame of anger.

Yet he began to chafe as the politics of a second day kept him from seeing Alice. The selectmen employed him with Knox as before, as many communications passed between them and Governor Gage. For the Tories had been protesting to the governor. If the women and children were allowed to leave the town, the men that remained would be more ready to make trouble, and, by coöperating with an attack from outside, could do great harm. The Tories urged the governor, before granting permission for any one to leave Boston, to demand a delivery of all arms, and a general promise by the citizens to keep the peace. In order to come to an agreement, it was decided to call a meeting in the morning.

There the matter was settled easily, for Doctor

Church appeared before it. He, reputed to have been with Warren in the fight of the nineteenth, had entered the town, he said, for medical supplies; and with a British captain—it was Sotheran—to conduct him, had come to the meeting in order that, as a member of the Committee of Safety, he might give advice. The general had allowed it.

Had allowed it, yes; but what fresh guineas were in the doctor's pocket? Yet without a blush he stood, and brought the meeting to his wishes. He was master of the method of swaying these people who trusted and admired him. Something of the lucid reasoning caught from Mr. Adams, something of the warmth of Doctor Warren: these qualities in his speech, though embroidered with the rhetorical flowers of a poetaster, were sufficient to show with convincing force the reason why the townspeople should give up their arms. The meeting came completely to the doctor's view, and in enthusiasm voted to accept it.

As good-naturedly pushing and jostling, with that sense of comradeship which comes after the removal of a danger—and a very real danger it had seemed, to the minds of most, that there would be fighting in the streets—the crowd went out from the hall, it happened that Frank and Knox were carried where they would meet Doctor Church at the head of the stairs. The doctor, who had been talking fluently with those about him, reached out and shook the hands of the two young men as they came closer. Side by side they went down the stairs and out into the street. There the doctor drew Frank and Knox apart.

"I have lost my keeper in the crowd," he said. "Let us wait here for him to find me." He spoke with them until Sotheran, blazing in the crowd like a poppy, appeared to claim his charge.

In strange contrast to the man at his side, the doctor went away. He bowed affably to the salutes of the Whigs, but once clear of the crowd spoke to Sotheran.

"I have asked Ellery to send me information," he said.

The cold face of his companion lighted. "You have?" he asked with interest, turning to the doctor.

"Yes," said Doctor Church, "and I have advised him to remain in Boston—and wait, I have a scheme to keep him here."

They drew closer together, and talked as they went. Yet, they were observed. "The doctor," said Knox to Frank, as they still stood by the dock, "is friends with all. See how he is even courteous to his guardian."

Frank made no answer. His eyes, trained in past years to exceptional keenness, saw in the countenances of Sotheran and Church more than mere courtesy. Was there not a gleam in the captain's eye, earnestness in Church's face? Well, they had turned a corner, and were gone. But that momentary glimpse of the two profiles made an impression, faint and at first forgotten, but strong enough, if recalled, to upset careful plans.

"You will advise the general to detain Ellery in the town?" asked Sotheran, weighing the doctor's proposal. "Very well. But not arrested, mind. He must be free to betray himself. Let him make rope"—and the captain thought of Frank's own words—"to hang himself."

That evening, in the mess-room, Sotheran was congratulated by his friends. "So the rebel physician is gone again, and your task done," said Ormsby. "It must have been a dull day, old fellow."

"'Tis finished, at any rate," responded Sotheran indifferently.

"Hear him," laughed Tudor; "he lives but from day to day on the sensations of each."

"But found to-day no honey," cried Harriman.

"Nor wine, eh?" enquired Ormsby. "Nor a quiet half-hour for cards with the doctor? My dear fellow, I commiserate."

So they jested with him, fond and proud of him, as an ornament to the regiment. He was their grenadier captain, their bravest man and their handsomest, their coolest and haughtiest, with a reputation with the sword that shed a little lustre on them all. They sat in a half-circle before him, watching his face at each sally, and strove to rouse him beyond indifference. This was what he loved, to bask lazily in the warmth of homage, to acknowledge each hit with but a lift of the eyebrow, to smile and say nothing.

"By Jove!" cried Harriman suddenly. "News! news for all! I got it of the aide who took the message. Moulton of the Forty-third. Ellery, you know—your friend, Henry, or yours, George—Ellery is detained in town."

"Not arrested?" cried Tudor, much disturbed.

"No," replied Harriman; "but I understand that he and Knox are informed by the general that they are not to leave the town without permission—which means not at all."

"But Ellery?" asked Tudor. "Why is this done?"

"As a suspect, I fancy," answered Harriman. "Now what d'ye think of your friend, George?"

"Fie, Harriman!" cried Sotheran. "'Tis unfair to suppose that George longer considers Ellery his friend. Be sure he's forbid him the house before now." His passing glance saw the flush that started to Tudor's face.

"Eh—I?" cried Tudor. "I've not forbid him the house."

"Excuse me," said Sotheran. "I supposed— However, my dear George, 'tis none of my affair."

He leaned back in the chair, and stroked his chin, but he knew, as well as if he saw, the blank expression that overspread the other's face.

"I say," hesitated Tudor. "Ought I to do so, Henry?"

CHAPTER IV

TUDOR'S DILEMMA

Sotheran retired completely behind the screen of his manner. "My dear fellow," he returned, looking at Tudor very quietly, yet most disquietingly, for it was as if he did not see him, "as I said, 'tis none of my affair."

He rose as a signal that the subject should be changed. "Harriman, did Moulton say anything of an attack upon the fellows outside?"

"Nay," answered Harriman quickly, taking the indicated cue. "'Tis not to be expected now, I'm sure. Barron, who was on guard yesterday at the lines, says the rebels in Roxbury are very strong. Do you not think that Tommy will wait, now, till the reëforcements come?"

Ormsby gave his opinion on this point, and with Sotheran and Harriman began to argue. But Tudor, having received a new and most disagreeable idea, sat staring straight before him. He had never thought of forbidding Ellery. What should be done? He saw himself confronted by the most distressing problem of his life.

It often happens that the good-natured grow to man's estate without the necessity of making one important choice between duty and affection. The two so often coincide, or can be made to do so by such slight compromises, that commonly one can follow an easy course.

There is a little taking of advice, an occasional request for favour, and—well, if one must give up a small matter, 'tis no great sacrifice.

Captain George Tudor had passed his youth in pleasant places, and advanced beyond his majority without any more distressing circumstances than those two years of separation from Alice, and the deaths of his parents. These experiences, hard as they had seemed to be, had not called out in him any other than the gentlest of his qualities—patience. To wait and to endure seemed all that was demanded of him. And the experiences, passing by, left him with his freshness of spirit, his good-nature, and his trust in others, unimpaired.

There was in him, indeed, a persistent horror of one man which sprang from these good qualities. Once or twice to his comrades, once or twice to Frank, he had expressed his loathing of the man who had tried to betray his sister. But even this hatred came from Tudor's better nature, the nature of one who, in that age of loose morals, had never wronged a woman.

He was the man, then, upon whom Sotheran had decided to make his next impression. Tudor was not weak—not more than Dickie, whom at this period he strongly resembled. He and Dickie had arrived at the time when they must pay the penalty for lack of thought, and they both paid high. But Tudor would not have been the brother of Alice, nor Dickie of Frank, if among the perplexities that met them they had not been able to find, though late, the proper way.

And it must be admitted that Tudor's position was a hard one. He was pledged in advance to a course of conduct, as a soldier must always promise to subordinate his conscience to the orders of his leaders. His duties commanded him; the code of honour was rigid,

and the opinions of his comrades made a current of thought which was bound to influence his.

As he contemplated the suggestion which Sotheran had so artfully insinuated, he could not fail to feel that his companions, discussing at a greater length than necessary the question of what would happen next, were conscious of his dilemma, and were considerately giving him time to resolve it. He knew very well what they thought he should do. But they could not know his immense gratitude to Frank, nor the admiration that strengthened it, nor the personal affection that had sprung up between the two.

Exactly as Dickie, living near his brother yet speaking seldom, had come by the mere sight of him to love him more and more, so Tudor, prevented by the feeling in the corps which he must respect, from an intimacy with a Whig, had been profoundly stirred by their occasional meetings. This quiet fellow, so self-reliant, drew to himself both Tudor and Dickie by the feeling that he was stronger than they. And Tudor's deep affection for his sister, with the knowledge that he owed her, his most precious possession in life, to Frank, caused and maintained in him a powerful sense of obligation.

Then how hard it would be to forbid Ellery the house! As an officer and as a man, Tudor's duties seemed so different, that, as Sotheran expected of him, he sought advice. Harriman and Ormsby left the room, and Tudor sprang up and spoke to Sotheran.

"Henry," he said, "upon my soul I'm most distressed. Answer me now, as a friend. What should I do in this matter?"

"Oh—that?" Sotheran became grave, and looked away. "My dear George, I cannot advise you."

"Then—" ejaculated Tudor. "By Jove, I don't know what to do!"

He sat down dejectedly in his chair, put his chin in his hands, and stared at the floor. He was unable to think, confused as he was, and unpractised in the art. Sotheran understood him perfectly, and but for the interruption that came would presently have spoken. Yet the interruption, even had he planned it, could not have been more opportune.

A soldier-servant came into the room bringing a card in his hand.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said to Captain Sotheran, and gave the card. "A gentleman to see you."

"I will go," said Tudor, raising his head. "You can receive him here."

"Nay, remain," responded Sotheran, looking at the card. "Mr. Henry Knox—who's he?"

"The bookseller," answered Tudor.

"I have no account with him," drawled the captain. "But show him in." He placed himself before the fireplace in his laziest attitude, and waited until Knox, quietly dressed in his homespun, grave and courteous, tall, very broad, and very strong, stood before him.

Knox and Tudor greeted as acquaintances, but Sotheran nodded nonchalantly to the American's salute. As Knox looked with interest upon him, the captain, posing negligently, gave him little time.

"Mr. Cox—er, excuse me," referring to the card. "Mr. Knox, my time is short."

"And my errand," replied the Bostonian, "will not tend to make it longer."

"Well?"

Knox did his errand ceremoniously. "Mr. Francis Ellery!" he said bowing, "reminds Captain Sotheran that he has promised him a meeting. Will the captain designate some friend with whom I can arrange the preliminaries?"

"Oh!" breathed Tudor in the silence.

Sotheran, leaning upon the mantel, looked at Knox for a moment with lifted brows. "Truly?" he enquired mildly. He looked down at his waistcoat, and brushed away a crumb. "Well—" he said, as if considering lightly, and then deciding, finished: "No!"

Knox flushed and bowed. But as he turned to go Sotheran raised his hand. "Stay," he said carelessly. "Mr. Fox—pardon me—Mr. Knox, pray take a fuller answer to Mr. Ellery. Since our general, as I understand, has been pleased to indicate to your friend that he has purposes concerning him, it would not become me to interfere. That is, I take it, reason enough. But—" and he started suddenly away from the mantel. His indifference vanished, he drew himself grandly erect, and with one stride stood face to face with Knox.

The two confronted each other; both haughty and both threatening. Knox, like an angry bull, stood with red eyes, while Sotheran, in fiercely penetrating voice, finished his message.

"But," he cried, "tell Mr. Ellery this: Were he not marked by our general for his own, I would not meet him. Since this is time of war, I hold myself at all times ready to obey the orders of my colonel, and am not free to duel. But even then—tell Mr. Ellery this—as a rebel he is beneath me, and I would not do him the honour to cross swords with him."

Then he stepped back and bowed. "Sir," he said, "your humble servant!"

Knox bowed as low. "Captain Sotheran, your most obedient!" He drew himself up, turned, and went stiffly from the room.

Tudor, even after the Bostonian was gone, stared at his friend without words. Sotheran had not regained his careless manner; his face was a dull red, and through

his parted lips his teeth were showing. He turned and looked upon his friend as one much moved.

"George," he said, "circumstances—this fellow—have forced me to give you the opinion I refused."

Tudor nodded, his eyes fixed on the other's. "Yes," he said.

"It was not easy to say it in your presence," said Sotheran. "Now, since I have gone so far with Knox, I must say the rest to you. But my position may easily seem false. I am a suitor for your sister's hand, so is this Ellery. Credit me with no selfishness in advising you against him."

"Henry," cried Tudor generously, "I would never think it of you!" He sprang up and touched the other affectionately upon the arm.

Sotheran smiled, but with constraint. "You are kind," he said. "I have not much to say; only this, that I am, and you are, an officer of the king. I did Mr. Knox's country the courtesy to say that this is war. There is a rebellion against the king, against his sacred Majesty. I am sworn to uphold him, so are you. A rebel—my God, George," he cried, "I consider a rebel the most despicable thing upon this earth!"

His voice, repressed lest others in the corridors might hear, seemed to shake him with its pent-up vehemence. His eyes fixed Tudor's; the weaker man felt the great influence of a powerful nature. Sotheran paused, drew breath, and then continued:

"I could not prevent this Ellery from speaking with Doctor Church this day. A Whig leader and his follower—was not information exchanged? We have no proof; out of forbearance the general permits Ellery to walk the streets. But he suspects him; so do I; so, in your heart, George, do you. And you know as well

as I what you should say to him when next he appears at your door."

"Yes," faltered Tudor.

Sotheran had found within himself the spirit of the actor. He drew back a step and wiped his forehead. "You do not often see me thus, George," he said with sudden change of tone. Tudor, astonished, saw a look of gentleness come upon his companion's face. The taller, older man put out his hand.

"Do not misjudge me," he said. He wrung Tudor's hand, and abruptly quitted the room. Tudor, much moved, after a few minutes' pause gathered up his own hat and sword and left the barracks.

The streets were winding and the evening dull. So were his thoughts and his spirits. "I hate it—I hate it!" he said to himself, and faced his duty with the shrinking of one who has never, of his own will, attempted the unpleasant. "God, what terrible times!" His own dead comrades! Well, he was resolved.

He was going to his sister's cottage, where he was to sleep for the first time since the nineteenth. He reached the gate and raised the latch. Some one strode out of the dusk toward him. "George—" he recognised Frank's voice. "I am glad to see you. May I go in with you?"

Tudor closed the gate again, and faced the other. A painful lack of words oppressed him. How should he say it?

Frank, as he listened to Tudor's stumbling words, watched him with pity. This good fellow trying to do right, honestly baring his own mind, how unfortunate was he in his ignorance! How would a rejoinder stab him to the heart! As blundering Tudor used Sotheran's name, Frank felt the fresh sting of the rejected chal-

lenge, and was almost angry enough to tell his tale. Yet he could not speak.

Sotheran had stopped his mouth and tied his hands. Clever? Yes, damnably clever. Frank's challenge had practically been a threat of exposure. Sotheran's reply was the defiance: "Tell what you know, and Tudor dies!"

Sotheran knew, and Frank knew, that Tudor's affection for his comrade could be turned at once into deadly hatred. But then, what? Sotheran had refused to fight Frank, Tudor could seize that pretext and demand a duel, and even without it had the prior claim as Alice's natural protector. And he was but a boy with the small-sword.

Yet what matter was it after all? Frank knew that in no case could he tell Tudor. The revenge was his; the pursuit was his; and he must bide his time. He gave his promise not to come to the little cottage any more.

CHAPTER V

THE SNARE FOR DICKIE

It was not by accident that Sotheran collected Harriman, de Berniere, and Ormsby, and led them that evening to Alice's cottage. His comrades were to mask the object of his visit, which was accomplished in the moment of his entrance. He saw Tudor's dejected face and Alice's pensive air, and knew that he had succeeded.

But the accident that brought Dickie there was entirely to his taste. Dickie had come with Anthony, yet was without his usual buoyancy. That cloud which for two days had darkened his brow it was Sotheran's business first to deepen, and then to clear away. The captain saw his opportunity to begin upon the second of his projects.

He took possession of Alice, with the lordly manner that seemed to give him right. Harley, who had come shyly to view his goddess, sighed as he found himself in a corner beside chatty Mrs. Drew. Harriman and Ormsby exchanged glances, meaning that what Henry desired was sure to be. Dickie, unversed in these things, did not notice, or certainly what remained of his cheerfulness would have deserted him.

Sotheran, from his seat beside Alice, commanded singing. "Ormsby, you sing. Something stirring, as befits the times. We are all soldiers here but one—and Mistress Alice."

He bowed to Alice; Dickie felt the distinction which

left him out. He was the one that was no soldier; a little flush mounted to his temples, he smiled uncomfortably, and the cloud began to deepen.

"Dickie will be a soldier some day with the rest," cried Anthony. "He waits but to be sure he should join the Volunteers."

"What reason does he lack?" asked Sotheran. "Sure you are no Whig, Dickie?"

"No," hesitated Dickie. He was too outspoken to conceal his reasons. "My brother begged me once to take no such step until I came of age."

"'Tis but ten weeks now," explained Anthony.

"But did you give the promise?" enquired Harriman.

"No," confessed Dickie, "and yet——"

"Did you think there would be such need of you as now?" interrupted Sotheran.

"No, indeed," said Dickie.

"Well!" began Sotheran. "But wait, if you choose, of course. Sing, Ormsby."

Ormsby began a song, then much in fashion, with rhymes on lords and swords and yield and field and fly and die. But Dickie felt the force of Sotheran's permission to do as he pleased, given in a tone of indifference, of amusement, of surprise, of contempt, all in such parts that their bitter mixture sunk the lad in gloom.

For Dickie was troubled indeed. On the very day of Concord fight the Tories of the town, some two hundred in number, among them Anthony and young Oliver and all his friends, had offered themselves to the governor. They were now enrolled as the Volunteer Association; his name was solicited on all hands. Why? they had asked when he refused, and he could only reply: My brother. Every argument was for stocism; he was urged to be a Roman. He was waiting; he had held out,

but Dickie could not hold out long. All the influences that were strongest—his uncle's urging, his friends' pleading, his devotion to the king, and the attraction of a soldier's life, were working upon him, and only the love of his brother held him back. He had been trying to wait until his twenty-first birthday, but doubted if he could last. Each assault upon his resolution weakened it. Yet he could not forget Frank.

Alice perceived his depression, and spoke to Sotheran under cover of Ormsby's noise. "Captain," she asked, "is it not sad enough that brothers should be divided in opinion. Would you have them enrolled to fight each other?"

She saw that he heard, but for a moment he did not answer, sitting as one that thinks. When he raised his eyes to hers he was very serious.

"Mistress Alice," he answered, "I can imagine only one thing worse, which is to have both brothers against the king."

He had silenced her.

"You will understand me," he pursued, studying her face. "I have no personal feeling. This rebellion I consider most shocking. Those that abet it I condemn. All should unite in suppressing it."

"I suppose that you are right," she answered.

The admission was forced from her. She could see both sides, and perceived—in Frank and in her brother—that each might think itself right. The fight promised to be stubborn. It was acknowledged that the defences of the rebels at Roxbury, blocking the Neck, were so strong that Gage must wait for reënforcements. Besides, beyond were hills, and hills behind hills, and a united province. Was the general not right in desiring volunteers?

Sotheran spoke again at her side. "I shall even feel

justified," he said, "in persuading young Mr. Ellery to join the Volunteers."

"Not here," she said, starting. "You may be right; I cannot judge. But not in my presence, Captain Sotheran."

"I will not," he promised.

And he did not. He saw that Anthony, encouraged by his words, was ready to re-open the subject. Among the younger Tories the warlike spirit was aroused; and Anthony needed little encouragement to hammer, in season and out, at his friend to gain his consent. But Sotheran, watchful, turned the subject whenever it became dangerous, ordered the others to sing in turn, sang himself, drew as a reward a song from Alice, and finally, sweeping almost the whole company with him, said good night and left the house.

"I am obliged to you," said Alice as he left.

She held out her hand, smiling brightly.

He drew back. "I do not know if I can take your hand," he said. "My sentiments are the same."

"And soldierly," she answered, still offering her hand. "Neither you nor I are responsible for the times. I thank you for what you have done, not for what you may feel you must do."

He experienced a thrill as he touched her, a thrill that was familiar to him. In the once cold chimney of his nature his love was now burning. It was a strong fire and large, at times warming and cheering, at others plaguing and torturing him. For he had reached the necessity of self-restraint, and it was hard to learn.

But he was learning it, in view of its rewards. Twice he had denied himself the pleasure—the certain pleasure—of killing Ellery. To ruin him before all eyes was his intention; to bring him, not mere sudden death, but first disgrace. To implicate him in this twopenny rebellion;

to see him imprisoned, tried, and executed, would be a revenge worth waiting. Sotheran gloated over the idea of Ellery in a cell, chained and condemned to death, thinking of Alice who was lost to him. Till then the captain could afford to delay his own courtship.

Dickie lingered a moment behind, where Harley, clinging to his place, hoped for a quarter hour of quiet talk before he, too, must leave.

"Alice," said Dickie, "tell me what I should do."

Bright as she was from her farewell to Sotheran, she instantly grew grave. "You mean, should you volunteer?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Dickie.

"How can I advise?" she returned.

"It seems as if I ought," he said. "This is a rebellion—men are needed—and one must follow his convictions." Dickie spoke as if he had opinions of his own.

"Yes," she agreed.

"But when I think of Frank," he said, "I—" His face and his voice showed all he felt. "I am willing to wish I were a coward."

"Poor Dickie," she said gently.

"And cannot you advise me?" he asked.

"I cannot," she said. "Dear Dickie, I know not what to say."

Dickie was all at sea. And when, joining his friends outside, he found them waiting with an invitation to a little supper at the British coffee-house, he foresaw the trial that awaited him there. Here was Anthony, with those five officers whose brilliancy and gaiety so much attracted him. He feared them, and hesitated.

"Oh, come," urged Anthony. "Captain Sotheran gives the supper. "'Twill not be late, for at midnight the captain goes on guard."

Dickie doubted his own strength, and still held back. As he had just now sought Alice's advice, so he desired, before venturing into such company, a word with Frank.

"Let me go home first," he said; "then I'll join you."

"To speak with your brother?" enquired Anthony anxiously.

"Yes," admitted Dickie.

Anthony would have begun to argue, but Sotheran stepped between. "A word with you," he said; and with his hand on Dickie's shoulder led the lad a little way apart. Their heads were on a level, the light of a smoky street lamp fell on Sotheran's face, and Dickie saw the look of interest which, coming frequently in their recent intercourse, nevertheless always was a surprise and a pleasure. It was a privilege for which he was envied, and which, bestowed by the most admired of the fashionable officers, he highly prized.

"Dickie," said the captain with an open smile, "you know which way we all hope you will decide. Yet never mind Paddock; go home and speak with your brother if you wish; you are quite right to do so. But come then and join our little supper; I quite depend on you. You will come? Then we will wait for you. *Au revoir.*"

Dickie took one step away. Should he go? Need he go? The reasons why he should consult with Frank seemed less. Should he speak with him at all? He turned back.

"I will go with you," he said.

* * * * * * *

At midnight, nearing the house, Dickie paused as he saw the lamp still burning in the library, and Frank sitting reading. But he entered bravely, and went straight to his brother. Frank turned and looked at him. He

knew that Dickie had gone with Anthony; he feared the result. That questioning, intense glance Dickie never forgot. Affection and anxiety, self-command and resolution, were mingled there.

"Frank," said Dickie, "I have joined the volunteers."

Frank paled, but he had been prepared. "Very well," he answered.

"Is there nothing," faltered Dickie, "that you wish to say to me?"

"God bless you," answered his brother; "that is all."

The sadness in Frank's face, the deep affection of his tone, were too much for Dickie. He could not stay, but went quickly to his room. Almost Frank made him unsure of himself. Who was right—his friends, the governor, and the king, or this terribly steadfast brother?

He went to bed, and found himself listening for Frank to come upstairs. It was just after midnight, that he knew. He waited long; Frank did not come, and Dickie, tired with his mental struggle, fell asleep; but with the burden still on his mind. Later he awoke, and heard the clock strike three. Then next his brother came up the stairs, and went to his room.

Now came Dickie's turn to think. He pictured to himself Frank's state of mind, and dwelt upon his brother's blessing.

They did not drift farther apart in the days that followed. With a wide separation impending, tenderness grew in the heart of each, and knit the brothers closer.

CHAPTER VI

WAITING

Farmers and tradesmen, having suddenly become generals and colonels, endeavoured to give shape to an army which day by day grew larger and more unwieldy. A loose-knit force, held together by zeal, but not yet a unit, was camped round about Boston. Of actual siege operations there was practically nothing at the beginning. Slight earthworks were thrown across the road at Roxbury, but that was all. Able as the rebels were in individual fighting, as an army they would have counted for little, but for British generalship.

Gage, looking about him on all sides, saw spectres rise from each. If the rebels, in their astonishing enthusiasm, should attack; if the citizens should rise against him; if the town should be burnt over his head: then he would be in a pretty pickle. These contingencies and their possible results concealed from him his own undoubted strength. He hurried work on defences already strong enough, and, far from seizing the only two points from which he could be assailed, turned his attention toward disarming foes within the town.

The selectmen waited upon him with the keys of Faneuil Hall.

"Have all the citizens given up their arms?" the general suspiciously enquired.

"All who desire to do so," was the reply.

The secretary, at the governor's side, said it was

whispered that the ropemakers had delivered no muskets at the hall.

"And they are known to have bought arms," cried the general. "This is against the agreement."

"As it was also against the agreement," said Mr. Timothy Newell, who spoke for the selectmen, "to prohibit Mr. Ellery and Mr. Knox from leaving the town. Mr. Ellery is idolized by the men of his trade. No ropemaker would give up his arms after that."

"Give here the keys," demanded the governor hastily.

Mr. Newell withheld them. "It is understood that no further restriction shall be laid on those who wish to leave?" he stipulated.

"Yes," said the general.

"Even the ropemakers," insisted the selectman.

"Yes—and glad to be rid of them," added Gage to himself.

The keys were delivered, and the agreement went into halting operation. But it was observed that no ropemaker left the town. The general might enjoy the unpleasant consideration that two hundred of the hardiest Yankees, trouble-breeders since before the Massacre, were ready at any time to take up arms at his back.

And counting his force too weak in numbers to act aggressively, the general left the enemy to strengthen their lines against him, to drill in peace, to increase their military stores, and finally to act themselves. It was the misfortune of England at this juncture that her great generals and admirals were all Whigs. While Amherst and Keppel refused to enter the field, and others as capable were out of favour with the court, such men as Graves and Montagu commanded the fleet at Boston, and Gage, by his inaction, daily gave confidence to the rebels.

Captain Sotheran settled down to wait the fulfilment

of his revenge. He had succeeded so far; in the remainder also he would succeed. He saw Dickie in his new uniform in the ranks of the volunteers; he knew that Frank would come no more to the little house. He awaited now some message from Doctor Church.

Brush came to the captain one day, and asked a few minutes' interview. "My good man," said Sotheran at once, "I have no money for you."

"Supposing I have for you?" insinuated the other.

"I will have none of yours," answered the captain haughtily.

"But," said Brush, with a leer, "if you can prick Frank Ellery, what then?"

"Walk aside with me here," said Sotheran. "Now, what have you to say?"

Merely that Roger was beginning to look sickly, and —"yes," said Brush doggedly, "it is my business—" Roger was a boy that might mean, not very far in the future, a good deal of money, and a revenge.

"Explain!" commanded the captain.

"Why," answered Brush; "Roger's Mr. Ellery's son, isn't he? And Dickie Ellery may be killed, now he's an Associator, in the first fight, mayn't he? And Frank Ellery is a rebel, or as good, isn't he?"

"What then?" asked the other.

"They are speaking of confiscating the rebels' property," pursued Brush. "And if Dickie is killed, then Roger becomes heir, doesn't he? Wouldn't Frank enjoy that, Roger belonging to us?"

The captain looked at him long and fixedly. He drew out his purse and handed a guinea to Brush. Then, with his face unmoved, he turned away. But Roger, from that time forth, was dressed in a page's suit, and Tabb had orders to feed him better. "And," said the captain to the boy, thinking that this would please El-

lery little, "if you're quiet and quick, you shall attend me when I walk abroad."

Time passed, and for Frank Ellery heavily enough. His first occupation, of assisting from the town those who wished to go, soon began to fail. Applications for passes were still numerous, but it became evident that the general did not intend to keep his word. At first, applicants were denied the right to carry out their goods; then when, at first indignant, they finally resolved to accept these terms, they were forbidden to take with them more than five pounds in money. To fathers of families, not knowing what they should do for support, this was a further check. Then passes were given which separated families, wives from husbands, or children from parents, and were therefore useless.

"See what we have accomplished," explained Anthony to Mr. Ellery, one day in the library. "'Tis the volunteers have done this. By threat of laying down our arms and leaving the town, we have induced the general to prevent the inhabitants from leaving."

"Good, good!" exclaimed Mr. Ellery, rubbing his hands.

"It seems, don't you think," asked Dickie, "a bit unmanly to keep the women and children here, just to prevent an attack?"

"It's to protect our women and children!" cried Anthony. "What care the Whigs for them?"

Frank, passing the library door, caught the words, and understood the question. He paused at the threshold and spoke.

"What of the general's promise?" he asked. "And what of the townspeople's arms, which they gave up to secure it? Will he return them now?"

"What promise?" asked Dickie; but Frank had gone.

Anthony blustered, Mr. Ellery smoothed, and the topic was turned.

But Frank was left idle. Doctor Warren had said: "Go to the town, watch events, and wait. I may need you." Watching and waiting grew wearisome at last, until one day he found how he could busy himself.

He took lessons of the men he meant to fight. Frank stood by the groups that drilled on the squares, and studied the art of the sergeant. He sat himself on the slopes of Beacon Hill, and examined the panoramic camp below. More, he rummaged Knox's shelves for books on military subjects. He read the Campaigns of Frederick, and possessed himself of the spirit of the master of strategy.

The more he studied, the more he comprehended the struggle that lay before regular and rebel. He proved his unskilled instincts true, the instincts that showed him the two keys to Boston. Still they stood bare, those fateful hills, as neither Briton nor American made a move to take them. Often Frank looked to the Heights and to Bunker Hill, and longed to see them crowned with redoubts and bristling with the arms of his countrymen. But one day, when to Knox he spoke his desire, the older man repressed his impatience.

"You wish too much, Ellery," said Knox soberly; "far too much. I have the same desire; but think of our army over there"—and he waved his hand toward Cambridge. "Can you figure the lack of organisation? Who are the generals? Heath and Ward, old and feeble. Enthusiasm keeps the whole together as yet, but pray heaven that the younger minds soon take the lead, or the army will fall apart of its own weight."

Frank's spirits fell.

"I see this disappoints you," said Knox. "Fear not; Congress must uphold us. If they appoint a general

of force, this siege is won. But 'tis too soon, as yet, to hope for aggressive measures."

"How soon?" asked Frank.

"A month—two months, perhaps. But unless Gage has lost his wits he will seize the Heights. 'Twas said, as I remember, that he was planning a fort there, but the plan was not finished before the day of Lexington."

CHAPTER VII

BARBARA'S GATE

There was plenty of social pleasure in the besieged town. The spinet in Alice's parlour tinkled often in the evening, and during the day there were the same fashionable promenades. The thrill of expectation gave more interest to life, as the possibility that each day might bring forth important matters excited all minds. There were the same number of assemblies at night, but in the day the former pleasures were increased by parties made up to view the new fortifications.

It was in returning from one of these parties that Captain Tudor met with an unforgettable experience. They had been to "the lines" at the Neck, and Mistress Oliver had giggled, Lady Caroline exclaimed, at the strength of the defences. They had looked through glasses at the rebel entrenchments, and united in depreciating them. Now, returning, Lady Harriet had brought up one of the great topics of the hour.

"When the new generals arrive," she had asked, "we may expect to sweep the country of the rebels?"

"Oh, yes, assuredly," the group of officers replied in chorus; and Ormsby explained with animation how Howe was brave, Burgoyne brilliant, and Clinton dashing; and now "Tommy," though he would still retain command, would have new life put into him.

They reached the streets of the town, and came to a familiar garden, where Tudor contrived to drop behind.

The others went on, gaily chatting, but he, looking among the already luxuriant growths, saw behind a row of hollyhocks a pair of bright eyes glancing. Yet they looked from under puckered brows, and Barbara Savage, when she saw Tudor halting at the gate, seemed to come forward with reluctance to speak with him.

"What a charming garden, Mistress Savage!" he began. It was the gardener, not the garden, that held his eyes, for her round, firm arm, bare to the elbow, and her countenance within its sunbonnet, were lovelier to him than budding flowers.

"Yes," she answered; "the year is as forward as another in June." She finished her sentence without a smile, and closed her red lips, looking upon him steadily.

He had not seen her for a fortnight, and then it was only for a moment on the street. He had felt the need of accident, or a real excuse, to bring them together, and besides, the officers had all been very busy. But now that he was with her, he was minded to seize the opportunity. The gate was slightly ajar; he put out his hand to it.

"May I not come in and view your flowers?" he asked.

Barbara's little hand went forward quickly. It caught the gate before he touched it, and pushed it shut. The latch clicked, and while her black eyes began to glint, something snapped in Tudor's brain.

"Eh?" he cried.

"Officers' gates are not free to rebels," Barbara said. "Must rebels' gates be free in return? I am a rebel, sir!"

The little head was up; the eyes looked into his defiantly. Yes, Barbara could fight. Tudor knew that she referred to Frank—here was his act recoiling on his head.

"Mistress Savage!" he exclaimed.

Her hand went now to the latch, and raised it. For an instant he thought she had relented, but she undeceived him. "Yet if you come to search for hidden arms—" she said; and opened the gate.

"No, madam!" he cried.

She shut the gate again. "I understand that the king's officers sometimes bow to rebels," she said. "You may bow to me when we meet; you may ask me how I do; I will respond that I am very well. At this minute, Captain Tudor, I am very well indeed."

He recovered himself, and took his dismissal gallantly. "Mistress Savage," he said, bowing very low, "I rejoice in your good health." Then he went away, the most military figure of the military, concealing under a stony face his astonishment and chagrin. His friends were far ahead; he turned aside and did not join them.

But that evening at the coffee-house, hearing Anthony again boasting of the volunteers' success in keeping the Whig women in the town, Tudor suddenly enquired: "Do you suppose that this manœuvre of yours has kept Mistress Savage from going out?"

"Yes," answered Dickie at once. "Mr. Savage was about to send her away, but all passes are now refused."

"Then confound your Association!" cried Tudor from the depths of his heart; and amid the astonished silence of regulars and volunteers, he stalked away.

The three new generals came, and the new troops went into the quarters that were assigned to them. Now, it was said on all hands, great things would happen. Burgoyne demanded elbow-room. "Elbow-room!" repeated all the Tories, pleased with the phrase.

Those skirmishes in the harbour that followed, were

they for elbow-room? Burgoyne's eloquent complaints to the ministry at home, that a pound of fresh mutton could only be bought for its weight in gold—did this mean that "new life" had been put into "Tommy?"

"Ho!" said Anthony one evening. He had come to the Elllery house, and found the three Ellerys most unusually together, at a meal over which solemnity presided, and silence did her best to lend an aspect of thought. "Ho! the general was wise to send no more troops to Noddle's Island. Lives are worth more than trifling stores, and the schooner we lost was old."

Dickie's terrible frankness brought a semblance of disunion. "Why," he cried, "she was brand new, and had good cannon."

Anthony, turning a soft pink like his hair, disregarded. "Cattle," he said, "have come from Halifax, and the troops are to have two days' fresh provision next week."

Frank laughed aloud; he could not help it. "Anthony, do you know that your 'trifling stores' on Noddle's Island were some three hundred sheep and cattle; that the militia took off from other islands in the harbour, this past week alone, above fifteen hundred head?"

"And our ships command the harbour," cried Dickie. "The rebels have but whaleboats."

"Come on! Come away!" muttered Anthony; and hurried Dickie to the coffee-house.

The meal was finished, but Frank still sat at the table. He had watched Dickie go; he knew he went to associate with Sotheran, and the knowledge hurt. It was growing hard, this time of waiting. Was it worth the cost? From time to time to glimpse Alice at a distance, always surrounded by her bodyguard of redcoats, frequently with Sotheran towering above the rest, was

very hard to bear. Was it worth it? What purpose was he serving Doctor Warren by staying in the town?

Mr. Ellery had listened without speaking, and still sat opposite his nephew, grinning nervously. Frank's continued presence at the house embarrassed and displeased him.

"If you are so proud of your friends without," he asked when he dared, "why do you not join them? Ann boasts you can, whenever you please."

Frank roused himself and rose. He looked down upon his uncle with the cold glance that Mr. Ellery hated. Impelled by his mood, the young man spoke the truth in a threat:

"You will know one reason, if I stay till Dickie's birthday comes." He left the room.

He could not see that joy and great trouble, that the second desire of his heart, with the greatest danger of his life, were to follow that expression.

Yet had he known the difficulties that were to follow his words, he would scarcely have cared. Inaction was chafing him sorely; the slow passage of the days, with nothing doing, was enough to make him welcome something new. The tooth of love unsatisfied was wearing him; pity for his fellow-townsmen bore hard upon him; and the word—for to the Whigs in Boston regularly came, through more than one source, news from outside—that Congress had at last appointed as general for the army Washington, the Virginian, of whom men spoke so well, meant that there would soon be decisive action. A restless desire to do was welling up within Frank. Like an over-filled reservoir, he was almost ready to burst his bonds.

But if Frank had thrust a knife into his uncle, and then turned it in the wound, Mr. Ellery would not have been in more pain. His nephew had threatened what

was worse than physical death. True, Humphreys was dead, there was no other witness left, and the aspect of the new set of books was perfect. The old set was not destroyed—Mr. Ellery needed them a little longer in comparing for mistakes—but they would be gone before Dickie's birthday. The trustee was, therefore, well prepared against a lawsuit, and as a loyal subject had every advantage over the suspected rebel. Yet he shrank from the struggle.

Therefore, after an hour of writhing, wherein cold fits of fear of Frank alternated with the deepest thought, Mr. Ellery decided to go to see his strongest friend, who also was Frank's strongest enemy. Yes, even though he must meet Roger there—plague take the boy!—he would go to Captain Sotheran. He went, and on his return rubbed his hands when safe from observation, and shook his bony fist at Frank's room. A little longer, and a little cleverness—then all would be arranged.

CHAPTER VIII

INFORMATION

Frank was thinking of Roger. Out in the street, half an hour before, he had seen the boy following Sotheran. The sharp, nervous face had been dear to him; the ingratitude of a dependent or a child cuts deep, and Frank, sitting in the library with a book on fortification, paused a moment to sigh as he thought of the boy. There came a rap at the window.

Roger himself was peering through the glass. Frank, moved more than he cared to show, sat still and looked at him.

"Master Frank," cried the boy, "let me in!"

"The front door is unlocked," was the reply. Roger entered the library slowly, and stood before Frank with head as low as if he had been in fault.

"Well, Roger," said Frank, with gentle reproach, "what brings you back?"

Roger looked up; tears were in his eyes. "I meant it for the best," he said. "I have news for you, sir. I have been watching all this while."

"You, Roger?" exclaimed Frank.

"Every minute," cried the boy, with a burst of emotion; "every minute of four months, sir. I burned a letter once, Master Frank, that would have sent you to prison. Now——"

But Frank sprang up and caught him by the shoul-

ders. "Roger, what is this?" he cried, and drew the boy toward him. Almost sobbing his relief, Roger told of the letter which the muffled visitor had brought to Sotheran.

"Truly," said Frank, "it might have hanged me. But there is a traitor somewhere." He questioned the boy closely, yet could not find who the cloaked man was—only this more, that letters came to the captain every little while, that they were writen in numerals, that the captain turned them all into proper script, and took them to the general.

"Who could send these?" asked Frank of himself. He found no answer.

"And now—" cried Roger eagerly, and told his news. Last night two officers had met Sotheran at his room. All three had been dressed in homespun, and near midnight, well cloaked, they had gone to the Neck. At the lines they had left their cloaks, with Roger to hold them, and, looking like Yankee farmers, had passed out into the darkness. And, Roger said, they had studied at the room, and Sotheran carried with him, a piece of paper with a curious drawing on it—a diagram, like a star of many points.

"The plan of a fort!" cried Frank; and his heart sank. He remembered Knox's words. "Did they go," he asked quickly, "to Dorchester Heights?"

They returned at early twilight, Roger said, from that direction; and that was the only place they could have visited without passing the American lines. They took their cloaks and went again to Sotheran's room, where the boy served them with wine while they marked, with ink, figures upon the drawing.

"Measurements!" cried Frank with certainty.

Then, described the boy, the two officers went away very merrily, and Captain Sotheran slept until

nine o'clock; but the paper was buttoned in his breast. At nine Roger attended the captain to the general, who welcomed him and took him into a room. Roger waited until the door opened again, then he heard the general say: "Sunday night. You shall go with the detachment if you desire." Then the captain told the boy to go home, but he had slipped away to Master Frank.

"I don't understand it," finished Roger, "and it may not be important; but I thought that you would know."

"Important?" cried Frank. "'Tis the most important happening yet! Roger, you deserve everything from us"—the boy's eyes shone—"and yet, what is to be done?"

Only one thing, he saw at once; one thing upon a slender hope. If the army outside were strong enough to risk a battle, if they could seize the Heights and hold them, they might drive the British from the town. If and if. But whatever should be done must be done at once; there were but four days to anticipate the scheme; and hurriedly Frank took a pen and wrote.

"I have," were his words, "intelligence that the governor means to seize and fortify Dorchester Heights on the night of Sunday, the eighteenth."

That was enough. Nick would take the note to the mainland that night. Frank paused and thought, then signed his full name, "Francis Ellery," that there might be no doubt of the information. Then, as he addressed the note to Doctor Warren, the thought came: "If there is to be a fight, I must be there;" and he added the postscript: "May I not now leave the town?"

To go, to leave behind the town, with all its frettings, and to fight against the British! Roger had given an opportunity to him as well as to his countrymen. But while Frank folded the note, thanking the delighted boy, Dickie entered the house by the front door, and came

into the library. He scowled at Roger, resenting the lad's disloyalty to Frank.

"So you've returned," he said. "Why did you come?"

"Because," cried Roger boldly, "I came to warn Master Frank——"

"Roger, say nothing!" interrupted Frank.

"I know what I am saying," answered Roger. "Master Dickie, I came to say that your uncle, whom you love so much, has been plotting with Captain Sotheran against your brother; and I—I couldn't stand it."

Dickie looked at him contemptuously. "You little liar!" he said.

"'Tis true," asserted Roger.

"Indeed!" sneered Dickie. "Then let me hear the story," he commanded. "All. Out with it; let me see how well you can lie."

He sneered again while it was told. That his uncle had been to see the captain—pooh! they were barely acquainted. That his uncle wanted Master Frank from the town, and the captain wanted him in it, and said, if Master Frank were arrested, and sent to London for trial, wouldn't that suit—"Ridiculous!" cried Dickie—and Mr. Ellery promised to watch everything Master Frank did, and get scraps of his writings.

"You little fool!" roared Dickie. "When was this?"

"Day before yesterday; and I listened at the door."

"Frank," cried Dickie, "will you strap him, or shall I?"

"Is this true, Roger?" asked Frank.

"It is true," answered the boy.

"Surely, Frank," exclaimed Dickie, "you don't believe that?"

"Surely," answered Frank, "I do."

"And so I came to warn him," cried Roger, as Dickie stared at his brother, "to mind everything he does, to keep his writings under lock, to do nothing, nothing, nothing, that might be reported against him!"

"Go, you little devil," cried Dickie, "before I strike you!"

"Have you said everything, Roger?" enquired Frank.

"Everything," answered the boy.

"Then go," directed Frank, "lest you be missed."

Roger shot one defiant glance at Dickie, who stood red-faced with rage. "It is true! It is true!" he repeated, and went to the door. In another moment they saw him speeding out the gate.

"I will ask you to remember, Dickie," said Frank, as the two brothers turned and looked at each other, "that if you let it be known that Roger has been here, he will receive very heavy punishment."

"I will tell at once!" retorted Dickie, with flashing eyes. He moved toward the door. "Where is uncle?"

Frank stood in front of him. "Uncle is out," he replied.

"Let me go!" cried Dickie.

"Dickie," asked Frank, "would you have the boy's life on your head?"

"His life!" exclaimed Dickie. "His life! Good God, Frank, what do you mean? Can you suspect that Captain Sotheran——"

"And uncle," put in Frank.

"And uncle, then—would murder?"

"Would treat the boy with great cruelty," answered Frank.

"Are you crazy?" Dickie almost shouted.

"I would I were," answered Frank, so soberly that Dickie sobered too.

"Frank," he asked astonished, "you really believe it?"

"I really believe it," responded Frank; "every word."

"What has come over you?" cried Dickie. "Do you realise what the boy has said? That any one would plot against your life—why, 'tis preposterous! Uncle least of all."

"Uncle first of all," answered Frank.

"And Captain Sotheran?" cried Dickie.

"Captain Sotheran next," was the reply.

"What can they have against you?" demanded Dickie, utterly amazed, yet beginning to perceive his brother's earnestness.

"Everything in the world," answered Frank.

"Are you speaking the truth?" asked Dickie. "Do you believe what you say?"

"Look me in the face," said Frank, "and judge for yourself."

Dickie, groping as in a fog, his head whirling with the shock of Frank's assertion, looked at his brother. Frank took his arm and drew him closer; he put his hands on Dickie's shoulders and held him. He felt the frame of the young man rising and falling quickly with his astonished breath, and he met in Dickie's eyes the demand for truth.

For the second time in his life Frank felt that a crisis turned upon that which is so great, and yet so undefinable, part of a man—the glance of his eye. As Aneeb once, so Dickie now, searched his face for motives, and Frank, meeting the scrutiny fearlessly, challenged suspicion. He looked, and was not afraid; all that was in him passed from his heart to his brain, and his eyes became windows for Dickie to see. Was there craft, jealousy, malice, small suspicion?

"You believe it!" breathed Dickie at last.

"I believe it!" repeated Frank, releasing him. "Go now to uncle, look at him as you have looked at me, and see if he will meet you. Go to Captain Sotheran, look him in the face, and ask yourself if you can trust him."

"It is so new!" gasped Dickie.

"Not new," replied Frank, "if you would but have listened to me."

"I must think," answered Dickie.

Frank left him to himself. Sitting there in the great chair, staring at the picture of his grandfather, yet seeing nothing; what did Dickie think? He had too long been cheerful and careless, too long trusting. Here was at last an accusation. What was he to do?

CHAPTER IX

THE BOY AND THE MAN

The new strain of exercising thought, the effort to awaken his mind, bore upon Dickie hard. Merely to suspect was foreign to him, but here was a suspicion, well founded, that struck at the very root of his trust in human goodness.

Dickie had never thought. It was not in him to seek trouble; his delight in activity was physical, not mental. Rough weather was a joy, but a problem was a hardship; and unless a thing were manifestly untrue, he accepted it. Mr. Ellery's careful consideration of Dickie's inborn prejudices had been successful thus far; Dickie had never yet suspected his uncle's motives, or his real nature.

But now Dickie had flashes of insight that almost blinded him. Ann distrusted his uncle, and she was a loyal servant. Humphreys had disliked Mr. Ellery, and he was devoted to the family. Doctor Warren, the most honourable man in the town, would not enter the house after Frank's disappearance, nor take Mr. Ellery by the hand. Was this uncle, so long admired, a—Dickie faltered before the word—a villain?

A surge of anger flushed Dickie's brow. If he had been deceived, then—! The great fists clenched, the chest heaved, and his teeth set hard. If Mr. Ellery were false, he should pay!

Then began for Dickie the worst days of his life.

The question which reached back into his past, and had the most important bearing on his future, was not to be decided in an hour. There was no evidence; there were no visible facts, and to shield Roger he must ask no questions. There was only character against character, worth against worth. He could not see his way at once; but the end of the first day left Dickie weary and haggard.

He became to the outward eye a different boy. Boy he was still, yet the strange new glances of his eye were frequently of a man. The deep sadness of promised disappointment spoke in his look, to be followed by burning anger, repressed in turn by a calmness of resolution that was like his brother's. Then the boy would return; uncertainty faltered on his face, and appeal trembled pathetically on his lip.

He had his times of revulsion, when all suspicion fell away from him. He diced and drank, drilled, and danced with an enthusiasm that carried him beyond himself. But question after question would insistently come; and the first sight of his wizened uncle, sharp and sneering, would bring his moodiness again, and cast him down.

In his mind, as he pondered and doubted, Frank was always offset against his uncle. Dickie measured his brother, scanned him, and tested him. He found but one flaw, and that was one of his uncle's showing, while Frank's excuse was fair. Frank was fair in everything. Here was a case in which sheer character, expressed by no heroism, no dash or brilliant daring, was slowly forcing its acceptance by its simplest manifestations. Frank's eye was deep, his voice was clear, his every action plain. That was all; but was it not enough? Dickie struggled with the question.

The second and the third day passed, the fourth dragged along. Frank, rising each morning to scan the heights of Dorchester in vain, to wait a letter from Doctor Warren, and to watch the signs in Dickie's face, grew weary of the life. Must he wait, after all, the doctor's permisison to go? His brother still clung to his uncle. Frank was planning to help Knox from the town. Why not go, too? If but the word from Doctor Warren would come!

Yet Dickie, for all that Frank was losing hope of him, was slowly changing, and from his old routine saw things with newly questioning eyes. It is only a mind essentially simple that would go so deep into consequences as Dickie did. One skilled in euphemisms could gloss the fault; one quick in resources could discard one fundamental and retain the rest; and one afraid of the charge of inconsistency would dread to change. But Dickie's mind was fatally direct; the structure of his beliefs rested upon a single prop—his uncle—and when that failed the whole was doomed. Contemplating Mr. Ellery's falsity, imagining a proof, Dickie saw stage after stage of his beliefs equally vain.

And as Dickie examined his uncle, so also he scanned his own familiar and accepted way of life. He saw his comrades and their deeds, he questioned the worth of their opinions and their words. Boasts had lost their effect on him, the new proclamation of the governor drew a sneer to his lips. The "rebels affected to hold the royal army besieged"? Affected most effectually, then. Where was the "elbow-room" Burgoyne had promised? What of the fresh provision Gage had negligently lost? And the governor's promise to the Whigs when they gave up their arms—what had that been, and was it really broken? He flushed with indignation

when, at the coffee-house that last evening, he forced the truth from Anthony.

"And that is the way the king will make his subjects loyal—by appointing governors who break their promises!" he cried. "Has this been done before? Was this why Hutchinson was so hated? And Bernard? Now I remember," he added suddenly, "the Hutchinson letters. Did he——"

"Softly, softly," warned an older associate, flushing a little.

"Was Hutchinson," insisted Dickie, "really telling the Whigs one thing and the king another?"

"Be silent!" rebuked his elder. "Who are you to question of your betters?"

Dickie crowded down his wrath. Who was he? he muttered to himself. Who were the Whigs, then? What right had any subject to expect a pledge to be kept? Was he—good God!—was he to fight for promise breakers?

He glared so angrily from his seat that the others looked anxiously at him. "What ails the boy?" asked General Ruggles testily from his table. "Don't interrupt the game."

But Sotheran, lazily dealing cards to another group, spoke so loud that the room heard. "These volunteers, egad! prize themselves equal with us."

General Ruggles, who was but the leader of the volunteers, himself bit his lip at this. Dickie started up with such a look that Anthony caught his arm.

"Say nothing," he begged.

But Dickie shook him off and strode to Sotheran. The sullen anger that had driven him for three days had broken out. The sting of honour betrayed, the spur of contempt, made Dickie heedless. He stopped at Sotheran's side and looked into his face.

"So," he demanded, "no one is to ask questions?"

Sotheran stared back at him haughtily. "Not you, at any rate," he responded.

"You mean no provincial?" said Dickie.

"What rights have you?" sneered the other.

"And promises are to be broken?" insisted Dickie.

"Too strong—too strong!" protested older men at his back.

"Sit down, boy," answered Sotheran contemptuously; and took up his cards.

"Captain Sotheran," cried Dickie, "will you look me in the face?"

Harriman and Tudor, starting up, would have interfered. But the captain's eyes and Dickie's had met, and none might come between.

What sort of a man was this, thought Dickie, that met his glance so boldly? The stern, cold eye was no window of a heart; it was a stone—expressionless and hard. Courage and scorn were written on its surface; insolence and pride sparkled there; but below—what? Where were honour and manliness, where consideration, and where honesty?

"Are you satisfied?" demanded Sotheran at length.

Dickie, trying to pierce with darting eyes below the surface of the other's character, had failed. None but Frank had succeeded in that, and seen human fear. But from his bending position Dickie rose.

"I am satisfied," he said.

"If you are not—" threatened the captain.

But Dickie had taken his seat again, troubled and deeply humbled. "Him," he thought, "to have compared with Frank!" The captain looked at him another moment fixedly; but Dickie's eyes were on the floor, and Sotheran turned away.

"He is but a boy," reminded Tudor anxiously. "He meant nothing."

"But let him be careful," warned Sotheran, and recommenced his deal. He saw with indifference, but the others with relief, that Dickie had risen and was leaving the room.

CHAPTER X

EVIDENCE

Dickie wandered out into the night. He went to the side of Beacon Hill, and, sitting there in the quiet, looked down on the town lights below. This was that night most momentous in the history of Boston, and of America. Miles away, out of Cambridge, a detachment of men was marching. It was ununiformed and rough; there was slight military order; the arms of the men were various—in many cases old. Yet their deed of the morrow was to shake the world. Dickie sat, pondering his own recent experience, nor dreamed that the marching regiments were to change his future.

He had just begun truly to compare and to weigh—Sotheran against Frank, the governor against the simple Whigs who had trusted him, and further off, yet soon to be considered, the king against the people. Honour was honour—how much had Sotheran? A promise was a promise—how many had the royal governors broken? And right was right—where did it lie, with the king or with the colonists? That from the accusation of a boy Dickie could proceed to such tremendous questions, astonished and almost stupefied him.

He could not think; he saw no way. Where should he turn? Like a cooling hand on his brow came the memory of a face, and he rose with relief. He would go to Alice.

He found her in her little parlour, alone with Harley.

The modest major had come—for the last time had come—to see his mistress. A shadow was on his brow, as upon Dickie's; perhaps he saw the fate that waited him. He had become bold, had asked Alice to sing, and in the sound of her beloved voice the burden on his breast seemed lighter.

Into the quiet scene came Dickie with his troubles. Within him manhood was wrestling with youth. He did not see the major, and walked directly to Alice.

"Alice," he asked without greeting, "which is right, the king or the colonists?"

Then he saw Harley, but did not flush. "You, too, sir; answer if you can."

But Alice said, "I cannot tell you, Dickie," and Harley, with the shadow coming down again upon him, asked:

"Have you, too, a doubt?"

"I too?" exclaimed Dickie. "Do you doubt as well? Can Englishmen doubt, without my cause for it?"

"There are many Englishmen who doubt," said Harley quietly.

"Good night!" cried Dickie, and abruptly went away. Here was new knowledge to draw him to Frank's side. But his uncle? How was he to learn the truth of him?

He went slowly toward his home. Knots of soldiers passed him in the ill-lighted streets; or quiet people, wishing to escape insults, slipped along from shadow to shadow. A group met him under a lamp; at the sight of him two of them—a man and a woman—quickened their pace and passed. The third stopped.

"I have been looking for you, Dickie." It was Frank's voice.

Dickie looked up. He was not ready, not quite ready, to give himself to Frank, and resisting all the impulses that drew him to his brother, feared to speak with him.

"I'm thinking," he said hastily. "To-morrow, Frank."

"Good-by, then," said Frank, and took his hand.

"Good night," answered Dickie, and went on.

The man and woman had halted to wait for Frank. "He did not understand," said the woman with sympathy, as Frank joined them.

"No, Mrs. Knox," he said. "He did not understand." They went onward together.

Dickie went home. It was late; the house was dark; and wishing not to rouse his uncle, if asleep, he opened and shut the door quietly. He went slowly up the stair, deep in thought. If he could but learn the truth from his uncle—in some way surprising it out of him! He saw a light in Frank's room, and a moving shadow. Who could that be? Not Frank. Dickie went to the open door.

There was his surprise!

Mr. Ellery knelt at the fireplace. A candle stood on the floor; the man was looking among the ashes and drawing out torn scraps of paper. His shadow loomed behind, gigantic on the walls and ceiling, and in the light his sharp face was eager and delighted. He stopped to piece his find together hastily, grinned, and looked for more.

And Dickie, standing at the threshold, saw him and saw more. That was his uncle, so foully searching there. There died an ideal, blackened and disgraced; and there fell Dickie's beliefs. Truth became lies, honour became dishonour, loyalty turned to mere self-interest. Pierced to his heart, Dickie groaned aloud.

Mr. Ellery screamed, and sprang up. "Who is that?"

"'Tis Dickie," replied the young man huskily.

"Oh," said his uncle, trying to smile. "You gave me such a start. You see, I——"

But he was trembling from head to foot. "No words!" interrupted Dickie. He stepped forward.

"I came—" persisted Mr. Ellery.

Dickie raised the candle and put it on the mantel. "No words!" he repeated sternly. His uncle, like Sotheran and Frank, should meet the final test. He took Mr. Ellery by the arm and drew him to the light.

"What do you want?" cried the uncle.

"Look me in the eye," commanded his nephew.

How miserably his uncle failed! That sight was impressed on Dickie forever—a haggard face, a trembling lip, a shifting, fearful, fishy eye. "Look at me!" commanded Dickie again; but the glance still fell before his.

"Oh, uncle!" Dickie cried, and released him. His voice, despondent with accusation and reproach, put Mr. Ellery beyond the hope of excuse. Still shaking, he stood silent, and his nephew took from his hand the bits of paper. Dickie lighted them at the candle and burnt them on the hearth. Then, with his face working from a hundred new emotions, he turned away.

"I must find Frank at once!" he cried, and ran from the room and from the house.

Where was Frank? No one could tell him. He met Whigs on the street; not one had seen his brother. He went to Nick's; the barber had not spoken with Mr. Frank for some hours—not since, in fact, he had delivered him a note. Dickie chanced on Pete, but the ropemaker knew nothing of Mr. Frank. Then, as a last hope, Dickie went to Alice.

Harley was gone. Alice had in truth not seen Frank, but Ann had brought her, only a few minutes before, a note. She showed it to Dickie, with tears in her eyes. It was in Frank's hand.

"Good-by," was all it said.

"He is leaving the town!" cried Dickie aghast. But there might yet be chance to find him. He could ask Ann; and hurried home.

"I'll tell you in the morning," was all Ann would say. Against her iron obstinacy Dickie knew it was vain to strive.

With his hands holding his head, he threw himself into the great chair. Had Frank been there, Dickie would have followed him blindly. But left alone, with no one to whom to turn, habit still strong on him, he felt himself utterly confused.

Meanwhile, on the dark waters of the harbour, a boat floated in silence. Frank Ellery was seated in it. His long waiting, his useless watching, were finished. The sudden hope of Dickie, which for a while appeared and buoyed him, had died. For his inheritance he had ceased to care. He had lost Alice. And Gage's preparations for the taking of Dorchester—plain to the eye that knew the general's plan—it was impossible longer to watch in idleness. Almost this would have caused his departure: the surety that at last his countrymen must act, and seize the Heights in advance of the British.

But while he hesitated before the decision, Nick put into his hands a note from Doctor Warren.

"You have done what I wished," it said. "Come, but to be in time, be quick."

Nothing could keep him after that.

He had landed Knox and his wife at Winnissimet Ferry, and rowed out again upon the water. He paused to get his bearings, intending to go to Dorchester. Perhaps that very night the Americans would be there. He heard a distant cry, "All's well," from a sentinel of the fleet, and from ship to ship the signal was re-

peated. Waiting and gazing, before he gripped his oars again the tide and breeze had drifted him close to the Charlestown shore. Then from the hill above a little sound came down to him, and his heart leaped violently.

It was but a single sound, and faint against the breeze, yet he knew it for the blow of a pick upon a stone, softened by intervening earth.

"Instead of Dorchester," he cried to himself, "they have chosen Bunker's Hill!"

The sound came again, and set him right. "Breed's Hill, not Bunker's."

He urged the boat ashore.

CHAPTER XI

THE REBELS

It was coming! Francis Ellery, leaning on the rampart of the little fort, saw the last of the British troops landing on the shore below.

Beyond lay a wonderful panorama. That day, so perfect, was warm; high fleecy clouds lay along the horizon, and above was the blue. Below, the bay and river sparkled in the little breeze, the tall grass waved upon the slope, and the broad green sweep of the Charles River shore was not yet scorched by summer. Ships lay upon the water, and across the river channel was many-steepled Boston, as charming, with its gardens and its tree-tops peeping forth, as any peaceful town upon the earth.

But a sound was in the air, an intermittent roar, seeming to die at times, but rising abruptly into thunder. And from that lovely Boston, from the noble ships below, rose clouds of white and drifted on the breeze. From Copp's Hill, from the "Somerset," the "Falcon," the "Lively," the "Glasgow," and from floating batteries, cannon were playing upon Breed's Hill.

Below Frank on the hillside would rise suddenly clods and dirt, thrown violently upward by a ball. Other balls passed overhead with soft caressing whir, to fall far beyond. And sometimes one would strike in the dry dirt of the embankment, sending up a cloud of dust and a spurt of stones. But Frank was used to

this, it had gone on for hours now; he saw that the colonel was willing that he should expose himself, and standing in the shade of the apple-tree that had been built into the fort, he studied the situation.

The chance had been small that the little redoubt, built upon the most advanced hill of Charlestown peninsula, could stand a single attack. Those who had toiled through the night to make it, unsupported and unrefreshed, were to be its defenders. Frank looked upon them: Prescott the commander; Robinson his aid—he who had marched at the head of the militia at Concord—the men, toilworn, thirsty, and hungry: all these had spirit for the fight. But posted in the middle of the broad peninsula, the narrow neck behind swept by a cannon fire that none but the bravest dared to pass, with Charlestown a poor defence on the one side, and with the auxiliary breastwork reaching but a few rods toward the water on the other, the redoubt could be easily surrounded.

Howe, when he landed, could have taken the fort at a blow. He had chosen to send for reënforcements. While below on the beach the troops lay at ease, and ate their lunch and drank their grog in the sight of their hungry and thirsty challengers above, Colonel Prescott considered his weakness and determined to remedy it. He ordered Knowlton of Connecticut with his men, some two hundred in all, to "go and oppose" the regulars on their advance, and on that duty the tiny force cheerfully marched out into the field.

Endeavouring to fill the gap between the breastwork and the Mystic, they took their stand a furlong to the rear, where a wall, of stone below and rails above, gave a slight cover. If they could hold it, the rear of the redoubt was safe, and to give their defence the appearance of strength they took up bodily another fence, and

laying it against their own, thrust in between the rails hay that lay fresh mown, and twisted grass in and out. Their line was too short; it extended neither to the breastwork on the one hand nor the water on the other. Stone to the knees, then rails and hay, was the only protection against bullets; yet the farmers of Connecticut waited calmly, prepared to defend that line against veteran regiments.

Frank, looking back upon this frail defence, smiled proudly and then sighed. The British boats were returning now, the tantalising lunch below was ended, yet still in the redoubt were the blazing sun, and thirst, and hunger. Still across the slopes of Bunker's Hill, whose summit was a target for the British cannon, straggled forward a few volunteers. One man on a foaming horse rode back and forth among them, pointed to the hill-top and the piled intrenching tools, and seemed to implore them to go there with him. Yet balls were thickly falling there; the men had come to fight, not to dig; and Israel Putnam, knowing that a fort upon Bunker's would make the redoubt on Breed's secure, yielding with curses—afterward repentantly acknowledged in church—sent all comers to the rail-fence, and still rode back and forward furiously, urging new men across the isthmus, next begging them to stay with him and dig, then giving them up as before.

At last the British reënforcements were landed and the troops in line. The hour was coming; now in the redoubt the officers were beginning to repeat the order: "Hold your fire!" Down by the beach the muskets were lengthened by gleaming bayonets, and above in the fort the yeoman looked to their flints. The troops were manœuvering into position; the field-pieces were dragged forward, and all was ready for the battle.

Frank cast one last troubled look at the thin, short line of men who were to defend their rear.

His heart leaped and his eyes flashed. Upon the side of Bunker's Hill, in perfect order and with steady step, was marching toward the fence a solid body of men. He did not need to be told their value; that they were there was enough, that they marched so firmly was enough, and yet the heart of the frontiersman responded as he heard Prescott's words:

"There is Stark with the New Hampshire men!"

Stark and his men! Hunters and Indian fighters! The rear was secure. He gave one final look of joy.

And then his heart, exultant, sank. What figure was that, hastening to the redoubt, sped on by Putnam's pointing sword? The idol of his boyhood, the guide of his youth, the friend of his manhood: Warren it was, coming to that post of danger—Warren, not needed there, too precious for such risk!

Yet they cheered him as he entered. Frank saw Prescott hasten to clasp his hand, he saw the offered sword and its refusal. Warren seized a gun. "Where shall I stand?" he seemed to ask, and then in a moment he was at Frank's side. He grasped the young man's hand, at the same time that Prescott, anxious at such a charge, spoke in Frank's ear.

"Take care of him," he said, and went to encourage his men.

Thus the cool soldier, recognising the quiet courage of the young man, set him in restraint upon the ardour of Warren, as a guard against too rash exposure. Frank, with such a precious life in charge, in the ensuing hour fought with double caution.

CHAPTER XII

CHARLESTOWN BATTLE

And now, how to describe that hour? How to show, in words, the beauty of that summer scene, rent by man's most fearful engines? How to contrast the splendour of the British array with the bearing of the men of the land? And how to indicate the thousand deeds of courage when Englishmen met Englishmen?

Armed with the bayonet, covered by their cannon, the British marched against two points—the redoubt and the rail-fence. Pigott led the detachment up the hill, Howe that which went along the water. In bright attire and perfect order, yet under that hot sun carrying the weight of six score pounds—in gun and cartridges, blankets, haversack, and three days' rations—the British faced the long and slippery grass, the fields cut up with fences, and the fortified foe. And never before drawn up for such a fight, ploughman and woodsman waited. The fire from the shipping slacked, and though the "Glasgow" continued to sweep the Neck, and the field-pieces began to bellow, in intervals of quiet the waiting Americans could hear the tramp of the soldiery and the tap of scattered drums.

Then the two solid columns deployed. As on parade they spread out, presented a broad front, and came marching on in pride—fatal mistake which gave to marksmen such a target. Each American picked his man and on him fixed his eye; some, too eager, fired as

at distant deer; and in the British ranks the first men toppled and fell. But Robinson, leaping to the parapet of the redoubt, kicked up the guns; and at the rail-fence, roaring with fury, Putnam threatened to cut down the next that disobeyed.

And maxims, now historic, leaped into life and passed from lip to lip. "Aim at the handsome coats! Fire at the crossing of the belts! Wait till you see the whites of their eyes!" For the officers were the finest dressed; upon the scarlet breasts two white bands crossed; and the distinct sight of their opponents' eyes meant short and deadly distance. And now, within the American lines, was silence and restraint.

But at last the regulars began to fire. By companies, with loud and sullen discharge, they answered the first scattering shot of their enemies, and firing, advanced. The breeze drifted the smoke away, steadily they came on, throwing down a fence, stepping over a wall, pausing to load, and then presenting for another volley. But of the line of waiting heads that crowded the redoubt scarcely one was hit, and Frank, turning to Warren at his side, pointed to the apple-tree above them. Its twigs were falling.

"They fire too high," he said.

"Wait for the word!" came the strong voice of Prescott. Bending, he looked with knitted brows at the advancing line, swung his sword, walked, and paused again to look. And at the fence Putnam, with reddening face, watched the approach of enemies once friends, and counted the rods that intervened. But still the troops came on, while from the ships below, and the town across the water, thousands of spectators watched the first act of the terrific drama.

For another minute lasted the impressive sight. The sloping fields were green and pure, and little birds,

springing up amid the grain, flew away. The sun still shone, the sky still smiled, the water still reflected the beauty of a world where death had scarcely come. The brilliance of the marching troops was a sight for ladies' eyes—yet the low grim earthworks and the fence of rails, the dusty countrymen with their dull-barrelled guns, made a threat which none might disregard. Waiting they stood, while steadily lessened the distance between them and their foe, till the very numbers on regimental badges were clear, and the whites of eyes were visible.

And then the outburst came. Sighting along their pointing barrels, each muzzle moving slightly, following its mark, the Americans had been patient. Their eagle commander at the redoubt had measured every yard; down at the fence the troops had reached the stake which Stark had planted as a mark; the time had come, the word was given. "Fire!" And the volley sped.

And no word can describe, or pen indite, the swift succeeding minutes. Torn, shattered by hurtling bullets, while still as moments passed the volley was renewed, and in the smoke each shadowy form was marked and doomed, how could those troops, though veterans of Minden, bear for a single minute that frightful carnage? Yet they did bear it; and other ranks came forward still. At the hill many struggled onward, to fall upon the rampart's very slope, and without officers stood fast. And at the fence, where New Hampshire and Connecticut proved themselves no less than Massachusetts, still while they might maintained themselves the grenadiers. Yet it was vain; no human force could take those slender walls. The word was given to retreat, and the baffled troops withdrew.

There, on the slope by the redoubt, at dawn had

waved the bending grass. Now it was beaten as by hail. Pure crimson spots, like poppies amid grain, dotted the grass, but that was blood, and a strange harvest lay there thickly. A windrow of bodies marked the line where the first fire met the troops, and scattered farther on lay other forms. Bright in their scarlet, gay with golden lace, officers lay with white faces; while round them were their men, in vain having emulated their leaders. Writhing some, but some already still, the best of Pigott's force lay upon the slope. And by the shore, where yesterday had passed reapers, where the whetting of scythes had made music, to-day another reaper had passed, the sweep of whose blade drew groans.

Almost unscathed the defenders stood, but shocking was the slaughter of the troops. The dead were close together on the hill, but by the shore they lay "thick as sheep in a fold." Where the light infantry had skirted the beach, and where at their side had marched the grenadiers—the flower of the army—the scene of death was frightful. "Served up" one by one against the fire of men whose aim was sure and whose re-loading rapid, whole ranks had gone down together, and those who retired bore many wounds.

And yet those troops reformed. Blind courage, headstrong anger, demanded vengeance, and Howe and Pigott prepared a new assault. In the breathing space wounds were bound, and there began again the cannonade from the ships and Boston. Putnam, again on horseback hurrying to the rear, found still the hesitant militia on the wrong side of the isthmus. Though he rode up and down amid the balls, daring the men to cross, it was in vain. The dust spurted beneath his horse's belly; few cared to run the risk, and though some came, the great majority hung back. Scamman's regiment remained a mile away, and the colonel sent a

messenger to know if he were wanted. Gerrish's cannon stayed at Cobble Hill, and stuttered feebly at the ships. That invaluable force was wasted, and Putnam, hearing behind him the second ominous ceasing of the cannonade, once more hastened to the fence.

And now one other sight was added to the panorama. Boston breathless watching was not enough; the harbour and the river, the ships and the cloudless sky, and the bloody focus of all eyes, were not sufficient for that day. Fired by red hot shot, the conflagration increased by sailors from the ships, Charlestown was in a blaze. Flames were leaping from many roofs; the church was afire; and from house to house the breeze was spreading havoc. While once more the troops began their journey, the spectacle of a burning town, with clouds of smoke and sheets of flame, gave grandeur to the scene.

And this time the Americans, their lesson learned, waited. No shot sped now from them. But the British, not yet perceiving that an extended front, comparatively safe against a fire such as their own, did but invite destruction at the hands of marksmen, came on as before. With measured pace, volleying at intervals, the men stepping over bodies as over logs, again the two divisions marched against the redoubt and the fence, while at the ships and on the farther shore spectators watched and dreaded the second welcome. Nearer than before the columns went, but no other volley than theirs was fired, and no sound came except, against the wind, the crackle of the fire in Charlestown. The flame swept up the spire, and waved from its top destruction's smoky flag, until as the soldiers gripped their guns for the charge the word again was given to the farmers. Then leaped the short flames from the guns; the crash was like the noise of falling walls, and one great cloud enveloped fort and fence.

Crumbling, the battalions once more withstood the fire. Again, in the spurting smoke, they thrust on, and were seen and shot. Vain it was to fall on the face of the redoubt; vain to clutch the stones that based the fence. With futile cries the officers pressed forward, with heroism superb but unavailing Howe himself stood alone in front of his men and called them on. They had melted away; they were swept back blinded, and in the first panic of that day some few soldiers sought their boats.

All praise, therefore, that they would form again. No discredit that officers protested, for their men's sake, against a third attack. The stubborn Howe gave new orders, his subordinates hastened to fulfil them, and the shattered regiments once more stepped into rank. A few marines came fresh to the fight, Clinton with burning zeal leaped into a boat and crossed: these were the British reënforcements, not to be despised. Yet though Putnam a second time beat up for help and found it not, they were to all effects the same adversaries that for a third time confronted each other—with one most fatal difference.

The Americans in the redoubt were short of powder. As they beheld their foe once more advancing, they turned to their commander and asked for what he did not have. A few artillery cartridges were opened and their contents given out, and the men loaded for the last time. Prescott saw the finish of the day at hand. Howe had learned his lesson. Not now in line, but in close column the regulars were coming on. Blankets and haversacks had been laid aside, so that lightened of their burden the men might move more quickly. The larger body of the troops was sent at the redoubt, and the British artillerists, being told they must, were dragging their

pieces to a point whence they could sweep the breastwork. Truly the end was near.

So much in vain! A night of toil, the moral conquest over inexperience that had twice repulsed the regulars, the confidence gained that still would win the victory: all were lost for the lack of powder. Away upon the mainland still dallied Scammans and Gerrish; and Ward at Cambridge, implored a score of times, at last had despatched fresh regiments—too late. The commander looked long for reënforcements, but there were none in sight. He turned to the British, and saw that in silence now, without a shot, they were making their advance. Off to the left the British cannon opened, and the defenders of the breastwork, their position hopeless, came crowding into the redoubt. Another look at the approaching bayonets—there were scarce a dozen for defence—and Prescott gave the reluctant word:

"Fall back, and use your last powder as they reach the parapet."

So, forced not by their enemies, the Americans deserted the rampart which they had held all day, and with their backs against the farther wall waited the final struggle. Yet none can blame them for the day so nobly lost; or grudge, indeed, the victors a field so dearly won.

The front rank of the regulars mounted the wall, to be swept away by a fire deadly as ever—worse, indeed, like the death sting of the rattlesnake. There fell the noblest of the British: Pitcairn, whose command at Lexington had begun the war; and Abercrombie, friend of Putnam. Then, as the ramparts bristled with fresh bayonets, a few last muskets spoke, and stones were thrown—the final missiles. Like the surge of a wave the soldiers topped the parapet and flowed into the redoubt, to take their vengeance.

There took place, for a few short moments, the

grapple of the day. Some were loath to flee, and stood to fight; and some, penned in, must strike. As across the little square the regulars charged, a few champions stood out to meet them, giving their lives to save those of their friends. For an instant the advancing line was checked before the steel thrust home, and in that minute the remainder of the defenders began their retreat.

And that retreat should be celebrated, no less than that defence. Leaving the redoubt at Prescott's word, but ever angrily turning for a blow; unarmed with bayonets, yet finding that a musket-butt is harder than a skull: the farmers, though they fell thickly, still dealt death. The dust of the dry earth rose up to shield them; the soldiers who rushed around the redoubt to hem them in were a protection, since the British dared not fire. Mingled for one furious minute, stabbing and striking indiscriminately, the Americans burst their way to the open field, and brandishing their broken guns defied pursuit.

And then most nobly showed the rear-guard at the fence. A third time shattering the attacking force, they saw above them on the hill the British triumph. Yet still they stood, and with their last ammunition held back the companies that would have pushed in to flank the retreating men of Massachusetts. Then as the defenders of the redoubt drew away from their pursuers, slowly the men at the rail-fence gave ground. They retreated with their face to the foe, and the soldiers paused before that formidable challenge. Like veterans they surlily retired, and by their aspect turned the flight to a most orderly retreat.

There Pomeroy, threatening with his useless musket —that gun which had, that day, served the old man of seventy better than the one which in his youth always gave him two deer to three shots—walked backward

unwillingly. Stark withdrew proudly, and McClary with his giant voice dared the British to pursue. Knowlton left the field which he had been the first to enter, and thus Connecticut and New Hampshire, side by side, bore away their laurels from the foot of Bunker's Hill.

And Putnam, raging, implored his men for one more stand. Still clinging to the hope that would save the day, he pointed to the top of Bunker's Hill and demanded a final rally. Yet there was no true hope when powder horns were almost empty, and bullets spent. After them all he went at the end, the last man on the ground.

The cannon from the shipping was thundering now, and sending death amid the scattering Americans. The slopes of Bunker's Hill grew red at last, the causeway at the Neck was more thickly strewn with bodies. The soldiers, following as well as they might for the fatigue, reaped the sparse harvest of their victory. A few more of the militia fell and died, many carried away wounds, but in half an hour after the storming of the redoubt the last of the Americans had left the peninsula, and sought shelter on the mainland with the regiments which still seemed to threaten the British.

And the sun began to decline toward that evening when both sides were to count their loss with anxiety. The fire of the shipping ceased; doctor and surgeon commenced to perform their duties on the bloody field, reënforcements were demanded from Boston, and many-times-decimated companies were sent back to rest. The smoke had cleared away, save where from smouldering Charlestown it rose among the ashes; and above still were fleecy clouds and smiling skies. The distant hills were just as beautiful, the town across the river channel just as lovely, as at the innocent dawn.

But death had not ceased his work, for everywhere

upon the sod the wounded were dying. More distant still, in hearts untouched by bullet or by steel, was bitter anguish. And the real fruits of that day were yet to be gathered, as they hung to overshadow the coming years of war, to oppress with their terrible weight the victors of the battle, and to hearten with their stern results the vanquished. For Britain might study to her cost, and America with pride, what countrymen could do, and through the gloom of that defeat gleamed ultimate success.

Yet to thousands of patriot hearts that was defeat, most real, most terrible; and failure of their cause seemed for the moment sure. Not for himself did Frank Ellery mourn, no, not for himself, though, with bound arms and bloody forehead, he was a prisoner. He stood with despair beside the body of Warren, the friend whom he had tried in vain to save.

Looking toward
Roxbury from Beacon Hill
from an old-time color sketch

Book Five

PLOT & COUNTERPLOT

Chapter One

Brothers

IN a strange turmoil was Boston on that sunny morning. Waked from their beds at dawn by the sound of cannon, man, woman, and child; Whig, Tory, or redcoat; all started up from their beds, staring, listening, and questioning: "What is that?" The firing ceased; perhaps it was but a salute. Then it began again, not for hours to slacken, and soon the whole town was on the streets.

As the day of alarm wore slowly to its climax, every vantage point became crowded with spectators. Only troops under arms, with people engaged in necessary duties, remained in the streets; while the shore and the wharves, the housetops and the hillsides, even the steeples were packed with observers. Hearts beat fast as the troops crossed the water, and the long waiting for reënforcements bore hard on nerves while slowly, a mile away in Charlestown, the ranks of the rebels were seen to be filling up, and the deadly rail-fence was

arrayed. And then, as the troops stood in line for the attack, the prophecies of Tories were loud and confident, but pale Whigs watched in silence.

But none, of all that sneered and feared and hoped and prayed, mixed such strange emotions as Dickie Ellery. He had dressed in his uniform and left the house; he had met Oliver who told him something about the parade ground; Dickie had not heard clearly. He shook his head and hurried on; he must see the redoubt. He watched from the wharves the strange sight of men digging busily amid flying balls, and fancied that he could descry Frank's own figure—but that was impossible. Then he learned that there was to be an attack, and knowing that he could see best from Beacon Hill, he hastened there. On the way he passed the cottage, saw Alice's anxious face at the window, and took her with him.

Beneath his shiny trappings, as he watched the marching troops, his heart beat now so fast that he panted, now so slowly that he could scarcely breathe at all. The soldiers in their advance began to fire; he saw the sun upon the level barrels, the clouds of smoke, and heard the short discharges. One by one the companies volleyed, cloud after cloud of smoke lifted and blew away; steadily the troops advanced, and less by rods and yards grew the space between the forces. And Dickie, as the fateful moment neared, felt within himself a whirl of feelings.

What did he think? What was the strange admiration that looked out of his eyes, not upon the British troops, but upon the dingy rebels! And what new emotion was this as the space grew shorter and shorter between the soldiers and the farmers? He heard one near him cry aloud in triumph: "The Yankees have fled already!" and he strained his eyes at the silent

redoubt. Had then the rebels slipped away in fear? No, he saw heads above the parapet. Why should that give him joy?

And then he saw that awful sheet of flame. The curling smoke rolled forth and hid the foremost soldiers. Tiny lightnings darted in the cloud; but the cloud remained, and Dickie could not see beneath it. It was all silent, till there came the crash of that terrific fire. Then burst on burst of sound, tempered by distance yet most dreadful, beat upon the ear. Onward into the smoke pressed the succeeding companies; the top of the hill had disappeared, the fence was enfolded and lost. What was happening; who had won? Then shattered, reeling back, out of the smoke came the disordered troops.

"Thank God!" cried Dickie, and he knew his heart.

He knew, and in that moment sprang into his manhood. The quiet of his father, which Frank had in so great degree, entered and controlled him; he stood and watched, the calmest on the hill. In the succeeding hour men around him cursed, or raved, or hid grim joy for safety's sake. And women, as a town watched a battle, groaned, or wept, or fainted. But Dickie, expressionless but for the fire that gleamed in his eye, and the movement in his cheek of the muscles of his jaw, stood like a rock, protected Alice from the crush, and said no further word.

Alice watched with less emotion than Dickie the winning of the field. She was a woman; her agony was personal; in her thoughts her brother and lover only were concerned, and there was still the glimmer of hope. But Dickie in his new patriotism took at once a man's larger view. If Frank were dead, then he died nobly and died blessed. But his country, a new mistress now first loved, could not have seemed fairer or more dear

than now, when Dickie beheld her dying. A vision rose up, of a land oppressed and cursed.

Silently they went together down the hill, among a silent crowd. Men carried fainting women; or themselves scarcely able to walk, tottered to the shore to meet the boats that already were in motion. No loud-voiced Tory boasted now, nor triumphed in the victory; the sight of the thousand bodies scattered in the fields of Charlestown put a seal on vainglory. And keeping close together, as two who in that crowd sympathised with each other's deepest feelings, Dickie and Alice waited the arrival of the wounded and the dead.

A mourning procession met them. Before it reached them they saw people standing aside for the foremost coach, and hats removed with reverence. The driver curbed his horses with strong hand, so that they seemed to prance gayly before the stylish vehicle. But an arm hung limply from a window, and above it they saw the pallid face of Major Harley.

He was looking among the crowd, seeming too listless to hold his head erect, yet with a different energy scanning each face as searching for a friend. The look of sickness vanished, colour came to the lips, and his eyes sparkled as he saw Alice. He raised his arm: "Stop!" he cried with some strength.

"Stop!" repeated Dickie. The driver brought his horses to a halt.

Alice pressed quickly to the coach's side, and took Harley's hand. It was cold as a stone. His eyes, as she looked into them, were languid again, and the blood was ebbing in his cheeks.

"You are hurt!" she cried. "Let Dickie get in with you and support you."

But Dickie, looking over her head, saw huddled forms within the carriage. "There are others there, Alice," he said quickly.

"There are three here," said Harley gently. "All dead, as I shall be soon."

"No!" she cried.

"I am twice shot through the body," he answered. "Let me look at you a moment, then we will drive on."

He was considerate of her, even then. Her eyes filled with tears as she saw death looking out of his, and she knew her words vain as she said: "You shall be saved!"

He moved his head in dissent. "Better die now," he said, "rather than live to see more of this war of brothers. Would I had resigned my commission, as I desired! No Englishman can gain honour from this. Ellery, there is your answer."

"I hear," answered Dickie humbly, and stepped back.

The crowd, out of respect, had stood away. Harley, alone with Alice, looked at her with the feeling he had never dared express.

"You know I have loved you?" he asked.

"God bless you for it!" she responded brokenly.

"You bless me for it?" he said surprised. "Then—" He had raised himself a little in his gratitude, but felt the breaking of his strength within him. "Good-by!" he added quickly. He sank back, and his eyes closed.

"Major Harley!" cried Alice, terrified.

Dickie came forward and drew Alice from the coach.

"Drive on," he said to the driver.

The coach started onward, and the others that had been waiting followed. Alice leaned against Dickie, her eyes streaming with tears, but he regarded the procession with dry eyes. Not Harley's pathetic death, nor those sad coaches, were able to move Dickie. And yet the sight was one to rouse emotion.

"In the first carriage," says Clarke's narrative, "was Major Harley bleeding and dying, and three dead cap-

tains of the Fifty-second Regiment. The second contained four dead Officers." And others followed with their lifeless forms, till there came an open cart. From the cart blood dripped upon the cobbles, and a child, with a child's shriek, pointed at the blood and ran away.

A figure came pushing through the crowd, in the uniform of the Volunteer Association. It was Oliver, who made his way to Dickie when he saw him, and accosted him abruptly.

"Ellery," he said, "you were the only one who did not come. I told you we were ordered to parade and wait orders. Where were you?"

"I could not come," answered Dickie. But he flushed.

"General Ruggles is angry," said Oliver. "He spoke of punishment."

"I do not care," replied Dickie haughtily.

They were both under the strain of the day's excitement, and parted without ceremony. "Wait then!" warned Oliver as he went.

"Do what you please," answered Dickie, and turned his attention to Alice.

"Come," he said, urging her gently. "My house is near at hand. You shall go there, and I will get you news." They went on and neared the house, moving slowly through the crowd. "Let us cross here," said Dickie when they were nearly opposite the gate, with the alley leading to the old Ellery wharf at their backs. "Here comes something that may cut us off."

He saw bayonets glistening above the heads of the crowd; soldiers were coming. Alice was deeply moved, and greatly fatigued after standing without food all day upon the hill. They were not quick enough to cross the street. The crowd prevented, falling back before the soldiers. Dickie stopped at the curb, and looking over

the nearest heads saw that the soldiers were not many, but that there were men among them, in homespun, with bound arms.

"Prisoners!" he cried.

He and Alice looked at each other with a sudden question. Prisoners from Charlestown? Then Frank might be there. Dickie turned quickly and pushed to the front of the crowd, drawing Alice after him.

Among the marching group there was a clatter and the sound of a fall. "He's down again!" cried a voice. "Halt!" responded another. The whole small body, prisoners and escort, came to a stand opposite the alley, just in front of Dickie and Alice.

A prisoner had fallen; the people crowded to see his face as the soldiers raised him up. But Dickie stood a moment, looking. There were scarcely thirty prisoners in all, each with his arms tied behind his back; and for a guard there were about a dozen soldiers. Dickie's eye ran hastily over the group. "I do not see him," he whispered Alice. "Perhaps he is the one that has fallen." He turned to go, but Alice caught his arm.

A man stood so close to them that Dickie's look had passed him by. But Alice saw him first of all. The tall prisoner, with shoulders strongly squared, with powder-grime on his face and blood clotted on his forehead from a wound under his hair—she had seen that form and face before, looking just so, in the little hut in the woods, or standing over the body of the Panther.

Dickie turned and followed her look. "Frank!" he whispered.

So he was safe, but a prisoner. Saved, but for what death? They had heard it said that rebels taken in arms were to be hung. Frank looked at them not unmoved, yet smiling; but they returned his look with alarm, and questioned with their eyes. What could they do?

Dickie looked about him. The front line of the guards stood, resting on their muskets, staring sternly before them in the manner of soldiers who know they are impressing a crowd. Their backs were turned, and they would not see. The soldiers who marched at the side of the detachment had gone to help the fallen prisoner, and the rest of the guard were some yards away, with prisoners and crowd between them. Dickie felt hastily in his pockets.

"A knife!" he whispered eagerly.

He had none. And Alice gave a sigh for her scissors, left at home with her tatting. Then she found help. A bullet had pierced Frank's waistcoat, and torn it; the soldiers, when they first seized him, tore it more. Beneath the rent showed in his belt the hilt of a knife. Alice saw it and knew its Indian carving. Heavy, short and sharp, it was Benjy's knife, Frank's throwing knife, sure as a tomahawk, as he had explained to her once, and more deadly if sent between the ribs or at the throat. He had given it into her hand once; she had been ready to use it on herself. Now she reached out quickly and drew it from its sheath.

"Give it to me!" demanded Dickie, and took it from her. "Turn!" he said to Frank.

The chance was good. To gain the house was not possible, yet the wharf was near, and once in its shelter Frank knew himself safe. But the risk to Dickie was evident.

"No," he answered. "Think of yourself."

"Turn!" repeated Dickie fiercely. He seized Frank by the shoulders and turned him half about. Frank strained at the cord that held his arms, Dickie put the knife to it, and it sprang in two.

Frank shook his arms free, took the knife from Dickie, and turned quietly to slip among the crowd.

But a soldier heard the sound of the yielding cord, and quicker than his fellows, looked and saw Frank free. "That man is loose!" he shouted, and plunged forward, reckless of those who intervened. His comrades turned at once to his aid. The soldier had his hand outstretched to seize Frank when Dickie, stepping between, received him in his arms.

"Confound you!" cried Dickie loudly. "What are you doing?" He cast the fellow from him violently against the soldier who came next. "Run!" he hissed to his brother. Frank gave Alice one look of gratitude, and turned toward the passage to the wharf. But there were people in the way.

"Run!" repeated Dickie, and turned to block the other soldier.

All the suppressed passion of the day surged to Dickie's head. The two soldiers, disengaged from each other's embrace, started again, cursing, to seize Frank. Dickie tripped the first, and with a shove sent the other against a bystander. He seized a third by the collar. "What are you doing?" he demanded. "Have a care of the lady here!"

"Let me go!" cried the soldier, "don't you see that fellow's loose?"

Dickie saw that Frank had cleared himself from the crowd, and disappeared in the alley. He released the soldier. Guard and people rushed headlong after Frank. "Come quickly," whispered Dickie to Alice. "Frank will take to the water; he can swim, and under the wharves they cannot see to aim. They'll never get him; all boats are seized, or in use. Come before I'm seen."

But the soldier with damaged nose and cheek, whom Dickie had first thrown into his comrade's arms, and then tripped, pointed him out to the lieutenant of the guard.

"That man," he cried, "stopped me from seizing the prisoner."

"Your soldier," said Dickie to the officer readily, "was charging right upon this lady, sir."

The lieutenant regarded him sternly. "Some one told the prisoner to run. Was it not you? Stay—" He picked up the cord that had fallen from Frank's arms. "That is cut. Did you cut it, sir? I was at the coffee-house last night and observed your actions. Sir, I suspect you!"

"Report me to your superiors," answered Dickie haughtily. "They will know where to find me." He turned to Alice. "Come away," he said. As the soldiers began to return from their fruitless chase, he and Alice went away.

"A second count against me," he said when they had left the place behind.

"Oh, Dickie," she said, "will they not arrest you?"

He was elated by his act, and indifferent to the consequences. "I do not care," he said. "Let me take you home. I will go and find if your brother is safe. Here come more soldiers."

"'Tis George!" cried Alice joyously as the crowd opened. "George—and unhurt!"

Unhurt, yes, and unhurt were the men that marched with him. Harriman was behind him and five privates of their company; next came Sotheran and only three men. Behind were other little squads of officers and men. Three, five, or seven to a company, there marched the unmaimed remnants of the light infantry and grenadiers.

"Take me home now," said Alice when they had passed.

He left her at her door, and started for his own. He expected to wait at home until nightfall for Frank, but his brother was there before him.

CHAPTER II

CLASH OF SWORDS

As Dickie went up the stairs he met Ann coming down. In her arms was a bundle of wet clothes.

"Is Frank here already?" he cried. "How came he here unseen?"

"He is in his room," she replied.

Dickie hurried to Frank's chamber, and found him nearly dressed in a dry suit. "Frank!" he cried, entering.

"Dickie," responded his brother, meeting him gladly, "how can I thank you? But were you not seen?"

"What care I?" answered Dickie. He burst out with his news: "I am with you now—a Whig, a rebel!"

"What!" cried his brother.

He made no question of the statement—its truth shone forth. Frank saw in Dickie's face the evidences of his long mental struggle, and of his dreadful day. There were rings under his eyes, his cheeks were pale, and in this moment of reunion his lip trembled. Frank realised what, in secret, his brother had experienced; and between sympathy and joy, tears rushed to his eyes.

"Dickie," he cried, "I would have given my right hand for this!"

And Dickie, seeing the tears, knew what emotions underlay Frank's iron self-control. The two clasped hands. Standing so, looking into each other's eyes, no veil was between the brothers now, no separating chasm.

"Forever!" Dickie cried. "I am with you forever! In spite of this defeat—in spite of everything! I shall be arrested soon; I do not care." Tears came into his own eyes. "Oh, I am ashamed! So long blind! So long a fool! I deserve punishment. But to have been with you this day! And now, if I might but slip away from the town, and go to Doctor Warren——"

"Doctor Warren is dead," interrupted Frank.

"Dead!" cried Dickie. "Dead—how?" He started away from Frank in horror.

"Shot as I was urging him from the redoubt," answered Frank. "He fell in my arms, dead on the instant. The soldiers seized me as I laid him down. He came to the field with a headache," said Frank sadly, "and thus was it cured."

Dickie paced the room wringing his hands, and with sweat on his brow. "Oh, they shall pay! They shall pay!" he cried passionately.

"You shall go safe from the town," said Frank; "but not to him."

"How can I go?" returned Dickie. "I cannot swim, as you. All boats are seized."

"There is a way, and a boat," interrupted Frank; but Dickie did not heed.

"I must pay for my folly," he hurried on. "But some one shall pay as well—he who led me to volunteer, who has been conspiring against you."

"Whom do you mean?" cried Frank, as Dickie went to the door. "What think you to do?"

"Captain Sotheran," answered Dickie. "Let me but find him!"

"Remain, Dickie!" commanded Frank. "Dickie, I beg you!"

But Dickie was already out of the room and running down the stair. In another moment Frank heard the

clang of the front door. He snatched hastily at his shoes, to put them on and follow.

Dickie, fever-brained and full of vengeful purpose, pushed his way along the crowded streets. His sword was at his side; he put his hand on it with satisfaction, and scanned each face. Mistaken Dickie, thinking that he, unskilled, could with strength alone punish the man who led him into this coil! The one likely place to find his enemy was the British Coffee-House, and there he went. In its entry he met waiters jostling together, wild-eyed and nervous, giving each other, as they passed, scraps of news which they had caught from the officers.

"Is Captain Sotheran here?" demanded Dickie.

"In there, sir," was the answer; and Dickie, satisfied, entered the common room and stood unobserved by the door.

A little group was there, drinking and eating as they stood. The excitement of the day was in the room, as in every corner of the town; nerves yet strung kept most of the company on their feet, talking fluently or silent with a brooding stillness. Dickie noted the haggard looks of some, the excitability of others, and searched for his object. He saw Tudor and Ormsby and Harriman, with some of the volunteers, among them Anthony and Oliver. Only one man was seated, calmly eating—Captain Sotheran.

"Poor Harley!" Tudor was saying with a sigh.

"Ay," agreed Harriman. He set down his glass, to take it up again immediately. "But whom can you not call poor? 'Fore God, I am ashamed to stand here unwounded."

"Oh, Lord! Oh, God!" Ormsby ejaculated under his breath.

And the Tories stood about with gloomy faces, know-

ing that they could say nothing to lighten the troubles of their associates. But Dickie made his presence known.

"So the Yankees could fight?" he asked aloud.

The company turned, a sound coming from the breast of each—an instinctive snarl at the boast that was cast back at them. Perceiving Dickie, they paused in surprise.

He spoke again:

"And the four regiments, gentlemen, that were to march unmolested from Boston to the Hudson? Went you far to-day?"

They remembered Gage's boast, and the taunt stung. Officers and Tories flushed with anger. Harriman's hand flew to his sword-hilt, and he started forward.

"'Tis a poor jest," he cried. "Ellery, are you mad?"

"Dickie," protested Anthony, pushing in between, "what is wrong? Why were you not with us to-day?"

"Yes, where were you?" demanded Oliver and Wharton.

"He was afraid!" cried Ormsby loudly.

Dickie saw their red faces, and welcomed the coming struggle. He smiled at Ormsby.

"So you have learned, Lieutenant, that all provincials are cowards?"

It was too much. They made one general movement toward him, and Ormsby and Harriman half drew their swords. But none found words, so furious were they. And he puzzled them as he stood there—he who had been with them and for them, now suddenly jeering at their losses.

"Am I challenged?" asked Dickie joyously. "Is a mere colonial worthy of your swords?"

"Draw, Ellery!" cried Harriman and Ormsby together.

"I will choose my own adversary," he returned.

There was a moment of revulsion. Harriman and Ormsby both drew back, and pushed their swords into the sheaths. He seemed not angry; they thought his mind disturbed as he stood and strangely smiled. And they had liked him, young as he was, buoyant and amusing.

"I will choose," went on Dickie, "the man I most despise—the unworthiest of you and of his uniform."

His eyes began to burn, and his cheeks to flush. He put aside those in front of him, and with two strides was at Sotheran's table. Dickie leaned across it and looked at the captain, and in surprise the others listened for his words.

"Captain," said Dickie, "I saw dishonour in your eyes last night."

Sotheran was unmoved; he wiped his mouth and laid the napkin down.

"Truly?" he asked quietly.

But his own eyes began to flicker their cold light. Mr. Ellery had hastened to him with an incoherent tale of a discovery by Dickie. How much did the boy know?

"My uncle—" began Dickie.

"Your poor uncle!" drawled the captain. But he frowned; the boy's tongue was dangerous.

"Shall I tell these gentlemen," asked Dickie, "what I think of him and you? Or will you—" He made a threatening pause, so earnest that his youthful grandiloquence could not spoil it.

"Certainly," answered Sotheran. He rose and stepped around the table. "Ormsby, will you secure the door?"

Those two who loved Dickie—Anthony and Tudor—

started forward to intercept. But Sotheran stopped them with a gesture.

"Henry," cried Tudor in terror, "you will not let him anger you?"

"George," answered Sotheran, "no one shall dictate to me here." He turned and struck Dickie on the breast. "Draw, you cub!"

Anthony fell back; Tudor was stupefied; no one else moved to prevent. By the wretched code of honour, he who demanded bloodshed must be gratified. Even under other circumstances, the bystanders, though aware of the inequality of the combat, would scarcely have raised a second protest for humanity's sake. But the experiences of the day had dulled all senses to scenes of blood; the feelings of the evening were scarcely better than after Concord, and all were indifferent to individual fates. Morosely callous to such a quarrel, officers and Tories prepared to watch Dickie's sacrifice.

The two stood opposed—Dickie with his sword held awkwardly, Sotheran sure of himself. Dickie knew but the first few movements, learned in the officers' sword squad; he stood on guard. Sotheran smiled at him with irony.

"Will you begin?" he asked.

"Yes," cried Dickie, and raised his arm—too clumsily. Sotheran's wrist turned, his sword came instantly into line with Dickie's body, and his left arm prepared to balance a lunge. One second more! Tudor turned away.

The door burst open. A darting figure came between the combatants, and a sheathed blade struck up Sotheran's point. An outstretched hand caught Dickie's wrist, and thrust the lad back. "Dickie!" cried a ringing voice. "Aside! Give me your place! So!"—and

the blade came flashing out. "Now, Captain Sotheran, at your service!"

Frank Ellery, armed with his father's rapier, stood in his brother's place.

The company gasped at the suddenness of the interruption. Startled, they saw this Whig in their midst—the one who, of all in the town, most nearly represented in himself the opposing faction. Tudor cried out involuntarily with relief; but his cry was checked by alarm at what would happen next. Yet Sotheran dropped his point and stepped back.

"You come too late, sir," he said. "Your brother and I were engaged. I have the right to finish the combat." His eye sparkled and his teeth shone. "Leave your place, sir!" he directed.

But Frank did not move.

"And I protest!" interrupted Ormbsy. "Such a change is against all rule."

"Give me the place, Frank!" cried Dickie.

"Never!" answered his brother. He looked at Ormsby. "So, sir, you demand a murder; and you others, gentlemen, would permit it; but I will not." He turned to Sotheran, unyielding. "Captain, unless you allow me to take my brother's place, I will expose you now!"

"Yokel!" answered Sotheran. His cheek grew red. Thus cheaply was he to exchange his long-planned revenge, by the mere death of his rival? "Give place!" he cried again.

"I will ask you once more," answered Frank. "Will you fight me now!"

"Never!" cried Sotheran. "I claim my right."

"And I enforce mine," replied Frank. He held his sword ready against a sudden attack; his eye never left Sotheran's face. His voice became deeper; the listeners

felt the importance of his message as he began to speak again.

"Some years ago, gentlemen, Captain Sotheran, then but a lieutenant——"

"Damn you!" shouted Sotheran. In a moment his cheek had grown pale. "Here, then, rebel!"

"My thanks," answered Frank quietly. "Your choice is best—death before disgrace."

"You have chosen your own death," replied Sotheran. "Your brother follows you. Are you ready?"

"Ready."

They took position, and the swords engaged.

There was no need to ask Frank to begin. The man he despised was at the point of his sword; his first thrust was so fierce that Sotheran with difficulty swept death aside. And as the panting breaths of the two rose in the silence of the room, while the rasp of steel and the scuff of shoes made the only other sound, the lookers-on saw that the two were mated.

They were tall, and lean, and quick. Each had the great acquirement of the swordsman: body, arm, and wrist that with perfect mechanism obeyed the instinct of the brain. Instinct it was, not thought, for the movements were quick as sight; and the narrow parrying circles, the undeviating thrusts, executed their movements with least expenditure of space and time. Rapid recoveries, quick counter-thrusts, and instant ripostes, were numerous in the first minute. In that hot, short rally their blades seemed forked, so flashed they in and out; and death hovered above the combatants, ready to seize on either. And yet the main advantage was with Frank, for he was the assailant.

"If the fellow—" muttered Ormsby. "Ah!"

There was a cry, a clatter of a falling sword, and the spectators sprang forward. Frank, baulked, stood glaring angrily, and Sotheran supported himself against

a table. His sword was on the floor; his left foot, as he had moved to escape a lunge, was twisted at right-angles from its usual position. The ankle was dislocated.

"Pistols!" cried Frank, and stamped his foot. "The captain and I shall not separate so easily. Bring pistols here!"

But "I protest!" cried Ormsby; and "I protest!" cried Harriman. The latter stood forward boldly.

"He is in pain," he cried; and Sotheran's white lips bore out the statement. "He could not aim. I forbid further combat."

Frank ground his teeth. Over Harriman's shoulder he looked at Sotheran. "Captain," he said, "another time."

Sotheran made no answer.

"Come, Dickie," said Frank. He sheathed his sword.

"I arrest Dickie," cried Oliver, stepping forward.

Dickie took his sword in both hands, broke it, and threw the hilt and point at Oliver's feet.

"Here I am," he said.

* * * * * * *

On the momentous day night had at last descended. Its pitying shade covered the hill of battle, and the shore where the dead lay ungathered. It calmed the weary to sleep, it quieted excitement and fear, and for a little while it lulled even grief. Movement had ceased in the two hostile camps, and the town settled into a stupor of repose.

But not even darkness could dim the significance of the day. The camp of defeat was the home of confidence, where Prescott begged for but another regiment, promising to retake the field, and where Putnam was planning a new redoubt on the nearest hill. And the field of victory was a field of foreboding.

There, where groans rose constantly, and flickering lanterns passed to and fro, one man watched through the night. General Howe sat wrapped in his cloak. In spite of the wound in his foot, fatigue came over him, but he gave command that he should be kept awake. In his long vigil, while the groans of his dying soldiers fell on his ear, he lived the day again. In the slight fever of his wound again and again repeated themselves a dreadful series of visions.

Well it was for America that the fate of the war hung on Howe's experiences. As much as, after the first dismay of defeat, the battle of Charlestown encouraged the Yankees, so much it took heart from the man who was soon to become commander-in-chief in America. Howe's whole future was affected by the memory of that day. The shocking recollection never left him; it pressed like a load upon his mind, and rose, spectre-like, to daunt each project. Never again was he to send with confidence his men against entrenched Americans.

Yet the future for the other side was doubtful. Francis Ellery, standing at the library window in thought, looking out upon the dark night, without sleep as he had been for thirty-six hours, weary and disappointed, saw little to encourage him.

Ann came behind him and plucked his coat. "Sure," she hinted, "ye'll be going soon."

"And Dickie a prisoner?" he asked.

"Oh, go!" she cried. "Take the other boat and go, or I will lose you both. They may learn you were at the battle."

"No one recognised me," he returned.

"They may find you wrote to Doctor Warren."

"Dickie risked his life for me," he answered. "I shall stay and try to save him."

CHAPTER III

PRISON

Never again was there in beleaguered Boston the gay confidence that had existed before the seventeenth of June. Hesitation clouded the counsels of the generals, and memory brought doubt to those of lesser rank. Never again fell boasts easily from Tory lips, and forecasts were always made with a backward mental look upon Charlestown hillside and its dead. Now that new gravestones had arisen in Boston churchyards, and great gaps in the regiments had to be filled, while daily the wounded were dying in hospitals, there could no longer be ease and lightheartedness.

Alice, a silent looker-on, saw many things. She learned that Gage was completely checked: with his crippled army there was no further hope of taking Dorchester. She saw the sadness, the dismay, in every circle, where from the highest to the lowest all were counting their losses. The light of the town was snuffed out, and for many days all were in gloom.

The word from England did not lighten it. London's reception of the news of Concord fight was scarcely heartening. His majesty was determined, at whatever cost, to crush the rebellion. But a part of that cost had been counted out in Charlestown, and the new saying of the Yankees, whispered among the Whigs, gave an estimate of the remainder: "We will sell them an-

other hill at the same price." The same price! And a circle of hills surrounded the town!

But in England there were those who did not stand with the king. The citizens of London petitioned him to dismiss his ministers. Admiral Keppel, while ready to fight the Frenchman and Spaniard, preferred not to do duty in America. Lord Chatham was about to withdraw his son from military duty in Canada. Granville Sharpe, in the Ordnance Department, had refused to take part even in the routine despatch of military stores to America, and was expected soon to retire from the post. Lord Effingham, upon orders to sail with his regiment for America, had withdrawn from the army. At this last item Tudor winced.

"So good a soldier," he explained to Alice; "so young and promising! His career is ruined. The king is angry; no place will be opened to him in future."

"And the other officers of his regiment?" asked Alice. "Have any of them resigned?"

"Eh—eh?" stammered Tudor. "No, not that I have heard." He cut the conversation short and left her; but he came another morning with a still more troubled face.

"Have you heard the story of the recorder of London?" he asked. "They say that when the news of April came, he appeared in a full suit of mourning. Some one asked him if he had lost a relative. 'Yes,' he replied; 'many brothers at Lexington and Concord.' Think of that!"

He would not let her speak of it more, but plunged into talk of other things. Yet a cloud remained on his brow.

And more had happened than Tudor knew. The Common Hall of London addressed Lord Effingham as a true Englishman; the merchants of Dublin gave him

their thanks. The disaffection reached even the king's brother, who, travelling on the continent to be free of the atmosphere of the court, at Metz gave to a young Frenchman named Lafayette such an account of Concord and Lexington that the resulting benefit to America was incalculable.

Such was the spirit in England. How would the news of Charlestown battle affect it? It was plain, at least, how matters stood in America. The rebels were fortifying rapidly, and the Boston Whigs were preparing for a long siege. Alice, in her walks, saw flower gardens dug up and planted with vegetables against a winter scarcity of food which just then—in June—seemed impossibly far away. Even the Savages' garden was destroyed; Alice had seen Barbara ordering the death of the great lilac-bush.

But the most portentous sign was the defection of Dickie Ellery. All had known and loved him. The knowledge that he was in prison, willingly suffering for liberty, heartened the Whigs and brought doubt to his former comrades.

"The waverers are all against us now," complained Oliver to his superior. "Those I had hopes of persuading will not listen to another word."

"And contributions have ceased altogether," added General Ruggles. "We won the fight, yet they turn to the Whigs. And even young Paddock——"

"No, no!" protested Oliver earnestly. "'Tis but grief for the loss of his friend."

Anthony had become a pitiful sight. He struggled to hold up his head, but nothing could disguise the sadness in his eyes. Even the regulars, doubly busy as they were, took notice of him.

"Have compassion on the poor fellow," begged Tudor of his sister.

"As if we were not fast friends already!" replied Alice indignantly. "But, George, tell me this: Would Captain Sotheran have harmed Dickie?"

"No," he said quickly, "no; I cannot believe it."

"Very well," she said. "Christine learns from his servant—that man," she interrupted herself, "can be trusted with the girl?"

"I think so," he answered. "I know nothing bad of him."

Tabb came frequently to the cottage. "He tells Christine," resumed Alice, "that his master is still in bed."

"Yes," answered Tudor. "It is very hard to be so confined."

"It is harder for Dickie," she returned. "George, will you secure me permission to visit him?"

He demurred. "I am so busy, I do not know when I could go with you. And the new jailer, Brush, is coarse and rough."

"Anthony will go with me," she returned.

And this was the scene Alice Tudor saw as, attended by Anthony Paddock, she entered the prison gate: The guard had saluted and let her pass, and Frank Ellery came to meet her, with a bloated man at his side, shaking great fists, and a bedraggled woman holding Frank's arm. An uproarious rabble—women of the camp, soldiers jailed for petty offences—crowded behind, while cabbage-stalks and rotten fruit were flying thickly. With such faces before her, such dirt, and such noise, Alice paused, astonished and dismayed. This pandemonium was his majesty's jail!

"Let you see your brother!" the jailer was roaring. "I think so! Yes, you Whig, you proud Ellery, you rebel! Ah—h——"

He, and the group behind him, paused in full tongue

as they saw Alice. Fit subject for surprise to them she was—Diana at the border of a slough, purity confronting vileness. The men gazed open-mouthed, but the women, as they saw her wide eyes, turned away. They read in her face not purity alone, but also pity, and long-forgotten shame oppressed them.

Brush knew her, and fawned. "Mistress Tudor, can I serve you?"

She had seen, ay, and lived for days in, a worse place than this: that Wyandot camp. She understood the man who cringed before her, but she did not fear him.

"There is my permit," she said, extending it. "I come to see Mr. Ellery."

She saw Frank flush with gratitude, but he spoke. The drunken women had slunk away. "Alice," he said, "this is no place for you."

Not even that place could smirch her, and as she turned and answered Frank felt it. "I must see Dickie," she replied.

Frank said no more, but turned to Brush, laying a hand on his wrist. "If I learn," he said in a low voice, "that you are not perfectly respectful to this lady, you shall be punished."

Brush snatched his hand away. "Not you will touch me!" he cried.

"There are those who will," returned Frank. Brush, at the threat, remembered the lean ropemaker who once had put him in fear. Frank turned to Alice.

"With your permission, I will wait outside," he said, "for news of Dickie."

He passed out of the yard, and Alice went with Brush into the jail. Anthony, with difficulty assuming enough dignity for the occasion, waited at the jail door. Anthony still had vanity left; he knew that the women, who had reassembled, were mocking him, and the regulars

were laughing at the volunteer. It was a long half hour before Alice appeared.

But Frank's half hour was longer as he waited, almost savagely, for her return. The beauty of her face and form, her simplicity and sweetness, were more to him now than ever. Had she resented his interference? Was she angry that he had spoken to her? She had been gracious; but so she would be to any one—even to Sotheran. This life was torture to him sometimes. He ground his teeth. It was torture now. She was long in coming.

But she came, pure and unruffled. He stepped to her. "You will let me speak to you a moment, Alice?"

He did not know that her experience had left her weak. Her "Certainly" seemed cold.

"The jailer was polite to you?" he asked.

"In his fashion," she replied. "He thought I would enjoy hearing—who are those Boston prisoners," she asked, "whom he boasts of oppressing?"

"Gentlemen of the Whig party," he answered.

"Of what are they convicted?"

"They have not been convicted, or even tried."

"No?" she asked in surprise. "Then of what are they accused?"

"No one knows," Frank answered.

"It is inconceivable!" she cried. "It is against justice!"

"It is nevertheless true," he replied. He saw that she was indignant, but the subject was profitless, and he turned it.

"But Dickie?" he asked. "Is he well? Is he cheerful?"

"He is growing thin; but he is"—she paused for the word—"resigned."

"Is he well treated?"

"His room is small and close."

She saw, as well as he, how short their sentences were, and how formal was their talk. Frank was looking in her face; she met his eyes as best she could. In his voice she heard the echo of her own constraint, and she tried to speak in friendlier fashion.

"But it is on the harbour side of the jail, and he sometimes gets the breeze. Dickie was very glad to see me; I was his first visitor."

"We others," put in Anthony in self-defence, "have not been permitted to see him."

Frank turned to him. "And when is the trial?"

"In two days," said Anthony.

"I am deeply obliged to you," said Frank abruptly. He bowed to Anthony, then to Alice, and went away. She did not look after him, but his picture was in her mind. Frank seemed older, sterner, and still more self-contained.

And he, as he went, tried not to think of her at all. He was schooling himself to his tasks; he desired not to let another thought come between him and his duties. But love laughs even at locked hearts; he can stir up pain there; he can rouse memories and keep them alive. Frank heard Alice's voice in his ears for the rest of the day.

He went directly to Nick's shop. Pete was there, and met him with the humble request of the men of his trade to do anything—anything! for Master Dickie.

"And I saw old Nichols," he said, "who was jailer until two years ago. He says, sir, that the gratings to the windows, at least to the seaward side of the jail, can be torn off by a strong man. They have not been replaced for a dozen years, and the salt-water breeze has rusted the clamps. If Master Dickie, sir——"

"No, no," said Frank. "There is no hope in that;

nor in smuggling him out; Brush knows him too well. Now, listen—" and he gave directions. Dickie could be liberated only on his way to trial. The guard would be small; a score of ropemakers would be enough; Frank named them. Each man was assigned his station, each his special work. Pete repeated the directions. Frank himself would give the signal.

"Remember," he said as he went away; "in two days!"

Two days seemed long. But a shorter time seemed longer to Captain Sotheran as, clutching a letter, all pain, chagrin, disgrace forgotten, he was crying at that moment in exultation:

"Ellery, now I have you! To-morrow you are mine!"

CHAPTER IV

A SPIDER WEB

Roger sat cleaning Sotheran's unused brasses for the tenth time, and humming to himself. His master lay in the second room beyond; his ears were quick, and his temper doubly uncertain from his confinement, yet the boy lingered over one verse of the newest song, longing to sing it. Its rough and true compliment to the rebels—forced, as it were, from the camp poet—pleased the boy. Perhaps the captain was asleep; he would risk it, and began to sing in a low tone. The meaning of the words, the swing of the air, carried him crescendo to a jubilant shout.

> "There's some in Boston pleased to say,
> As we the field were taking,
> We went to kill their countrymen
> While they their hay were making.
> But such stout Whigs I never saw;
> To hang them all I'd rather,
> For making hay with musket balls,
> And buckshot mixed together."

He sang it to the end, and then, realising the force that he had put into it, clapped his hand to his mouth. But his sparkling eyes said that he did not care; he had sung it.

"Roger!" thundered from the captain's room.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, hastening thither. "You called, sir?"

But not anger met him. The captain's face was flushed as he lay on his couch, and his eye was sharp, yet his mouth had a smile.

"Fetch me your uncle," he ordered. "Go!"

Left alone in his apartment, Sotheran's smile became a laugh of joy. He unfolded his letter and read it again. Ah, precious document! Golden words, writ with a jewelled pen!

The letter began abruptly: "I hope this will reach you; three attempts I have made without success; in the last the man was discovered in effecting his escape; but fortunately my letter was sewed in his waistband. He was confined a few days, during which you may guess my feelings; but a little art and a little cash settled the matter. This time I write by a sure conveyance—so sure, and with such little time to prepare, that I will not use the cipher.

"Now to come home. On the thirteenth of June Warren (whose fate has made no such despair here as I expected) called hurriedly together the Committee of Safety, and showed us a letter. Laugh, for here is your desire. The letter was from Ellery; the doctor showed it to us merely, then destroyed it, but I memorised the words: 'I have intelligence that the governor means to seize and fortify Dorchester Heights on the night of Sunday, the eighteenth.' 'Twas signed with Ellery's name, full credence was given it, and means were at once taken to fortify Charlestown, with what result you know. I wrote to warn you, and expected you had received the letter, till I heard too late that the man was shot in passing the lines—these Yankee sentries are devilish sharp—and buried where he fell.

"I foresee Ellery's fate, and envy him not. Washington and Lee are expected daily, and the army is confident. I own I dislike the outlook. The colonies

are in high spirit, Congress is firm, and recruits are pouring in. Is there to be no accommodation of this dispute?—Your Friend."

There was no other signature. Sotheran held the letter aloft. "My friend!" he cried. "Truly my friend!" And he laughed the harsh laugh of malice satisfied. Reward for the waiting and the planning, payment in full for skill and forethought, were to be his.

He heard a step on the stair, and hid the letter under his pillow.

The visitor was Tudor, fresh and fair, open and bright. Sotheran welcomed him grimly—the innocent fool! As Tudor sat and gaily dealt out news, Sotheran received his confidences and marks of affection with contempt. Outwardly he smiled and said little. Tudor knew it was his way.

The visitor had all the gossip of the town. A new general had yesterday arrived at Cambridge, and was to-day to take command of the rebels. Washington was his name, known personally to the governor; a frontier soldier, unskilled in managing an army. But Tudor's face saddened for an instant as he thought of the opposing forces.

"To be fighting our own people; terrible, Henry, is it not?" he asked.

There was something in his humanity and hopefulness that might almost have touched so cold a nature as Sotheran's. But the older man, indifferently listening, nodded merely.

"But," said Tudor brightly, "let us be cheerful. You seem much better, Henry. Yet it must be irksome to be so confined."

Irksome? My God! But Ellery should know.

"Though they say the wounded prisoners in the jail are dying fast for want of fresh provision."

Another prisoner, unwounded, would last longer.

"Poor devils," sighed Tudor.

"Devil! devil! devil!" repeated Sotheran under his breath. One devil should taste hell on earth.

"Heighho!" Tudor yawned. "Luckless fellows! And yet," he said, suddenly erect as the remembrance struck him, "did you know that the man Brush is deputy marshal, with oversight of the jail?"

"I know," said Sotheran; glad he was.

"To allow Brush," went on Tudor, his expressive features changing with his indignation, "to have such power over the prisoners seems wrong. The general can have no idea of the fellow's true character. Prisoners are sure of ill-treatment."

"Sure— thank God!" thought Sotheran. If Ellery, in Brush's care, became not broken in body and spirit, there was no other sure thing. Brush's interest was clear, and a broad hint, a dozen guineas, would make the matter certain.

"And these others arrested on mere suspicion—the schoolmaster, for instance—used to finer life, must find it hard to lie without trial, not knowing of what they are accused." Thus Tudor, sympathetically, and Sotheran thought with delight:

Hard, ay, hard as iron, to be close confined, poorly fed, day by day seeing no friend, and never brought to trial. Church's letter could not be read in court, and week in, week out, Ellery would languish, until the rebellion should be finished, and the rebels, as in '45, herded for execution.

And he drew the picture of Frank on his plank bed, in a narrow cell, with filthy water and rotten food, denied air and exercise and all communication. Such

was prison life, and easily made worse. And when at last Ellery should come to trial, secret evidence would be against him, irrefutable; and a disgraceful death would meet him, approved by all his former friends. The picture—nay, the vision—delighted him. A hundred times he had thought of it; now it was to be real. Alice would turn with terror from the traitor, and Ellery's name would be black forever.

"Yes," said Tudor soberly; "Alice is indignant at it."

"What?" demanded Sotheran.

"She was at the jail to-day, you know."

"No; for what purpose?"

"To visit young Ellery. And she heard of those prisoners who are held there upon secret accusation. 'Tis for them she is indignant. She even speaks of visiting them. You know her sympathies. I think she means to go."

"She must not!" cried Sotheran, sitting upright on his couch. Visits of sympathy? The last things he desired!

"Yes," said Tudor, nodding gravely. "I truly think that she intends it."

"Mr. Brush," announced Roger, appearing at the door.

"He here?" asked Tudor, rising with a grimace. "Then I'll be gone. I'm sorry for you, Henry."

Gone was Sotheran's exultant certainty. The blatant Brush, boasting his new importance, roused the captain's disgust. The dry glow of fever came again into his eyes as he watched his uncouth visitor.

"I screw 'em!" cried Brush, striding up and down to display his gaudy clothes. "I work 'em! They play sick, but they can't come it over me. They want better food. I tell 'em eat the nailheads and gnaw the planks.

Ha!" he paused and leered at Sotheran knowingly. "Profits! Hey, Captain, profits—you understand?"

"Silence, fellow!" commanded Sotheran.

"Hey?" grumbled Brush, in umbrage. "Did you send for me to tell me that?" But the captain's threatening look, on his bed though Sotheran was, silenced Brush. "Well, then?" he muttered; and leaned against the mantel with folded arms, to wait.

And Sotheran tried to think, exasperated that Alice herself should disturb his plans. Love, such as he knew, contained no respect for its object. Desiring but possession, it was inspired by physical beauty alone, and wished therewith neither heart nor mind. He saw that her humanity might offer Frank—held "upon secret accusation"—sympathy and consolation, and he felt both angry and afraid. From pity to love! He knew that women sometimes took the path.

Yet he saw no other way, and took the chance. Ellery had been too long at large. Sotheran hesitated, but finally spoke:

"If I send you a prisoner, how will you treat him?"

"*You* send?" queried Brush.

"If one comes, then—one we both dislike——"

"Ellery?" interrupted Brush, leaping to the conclusion. "Ha! you mean Ellery, Captain?"

The captain nodded. "What will you do with him?"

Brush's blotched face grew purple with delight. "Let me but put my hands on him!" he cried. "'Shackled in the small cell, where he can't lie with comfort—no bedding, a cup of water in a day—oh, Captain, let me have him!"

And he stretched his huge hands, with their thick fingers crooked, toward the captain, as if that moment to receive his victim. His bleared eyes glowed; his teeth, tobacco stained, showed between his heavy lips.

In new summer clothes, spread with cheap silver lace, yet already dirty, but for his earnestness he would have been laughable. The coat was large, even for his burly figure; the cuffs came down to the red knuckles, and the skirts of the coat fell below the knees. Huge paste buckles shone on his shoes, and soiled silk stockings, with a mussed neckcloth, completed the costume. His large cocked hat, laced like his coat, fell to the floor as he stretched out his hands. But the energy of his gesture robbed the gross and tawdry figure of absurdity. Intenseness shone on his hot face and trembled in his limbs as he repeated:

"Let me have him!"

"Why should you want him?" asked the captain quietly.

Brush cursed. "The damned whelp, I've always hated him! He's scorned me since a boy. This very day he threatened me. Give me the chance—I'll bring him down!"

"And his uncle will be obliged to you," suggested the captain.

"Ay, Tom will," said Brush.

"Roger comes into the estate."

Brush grinned.

"And if I give you this," began Sotheran, drawing out his purse.

"No!" cried the Tory. "Gad, I'm flush! I want no guineas from you, Captain. But put him in my hands, let me play with him, and I'll not forget the favour. And so old Tom——"

"Quiet," said the captain, pointing toward the other room.

"Nay, the lad is singing." Brush laughed loudly. "And so old Tom Ellery plays into your hands and

mine; for he can't keep what he wins. That's right; use his handwriting, Captain, and the profit's ours."

His handwriting? The captain nearly asked the question. "You've known him long?" he asked instead.

"Long? Ay; and yet it was only accident that I discovered this trick of his. Something went wrong about a note; people came asking troublesome questions; I guessed the truth, and saved Tom for more mischief. He was willing to leave New York for Boston. I'll wager that when the books are shown his nephews will get small part of their own property."

"So?" asked the captain.

"Surely!" averred Brush. "He would cozen the skin from a cat, and produce her written consent to the bargain. And if by this time he's not thorough master of his nephew's handwriting, never trust old Tom. But how'd you learn his cleverness?"

Sotheran merely smiled.

"Well"—and Brush responded with a grosser imitation—"never mind. But what's the game—a letter to the enemy?'"

"Mr. Brush!" warned the captain.

"Well," said Brush hastily, "it's simplest; that's all. His own sweetheart would not doubt the writing; and if you yourself have an eye that way——"

"Fellow!"

"I'm gone—I'm gone," protested Brush, seizing his hat. "Not another word, Captain. Take your time; but when you send him—ah!"—and with a gesture that meant more than words, the new jailer departed.

When he was gone, the captain laughed aloud.

A plan was made for him, simple and—if Brush told the truth—perfect in its results. He paused but a moment to consider. To falsify the letter would be a military offence; to forge a new one almost a capital

crime. And yet, to have evidence which could be produced in court, which would brand Ellery before all people as spy and traitor! The temptation was strong. Brush hated, old Ellery was secret; and besides, the forgeries, if unsatisfactory, need not be used.

"Roger!" cried Sotheran again. "Fetch me Mr. Thomas Ellery."

Then followed, when Mr. Ellery hastened upon the summons, a pleasurable interview—to the captain. To probe the trustee as he writhed and prevaricated, to stupefy him with uncanny knowledge, and then to dazzle with the prospect of success, was easy and enjoyable. The old grub-worm gave up his secrets as if they were his life, and, chattering with fear, heard his plans disclosed. He wrung his hands, he whimpered, but he promised obedience; for Dickie's birthday, as the captain reminded, was not far away. Yes, Mr. Ellery would do as he was told. He listened to directions, took the papers that the captain gave him, and slunk away.

The captain laughed again. He felt pride in his management of men, and in his subtlety. What fool had said that too great cleverness betrays itself?

That night, while the captain slept at ease, Thomas Ellery laboured until dawn. With four candles to give light, again and again he followed copy. Pausing to shiver that so much was known, a look at the wall beyond which his nephew lay would reanimate him, through hate, with courage, and he would fall to work again. Mumbling dry lips, straining his hot and smarting eyes, he persevered till he was satisfied; then grinned and grinned on his sleepless couch until it was time to rise.

And a little later the captain smiled as he read the papers, while Ellery stood for his approval. The doc-

tor's letter with a passage altered—perfect as the original! And Frank's note to Warren seemed convincing, creased and rubbed as if it had passed through many hands.

"You are sure this is the paper he uses, and the wax?"

"Yes."

"And in this"—Sotheran read an humble note in curious phraseology, addressed to General Gage—"you advise the hour in which to find him at home?"

"Yes; this night at ten."

The captain curled a satisfied lip. "My thanks," he drawled.

Oh, day of days! Gay was the captain when his next visitors came. Wine ran through his arteries—wine of joy, wine of triumph. The unsuspecting general had accepted Sotheran's recommendation of Harriman as a clever man to make the arrest. All was in Harriman's hands; he had been coached; here at last was certainty.

And that evening the captain sat at his window, thrilled with anticipation. The moon lighted the narrow street from side to side; of the coming spectacle Sotheran would not miss one detail. Ellery bound and guarded, on his way to jail—oh, this would cure pain, would wipe out the memory of defeat, would sting his rival to despair!

He raised the window, and looked out along the street, in the direction from which they would come. A clock struck in the nearby steeple. Ten o'clock—soon now, soon!

No footsteps made sounds in the little lonely street; nothing disturbed its quiet. Impatience began to prick the captain as still the minutes passed. Hurry, Harriman, hurry! What? Listen! Ah, yes, yes!

He heard the tramp of heavily-shod feet in unison

upon the cobbles. There was the jingle of an officer's sword-strap. He leaned far out, and looked. A small and compact body of men was coming; at their side a single figure, the moonlight glinting on his sword. Harriman and his men it was; nearer and nearer they came. Sotheran's eyes sought among the squad of soldiers. There were a dozen military caps, and—yes, by heaven!—one bare head. Caught!

He waited until they should come nearer. "Ellery," he whispered, "this is for the log cabin, for the coffee-house, for that letter lost—and for Alice Tudor!" His eyes strained to perceive the features of the man he hated.

"Ho there!" he cried. "Who goes?"

"Halt!" responded Harriman. Just below the window the squad halted, a tall figure in the midst. "Henry, is it you?"

"Whom have you there?"

"Our friend Ellery."

"Ellery?" cried Sotheran, as in surprise. "Ellery—not my dear friend; and with arms bound? Look up, Ellery! Say it is not you!"

Frank looked up, and the light fell on his face. Sotheran saw the broad forehead, the quiet eyes, the steady mouth. Could the fellow never be brought out of his calm?

"Ellery," he said caressingly, "this is most unfortunate. Accept my sympathies. What I can do for you I promise you I will. My poor, poor fellow!"

They saw each other perfectly, those two men of power. Sotheran sneered; Frank, unmoved, looked the captain in the face. He recognised the workings of a perfect plan, and knew his own vigilance outwitted. Yet he would not flinch.

Sotheran waved his hand. "Good night," he said. "A pleasant sleep."

"Is that all?" asked Harriman.

"I must retire and weep," responded Sotheran. "This is a sad sight. I shall never forget it. Good night, Friend Ellery."

"Forward!" cried Harriman.

The men started on, and Frank, going, took his unwavering glance from Sotheran's elated face. The captain watched them till they turned the corner, drew in his head, and softly closed the window.

"I must weep," he repeated.

Roger, cowering in his little room, heard pæans of sardonic laughter.

CHAPTER V

THE WAY OUT

Frank sat on the floor of his cell. He could not lie, he could not stand; he could only sit, hour after hour, leaning against the wall, with his ankles shackled to a ring in the floor. The plank bed in the corner was a mockery; the crust of bread was out of reach. The late June twilight was fading, and the second prison night was coming on.

He did not complain of his discomforts or fear their continuance. He was thinking; he had been thinking for hours upon the answer to one question: Who wrote that letter?

In the morning, handcuffed heavily and strongly guarded, Brush in attendance, he had been marched to the Province House. In the streets he had seen a hundred curious faces of Tory acquaintances and of sympathetic Whigs. Along by the Ellery house, scattered in twos and threes, had been ropemakers with their cudgels. And this had touched him that, learning of his fate, almost every man of his trade was there, ready to die for him. Pete had signalled: "Shall we attack?" But Brush had been so much afraid of such an attempt, that the guards had their bayonets fixed and muskets loaded. Frank shook his head.

Yet who wrote that letter?

Standing before the four generals, he had demanded

to know the accusation against him. Burgoyne, the literary, had urged Gage to show him the evidence.

"'Tis but fair," he said; "and the simplest. We shall see how he will give way at the proof of his guilt." So Frank, still handcuffed, had been allowed to look at a letter as it lay upon the table before his examiners.

"Did you write it?" was asked him.

They saw his lips shut tight and his eyes narrow as he studied the letter. But he did not speak at once.

"Come, confess," said Burgoyne. "'Twill save us and you the trouble of a trial. We have a witness to swear to your paper, ink, and handwriting."

That would be easy of proof, Frank saw. There were the same paper, the same seal, the same purple ink he habitually used; that was his very handwriting. And the words, as nearly as he recollected, were the same. All was the same, save for one detail:

There was no postscript.

"I did not write this note," said Frank.

They could not induce him to say otherwise. The generals were angry, almost threatening, as they saw before them the man who caused their troops such losses.

"Fellow! fellow!" cried Burgoyne, shaking a finger. "Confess, and we make your gallows a yard lower."

"I did not write this," repeated Frank.

"The prisoner is remanded," said Gage finally. "His brother will not be examined until after this case is formally tried."

Frank had listened and looked no more. He walked back to the jail in a brown study, and now, hours later, still was asking himself: "Who wrote that note?"

It was not conceivable that the generals would stoop to deceit. Some one was tricking them. Some one had seen the original note: some person—since the note

had not come into British hands—in the American camp, either before or after Warren's death. That person could have forged a copy, and sent it to Gage. But why forge? The bare information would have been sufficient. There was unnecessary elaboration in a forgery. Evidently, for the informant mere imprisonment was not enough. Conviction upon absolute evidence was desired.

And imitating the note would scarcely have been possible without either the note itself or specimens of his handwriting. Throwing out the first condition—for the possession of the original would not necessitate a forgery—there stood clear two facts: some one knew the words of the note, and was familiar with Frank's writing.

The cell was darkening, and the place was hot. Perspiration stood on Frank's face from the close atmosphere. But he paid no heed to his situation or his feelings, as he thought on.

The American informant would not have forged the note unless impelled by malice. Who in the rebel camp had malice against Frank? But in Boston there were two that hated him!

A chain of circumstances suddenly revealed itself. Frank's mind leaped from fact to fact, then to conclusions. Sotheran hated him; his uncle hated him. His uncle, in the account books, had specimens of his handwriting in plenty. Who supplied the words of the note? Not his uncle. Sotheran? How, then?

Ah! Roger had told of the letters that came to the captain, which the captain took to the general. And Sotheran was bold enough, and hated enough, to dare to deceive his superior. So much was clear. Frank struck his hands together as he perceived.

Two questions, then, remained: Who supplied the

information, and who was the forger? Sotheran could scarcely forge. But skill of the kind could be easily bought, and his uncle would supply ink, seal, and paper. And the informant? With whom did Sotheran correspond? Frank pressed his eyelids tightly shut, the better to think.

Some one in Warren's confidence, to whom the note had either been shown, or who found it among his papers. Yes, some one in Warren's confidence. Not clear, not clear! Who could it be? Frank drew a long breath. He would yet puzzle it out.

But through the door, as he began again on his problem, he heard stumbling footsteps coming up the stairs, and voices out of time and tune roaring a song. Frank heard Brush's voice bellowing above the others. The singing ended abruptly in a chorus of hiccups and drunken laughter, and then shuffling feet came along the corridor. There was rattling of keys as the jailers made sure that each cell was fast for the night. At last the feet stopped outside Frank's door, and at the threshold in the dusk he saw the glow of yellow light.

"Go ye downstairs now," Frank heard Brush directing. "I follow presently. First I'll just handcuff my dear friend inside, and have some sport with him."

"But he's safe," was the answer. "Come along."

"He's safe," laughed Brush, "but too comfortable. He might sleep if I didn't take good care of him."

Frank compressed his lips, but the jailers laughed. "Go on now," said Brush. "Lock all downstairs, and the outer door. I'll lock the yard gate when I come."

Unsteady feet went away and clattered down the stairs. Frank heard keys jingle at his door, and Brush softly cursing as he lurched against it. Fumbling and muttering, the man at last mastered the lock and swung

the door open. He reeled into the cell and held the light to survey his victim.

"Ha!" he leered, while wax dropped from the candle, held obliquely. "Not so drunk, Ellery, as you might think. How are you—comfortable?"

Frank made no answer. The ungainly fellow, with his bleared eyes, scarcely human in his sottishness, brought him for the first time a sense of helplessness. The tawdry finery and the blackguard face wrote "Brute" at large upon the man. And, shackled as he was, Frank was in his power.

Brush closed the door and set the candle on a shelf. Then he seated himself on the bed, holding the handcuffs and the keys. He struck the bed with his hand.

"No answer?" he cried. "Whyn't you get up on the bed? Lie down and enjoy yourself, instead of sitting there against the wall. All day, eh, just sitting there? Tired, hey?"

He roared with laughter. Out of his bloodshot eyes he eyed Frank the while, for a sign of feeling; and finding none, sought again to reach him.

"Pleasant time we had to-day, eh, at the Province House? When shall we go again? You're in no hurry, I hope. With quarters like to yours, an airy view, and the best of food—eh, eh, Ellery, you're willing to stay a while, aren't you?"

He laughed again; but from Frank the feeling of helplessness passed, and he doggedly composed himself to endure.

"Your friends send love and presents," began Brush again. "A bo-kay of flowers came this morning. D'ye want to know who sent them? Captain Sotheran. They say he's much distressed at your bad luck. Ho, ho! And your uncle, young man, sent a prayer-book for

your benefit. He feels much shame at such a scandal in the family."

"Much shame!" thought Frank. "Who let the soldiers so silently into the house, and led them up the stairs to my door? Much shame!"

"And your brother," went on Brush, "bids ye welcome to your new quarters. He's here on this floor" —and Brush pointed with his thumb—"only in a room a little larger. Sorry I couldn't accommodate you so well; but first come, first served, ye know."

"Many thanks," thought Frank, though not a change came over his face, "for telling where Dickie is. On this floor; and Alice said he was on the harbour side. That means but one thing—the cell at the end of the corridor. Many thanks, Mr. Brush; come now within my reach!"

But Brush grew irritated at Frank's impassivity. His cruelty increased by the brandy he had drunk, he wished to see the prisoner shrink before him. Irony failing, he changed to facts.

"We're all so glad to have you here," he said—"Sotheran, old Tom, and me. Proud ye've been, Ellery. Now ye're as good as dead. Who done it—ha? Who done it? Why, we three!"

Frank showed no interest, but he watched the other's increasing vexation. Brush was slowly growing angrier. Frank's craft did not desert him, and his eyes and lips sneered.

"Ye don't believe it?" cried Brush, more angry still. "It's so, ye fool. Tom with his clever pen has written ye into jail. Ha—have I touched ye—have I?"

For Frank had started. Brush looked eagerly for a sign of his emotion, whether rage, chagrin, or despair, and saw instead a gleam of satisfaction. He realised that he had betrayed a secret, and broke into fury.

He stormed and threatened, cursed and jeered. He tried every means to bring Frank from himself. He reminded him of his situation, kicked the crust of bread within his reach, gloated over the coming sentence and the ignominious death, and foretold the sure downfall of the American cause. And Frank's friends should curse him, and his sweetheart marry Sotheran. More and more threats he dragged from his small imagination, and constantly looked to see Frank's composure break down.

It was in vain. Brush brought no glance of interest to Frank's eyes, no fear into his face. Instead, once more there was an unmistakable curling of the lip. Rage seized the jailer at the young man's self-control; he rose from his seat, came closer, and bent his face down toward Frank's.

"Sneer at me, do ye?" he roared. "Sneer again!" He struck the keys and handcuffs together. "I'll teach ye! I'll break ye! Give me your hands here; I'll chain ye up! I'll load ye down." He rattled the keys again, and stepped so close that he bestrode the young man's shackled legs. "Reach your arms here!"

His eyes were red with rage, his limbs were quivering. Frank felt his foul breath as Brush thrust his face nearer. The man raised the heavy keys and struck Frank on the shoulder. "Give me your wrists!" he roared.

Frank moved his knees as far as they could go—a single foot—thrusting them against Brush's leg. Brush, overbalanced, toppled into the trap. Two waiting arms enfolded him, and crushed him close. He struggled, the arms were steel; he writhed, but was pinioned fast. Fear came over him, and he opened his mouth to shout. Then a hand caught his throat; one smothered cry, and his breath was stopped.

He could kick, but to no purpose. Let him thunder on the floor with his heels—noises were nothing in that place. His arms were powerless, his neck was almost broken. He looked with starting eyes into Frank's smiling face.

"Take it easily, Mr. Brush," said Frank.

"An easy death!" was all Brush could think. Horror thickened the blood in his body; his chest was bursting, and bells were clanging in his ears. He was helpless as a child, throttled like a dog, and Frank was now looking down enquiringly, carefully, into his face. He made a last vain effort for release, then fainted from fright.

* * * * * * *

Frank and Dickie stood free in the jailyard. Old Nichols had been right—the clamps of the bars were rusted through. The rope of the bedclothes showed the method of escape. Yet the rear wall of the yard was formed by the back of a warehouse; the side walls could be seen from the gate. Frank settled himself in Brush's coat until, thickset and bowlegged, he seemed its very owner. He jingled the keys, then picked up from the ground an empty bottle.

"Thank God, the moon is hid!" he said. "Yet we can see. Ready? Stagger, Dickie."

They staggered, they lurched, around the jail to its side. A few steps, and Dickie saw the gate with the sentinel. He felt Frank's elbow steering him wide of the building. There, he felt, was the danger. The jail was dark, but not silent, for from somewhere came rough singing and loud laughter. A few steps more, and from the corner of his eye Dickie saw the light that streamed out into the yard—the jailers had not shut the door. Involuntarily he stepped faster.

"Slow!" cautioned Frank. "Be drunk, Dickie!"

Dickie restrained himself. A little more, and they would meet the sentry. He staggered artistically, his arms loose, his head low. Not twenty feet yet to pass!

There came a hail from behind: "Hi, Brush—Crean!" Dickie looked. The under-jailer was coming to intercept them.

"Go on," said Frank to him sternly. "Stand at the gate. Don't run till you must. Then go home, and find Ann."

He stopped. Dickie went on. "But if I desert Frank," he thought, "may I be struck dead!"

He reached the gate. The sentry, halting, held his musket across. Dickie, every nerve aquiver, stopped, turned, and looked back. A storm of commands was issuing from Frank, and the under jailer, dismayed, had halted.

"Go back!" roared Frank. "What d' I tell ye? Lock that door. Lock it, I said! Lock yourself inside!"

"But I thought—" began the man. The British prisoners were crowding to the door to listen.

"I'll do the thinking," cried his false superior. "Go, I say!"

Frank reeled, caught himself, and threw the bottle. The prisoners at the door disappeared inwards; the under-jailer dodged as the bottle whizzed near him. It smashed to pieces, and its force conveyed the idea of obedience to the man's mind. He turned to the jail.

Frank stood muttering for nearly half a minute. Dickie was in a cold sweat. Why did he not come? At last his brother turned, and staggering to the gates, began laboriously to shut them. "Here, help me," he said to his brother.

Dickie, with one eye on the sentry, helped. The gates were heavy, and wedged back; the work was slow.

The jail door was already shut, but the sergeant had come out of the guard house and was watching.

Frank, as if in anger, never ceased muttering. "The blockhead—the fool—the drunken ass. Go out!" he burst forth on Dickie, as the gates were nearly shut. "Out with ye!"

He pulled the gates to; the brothers were in the street with the sentry and sergeant. Dickie lurched against the gate and watched his brother lock it with his largest key.

"You're on the wrong side, Mr. Brush," observed the sergeant.

"Hic—right side," replied Frank, busy with the lock. He drew out the key, and turned. Dickie was ready for a spring. "Right side!" repeated Frank defiantly. "Come!" he said to Dickie.

"Where d'ye find the Volunteer?" asked the sergeant.

Dickie stepped a little nearer, his eye on the man. How could Frank explain? But the sentry had his own joke to try upon the jailer. He brought his musket to a charge, the point of the bayonet within six inches of Frank's breast.

"The countersign!" he demanded grinning.

Dickie saw the grin, and stayed his leap.

"Cou'shi?" asked Frank contemptuously. "Broken bottle, ye fool! Got t' get a full one. Come!" He pushed the bayonet aside and beckoned Dickie.

The sentry and the sergeant laughed as the brothers reeled away.

CHAPTER VI

RENDERING ACCOUNT

It is a mistake to suppose that the slumbers of the wicked are alike. The healthy sleep of Sotheran was as sound as a child's, and the natural repose of Doctor Church was unvisited by dreams of anything but pleasure. The stertorous slumber of Brush was habitually hard and long, though it usually left its victim with an aching head. But the sleep of Thomas Ellery commonly conformed to the poetic rule, being light and timorous, disturbed by visions and broken by long periods of wakefulness.

Brush, handcuffed, shackled, and gagged, did not sleep that night. Yet for the first time in years—and the last—Mr. Ellery had folded his hands on his breast, and dropped peacefully to sleep. The reward of toil was promised him at last; all of the family property was to be his. His nephews were presently to disappear from the scene, and without even the long-dreaded strain of exhibiting his accounts everything was to come into his hands. Then he would sell the house, realise on the wharf, get rid of the walks, and put the money out at better interest. And smiling in his slumber, even his avarice was satisfied.

The smile brought grim responses to two stern faces that leaned over him, and presently Mr. Ellery's dream began to change. There was a pressure on his chest; he tried to throw it off. It increased, and his breath

came harder. Golden visions turned to nameless fears; he thought that a form sat on his breast, shadowy, dreadful, overpoweringly heavy. He gasped and struggled. Out of the shadow grew the two faces, fierce and threatening, of his nephews. They glared on him; he groaned and writhed. They came nearer; he cried in a choking voice, and suddenly opened wide his eyes.

There was a light in the room. Two forms stood by the bed, one on either side of him; the hand of one was on his chest. He opened his mouth to scream, but his voice died in his throat. More terrible in their quiet than the demon faces of the dream, he saw his nephews looking at him fixedly.

"Don't scream," said Frank. "The shutters are tight; no one can hear from outside. Ann is awake, but she will not come."

They exchanged glances in the pause that followed. He saw Frank's same, unchanging look of perfect understanding, the look he hated, expressing Frank's superiority, even as a boy. And turning to Dickie's countenance of gloomy reproach, he found there too much to bear. His eyes fell, and he shuddered. His nephews, studying their betrayer, saw his fear and understood it.

"We will not hurt you," said Frank.

He breathed freer. But why had they come—and how?

"Uncle," said Frank. "Thank Mr. Brush for our visit. He set us free, yet we should have gone directly to Cambridge, but for something he said. Reach the light here, Dickie. I wish to see his face."

The light fell clearly on Mr. Ellery's features. The man watched his nephew anxiously. What had Brush said?

"He said," continued Frank, "that you are excellent at handwriting."

"Oh!" groaned Mr. Ellery.

Frank smiled, and spoke to his brother.

"I have guessed many things, Dickie, in the past few years. Nothing is certain; I have never tried to discover the truth, though thanks to Mr. Brush I shall try to-night. But I have guessed that uncle is defrauding us, that he has falsified the accounts, that we are not poor, as he says, but rich. Does that interest you? It interests uncle as well. Look at him."

Mr. Ellery's skin was grey with fear, and his eyes were wild. Dickie looked once, and turned away. Frank gave a little laugh.

"It pains you, Dickie? Think of the years of pain he has given me, the deceits he put upon you. Think of those, Dickie in what I shall do. Now I will tell you something:

"Our grandfather built this house. He put in it a secret hiding place. Father showed it to me before he died. Do you start, uncle, do you wonder what I know? Then watch."

He went to the wall near the fireplace, on the side toward the window. "See the wainscoting," he said to Dickie. "'Twas a good workman made this, yet he was but a ship's carpenter. Did you ever think there might be a secret in the wall? I press—here. Then I press again—there." He stood with both hands on the wall, and looked over his shoulders at the two behind him. "'Tis complicated, is it not? Next I press with my knee here—so!" He stepped aside. "Do you see?"

A cupboard door stood ajar in the wall, Frank opened it wider. Dickie, starting up, seized a candle and surveyed the space within.

"It is empty!" he said.

"So it is," answered Frank. "So I expected."

He turned to the lean form on the bed. "See his eyes," he said to Dickie. "They are bright with hope. His hands are opening and shutting. His breath is fast. Did you think, uncle, that I knew no more? Hold the light a little nearer, Dickie. Now look."

He reached into the shallow cupboard, touched a spring, and stepped away for Dickie to see. There was the sound of a sliding weight, and the back of the cupboard slipped upward into the wall. A deep cavity was revealed.

"Books!" cried Dickie. "Bags!"

"Look at him, now, Dickie," directed Frank.

Mr. Ellery's head had fallen backward. He was struggling for breath. Oh God, oh God! Such had not been even his most dreadful dream! He groaned.

"Take out the books," directed Frank. "Put them here on the table."

Dickie obeyed. Frank received the heavy books, and arranged them, first on the table, then on the floor as their numbers became too great. All the great account books of the Ellery walks were there, bound all alike, numbered on the back with their years, two volumes to a year—the journal and the ledger. Frank placed them in order, two by two, and stood over them.

"I have not seen them in years," he said. "Father kept them in the counting-house. Uncle brought them here. Well! I am glad to see them again. See how small the first books were; how large the later ones. A great and profitable business, Dickie."

Dickie frowned in pain.

"But now," cried Frank, "look. There are two volumes to a year, year after year, up to sixty-seven. Then—do you notice? Three to a year—until the last year, when there's but two again, after Humphreys

died. There are extra ledgers for six years. Did you speak, uncle?"

Mr. Ellery had groaned again. Rolling his head from side to side, he gave up hope. All his years of work, all his dearest wishes. Discovered! Lost!

"Give me the ledgers here," said Frank. He seated himself at the table. "So. Now the little books, Dickie, that I brought from my room."

Mr. Ellery's curiosity held him for a moment. What were the little leather books? Frank smiled at him.

"You never thought Humphreys kept memoranda of all balances, uncle? Up to two years ago? That he gave them me when he died?

The rolling of the head began again. In agony, his dry tongue lolling, Mr. Ellery writhed and twisted. The taller of his nephews stood at the other's side and watched; the elder without further speech began to compare the books. The uncle heard the rustling leaves in the pauses of his movements; the large stiff leaves crackled as they were turned. His bloodshot eyes looked helplessly at the canopy of the bed; or saw, as his head fell to one side, the huge shadow of Dickie, from time to time slightly moving. He knew when Frank put his fingers on corresponding items; he heard him ask his brother:

"Do you see?"

And the gigantic shadow on the wall would nod.

They might as well have laid open his heart, and while it quivered before them, touched with the knife-point this spot and that, asking: "Do you see?"

Again and again he heard Frank ask the question. Again and again the shadow nodded. He heard Frank push one book aside and draw another to him, and then again began the crackling of the leaves. One explanation Frank made at last.

"Conversion, you see, of fictitious sums to his own account. Humphreys has nothing to correspond, and agrees exactly with the old books."

Then next he said "Perfect!" under his breath, and next, "Do you see?" The turning of leaves continued, and the listening ears heard. Once a sum was mentioned, with the comment: "He was crowding us out." Mr. Ellery twisted still, and rolled his head. Light was coming and going in his eyes; his throat was parched as from a week of thirst. He thought he should faint. But he recovered strength when the last book shut with a louder noise.

"About fifty thousand pounds," said Frank.

Dickie nodded again.

The brothers had forgotten their uncle now, so absorbed were they in their study. A perfect system was revealed to them: the opening wedge of a personal venture in the Ellery business; an enlargement, slow at first, of its returns. Then came the advancement of sums at fair interest, sums constantly growing in size, till the estate seemed deeply mortgaged to the uncle. And page after page the imitation of Humphreys handwriting was exact.

"Astonishing!" mused Frank. "I never expected such a delicate piece of work, nor such a large one. Think of the industry expended!"

Hours of the day and night, six days in every week, and eight years in all, had been given to the work. It was colossal in its enterprise, and marvellous in detail. Frank wondered at it.

"Did not the old books remain," he said, "it would be difficult to prove."

Mr. Ellery shivered. The old books were to be burned in the morning.

"But now," cried Frank, "there will be no proof

necessary." He cast the ledger on the hearth. "Set the candle to that, Dickie."

"No! No!" screamed Mr. Ellery, sitting up.

His nephews looked at him. Pale, gasping, he stretched his arms to save his work.

"No, no!" he repeated, and strove to rise from the bed. Frank took him by the wrist.

"The candle, Dickie," he directed.

Dickie took a candle and stooped to the book where it lay open. Mr. Ellery saw the white leaves brown, then curl and take the flame. He screamed once more, in a ghastly rasping voice. Then he fainted and fell back, but his nephews paid no heed. Frank opened another book, tore it in two, and fed it to the flames. And so, ledger after ledger, went up in smoke the records of Mr. Ellery's painstaking trusteeship. At last there remained on the hearth nothing but charred paper and scorched rolls of leather.

"Well," said Dickie, "that is finished." He sighed with relief.

"There is more to do," answered Frank. "What now remains in the cupboard?"

"Bags," said Dickie, reaching in. "Shall I give them? They are heavy."

"They are bags of money," said Frank. "Give them here."

There were many bags of different sizes, each with a tag stating the contents. Fifty, two hundred, seven hundred, even twelve hundred pounds was marked on the bags. Frank returned the last to Dickie.

"Put that back in the cupboard," he said. "Humphreys' accounts give nearly a thousand as due to uncle. We will allow him the rest, out of thanks. But there must be something more—papers or writing materials. Look and see. It is important."

"Here," said Dickie, and drew forth a sheaf of papers. "These are the last things there."

"They are what I want," answered Frank. "Come and help me study them."

They bent over the papers together. "Humphreys' hand," said Frank, throwing the first ones aside. "More—and more. This is father's—do you see, uncle was practising. Why did he keep these? But it gives me hope. More of father's. This is yours, Dickie. A clever man. Throw them aside. I want an entirely strange hand."

"Why?" asked Dickie.

"Here are mine," said Frank.

Accounts came first, carefully made. "Exact!" murmured Frank. He shuffled them rapidly over. "But here is something. See, Dickie. This would have hung me."

The man on the bed had come to himself, but he dared not move. They might kill him in their anger, if he should speak.

"An unfinished copy, do you see?" asked Frank. "Dear Doctor Warren, I have information, etc." He threw the papers aside. "Look further, Dickie, I must learn who sent the information to Boston."

"Is this it?" asked Dickie.

"Yes!" cried Frank.

There were three unfinished copies this time, as Mr. Ellery practised the unfamiliar hand. The first was but a sentence; the second went as far as the words: "Committee of Safety." The third nearly finished the letter.

"I do not understand," said Dickie. "Why is he copying this, and who wrote it?"

Frank explained, yet one or two points were not clear to him.

"Were but the original here!" he said.

No original was to be found. "But you see it was necessary to change the letter," mused Frank. "Doubtless it merely reported my own. Never mind. Who was the writer of this? Who?"

He bent over the letter, reading it carefully. One familiar with American affairs, who knew Warren well, the Committee— Frank struck the table with his hands, and looked up at his brother. "A member of the Committee of Safety!" he cried.

"Name them!" demanded Dickie, eagerly.

"Warren," began Frank, "Bowdoin, Hancock, Church—" He stopped.

"Go on!" said Dickie. "None of these. Go on."

"Church?" asked Frank of himself.

"Yes, he was a member. Who next?" urged Dickie.

"It was Church!" cried Frank, and sunk his head in his hands. He had no doubt. In his mind rose the picture of Church and Sotheran, near Faneuil Hall, exchanging glances of meaning. Church and Sotheran— yes, it was true.

"It is impossible!" gasped Dickie.

Frank rose, white and stern. "It is true. Now let us go."

They took the ledgers of the last few years, and carried them away. They took the forgeries. They brought out the bags, and locked the door behind them. Mr. Ellery could not escape. Carrying their burdens, Frank and Dickie went down to the dining-room.

"What now?" said Dickie.

"Through the wall," said Frank. He gave his brother the candle to hold, and opened the secret door.

With surprise Dickie saw revealed more secrets of his home. This chamber and the winding stair, the corner whence emerged again the Ellery silver and jewels, long since gone, were wonderful to him. Into the corner

Frank returned the valuables, and thrust the books and money in beside them.

"We shall find them when we want them," he said. "Now come down."

They descended more than twenty steps to a little chamber boarded with oak. It was empty, but there came to Dickie the faint suggestion of the ocean, in sound and odour. Whence?

"Here are springs in the wall," said Frank. "Notice. Do not forget. The door opens toward you."

Another door swung open to another chamber, where the ocean sound was louder, and the smell of salt was strong. A chamber of stone was this, with pillars of brick upholding a roof of great slate slabs. The candle lighted the place dimly, and the columns cast great shadows. Moisture dripped from above, boxes and casks lay mouldering on the uneven floor, and Dickie stood astonished at this secret of the old-time smuggling trade. Frank shut the door behind, and led him onward.

They came to the end of a straight passage, vaulted in a semicircle, narrow and low. They stooped as they entered it; stone became sand beneath their feet, and Dickie, as he looked ahead, saw in the darkness the glimmer of the candle's rays on little waves, and heard the water lapping on a beach. They neared a bulky object lying in the passage. It was a boat. They stopped beside it.

"I understand at last," cried Dickie. "Through this passage you and Benjy went, years ago. Through this you escaped the soldiers just the other day."

"Through this," responded Frank, "I would have put you in safety, had you not rushed away to find Sotheran."

"But now," said Dickie, touching the skiff, "we go away."

"You go," answered Frank, "I stay."

CHAPTER VII

THE LETTER

Dickie was white as he asked his brother: "Why?"

"You must go," answered Frank, "to accuse Church. I stay to get the proof."

"I must stay with you," cried Dickie. "You may be taken. And you will have no boat."

"If we are both taken," asked Frank. "What further harm may not the traitor work? And I can swim."

Dickie dropped his head. "I will go."

"Dear boy," cried Frank, "I may yet reach headquarters before you. Take this copy of Doctor Church's letter. I will keep the one that is half finished. Now, Dickie, quickly."

They carried the boat to the mouth of the passage, which, narrow and low, in the shadow of the wharves, and uncovered only twice a day by the tide, was from the outside almost undiscoverable. They launched the skiff, and Dickie, bending low as he sat in it, pushed from under the arch. Then, as he floated out beneath the wharf, the thought that he alone was seeking safety daunted him.

"Please, Frank!" he begged.

Frank had put out the candle. "Go, Dickie," sounded his voice from the darkness. "Beware the warships. Good night."

And so they separated.

The moon was still overclouded, and for Dickie was

little chance of discovery. In the streets, as Frank left the house, there was light enough to see the going, but not enough to reveal a face. He laid his course boldly. Four enemies to one friend were in the town, but he knew every turn of the streets, each garden and each wall, and felt that the chance was fair. He pulled his hat over his eyes, once more made himself shorter, and traced a zigzag down the very middle of the street. The first person that he met laughed at him.

"Laugh!" thought Frank as he recalled Brush's own words. "Not so drunk as ye might think."

He planned his way, and followed it as directly as his conscientious imitation of the jailer could carry him. Many in the town knew Brush; Frank had no desire to impersonate him sober. But he met no other people, and soon was reeling along the street through which, but last night, he had passed to prison. The street was silent; and on account of the moon, although obscured, no lamps were lighted. The dwellings all seemed dark. Which was the house? Under which lamp had he dared Sotheran to fight? From which window had the captain leaned last night?

There was a light.

He stood beneath an open window and looked up. A flickering candle burned within—he saw its moving shadow on the ceiling. If this were the house, that was Sotheran's room. Yes, there was the low stoop on which Sotheran had stood to sneer at him. No neighbouring house had such.

"If the door is but unlocked!" thought Frank. He went silently up the steps.

He doubted his own success, but the door yielded as he raised the latch. He entered the house, heavy with its heat, where distant snores gave evidence that the housekeeper's family was asleep. Closing the door

he stood and listened in the entry. Above him he heard the sound of regular breathing.

"Pray heaven," thought Frank, "he is asleep!" And he mounted the stairs.

The captain's door was ajar, and the light from the candle showed Frank his way. The stairs creaked twice, but he went on until he reached the upper hall. Then he stopped and listened. The snores now sounded from below, the heavy breathing from the captain's room.

"He is asleep," said Frank, satisfied, and went directly thither.

He saw through the open door the interior of the room. A candle, guttering in the draught, gave the light. Glasses and bottles stood upon the table. All doors were open for air, and in the middle of the room, in a large armchair, the captain sat asleep. His bandaged foot was propped in another chair; his face was upturned, and he slept quietly. Frank entered, and softly shut the door.

Then he advanced to the captain's side, keeping the candle at his own back. He pulled the hat farther over his brow, and looked at the sleeping man. A powerful face that was. There was no heaviness to the clean-cut jaw, no thickness to the lips, nor to the nose. The forehead was broad and high; the face was unwrinkled, save that between the brows was the little frown that meant command, and at nose and mouth—faint but discernible —were the lines that stood for cruelty. Yes, powerful and handsome both. And clever too. Could he be tricked?

Frank put his hand upon the captain's shoulder, and moved him slightly.

"Captain!" he whispered hoarsely.

"Eh?" said the captain, stirring.

"Captain!" repeated Frank, and pushed him once more.

The captain opened his eyes and looked at him.

"Who are you?" he asked, surprised.

"'Tis I," whispered Frank, rapidly. "'Tis Brush, sir. I've brought you from Tom the letter from Doctor Church."

"That letter?" demanded Sotheran, starting wide awake, "give it here. Damnation, told he you of it?"

"We were just hobnobbing," answered Frank. He began to fumble in his pockets, holding down his face. "Tom drank too much, and told me of it. I said the letter should be returned to you. But eh, 'tis clever of you and the doctor, sir. I'll wager no one suspects. Here's the letter, sir."

He held out the folded copy, and Sotheran seized it.

"Fellow," the captain cried. "You have learned too much. If you breathe the doctor's name, or tell of this, you shall rue it. Stand aside and let me see if the letter is correct. Why, 'tis not complete!"

"A mistake," mumbled Frank, reaching for the letter.

"And damme," cried the captain agrily, "now I recollect. Ellery returned the letter, and knew no names. Hark ye here, Mr. Brush. Your officiousness—are you drunk, fellow? I will keep this."

"I think," said Frank, in his natural voice, "that I will take it."

"God!" cried the captain, starting violently, "Ellery!"

"Your servant," answered Frank, removing his hat. He saw the captain's whole body quiver, and smiled.

But Sotheran's surprise passed instantly. Controlling his anger and dismay, he saw the situation and accepted it. Ellery had escaped, had forced the secret from his uncle, and had come for the original letter. Questions and details were superfluous. What was there to do?

He smiled languidly, leaning back again. "A capital disguise."

"It served," answered Frank. "But the letter, Captain?"

"Here," answered Sotheran, giving the copy.

"The original?" asked Frank.

"You come too late," said the captain smiling. "Your pretty trick was wasted. The letter is burned."

There was nothing to be learned from his face. The smile was the same as at all times—inscrutable. He dropped his hands easily in his lap, and looked at Frank amused.

"The trick was not wasted," said Frank. "You admitted the truth. My suspicion was but a guess. For such a clever man, Captain Sotheran, you surprise me."

"You forget," replied the captain, easily, "that I am dealing with so wise a man as yourself."

"And to-morrow," went on Frank, "Doctor Church will lose his opportunity to write more letters."

"Poor Doctor!" exclaimed Sotheran. He did not move; his head rested upon the chair-back, and he regarded Frank through half shut eyes. "That will be a hardship to him. He is very literary. So you are leaving town?"

"I am."

"Can I not persuade you to remain?"

Frank smiled grimly at the urbanity. "Not even your attractions," he replied, "will be sufficient. And yet I thank you for your service to me, Captain."

"Indeed! Will you explain?"

"Your device of the forged letter," said Frank, "taught me many things. The general showed it me this morning. It was very deceptive, Captain. But the original had a postscript."

"That is interesting," said Sotheran, closing his eyes. "Pray go on." He tapped his lips as if stifling a yawn.

"The forgery taught me," said Frank. "That you had an accomplice in the American camp. That you knew some one who could imitate my hand. That there must have been a letter to the general accompanying the forgery—another forgery, Captain."

"The steps of your reasoning?" required the captain.

But it was no longer easy for him to speak. Frank felt the difference in the voice, and saw the eyes, not languid now, open again.

"Mathematical," he replied. "Without a flaw. And when our talkative friend Brush revealed who was the forger, I learned, my dear Captain, how I might save my inheritance, and also serve my cause."

"So?" asked the captain, through his teeth.

"Captain, Captain!" said Frank. "Excuse this word. You overreached yourself. Your plan was too fine. You should have used Doctor Church's letter as it came. Your tricks and my uncle's are finished."

"I use no tricks," said Sotheran. "But fellow, since you are leaving town, favour me before you go. There are pistols in that case."

He could restrain himself no longer. His pride was deeply stung, and his voice hissed with passion. But Frank, leaning closer, shook his head.

"I should be a fool," he said, "to advertise my presence here. If it were swords, Captain—but you have had an accident." Sotheran panted. "My brother, it is true, has gone to Cambridge with the accusation. But I need proof—and here it is. Don't struggle, friend."

He seized the captain's wrists. Frank's fingers were long; he held the wrists together with one hand, and thrust the other into the captain's coat.

"Fellow!" cried Sotheran, furiously. "Pickpocket!"

But Frank withdrew a wallet from the captain's breast. Then he released the wrists, his grip on which had left them marked with white.

"Names do no harm," he said. "Excuse the disrespect, and the liberty I take." He held the wallet near the light, ran over its papers, and extracted one. The others he laid on the table.

"Tradesman!" sneered the captain.

"And now," said Frank, putting away his letters, "your wrists once more." He took from the chair the captain's sash. "Will you be quiet, or must I silence you?"

The captain started angrily upright. "If I were but armed——"

"Yet not being so?" asked Frank.

Sotheran controlled himself, and sank back. The flash of an idea gleamed for a single instant from his eyes: friends would come soon. Time was everything. He stretched out his wrists.

"Bind me!" he said.

It was suspicious, yet Frank saw he meant it. Without a struggle or a sound he allowed Frank to bind, first his wrists, then his body to the chair.

"Now," he said quietly, "let us talk."

"Time is going," answered Frank. "And I fear I must gag you, Captain."

"Five minutes," responded Sotheran, "is all I ask."

"Well," answered Frank, "begin."

"Be seated," said the captain.

Frank drew up a chair and sat down. "Well?" he asked.

He could but admire the captain's composure. With true English condescension, quite at his ease, Sotheran seemed to be speaking to one he desired to reason from his ways. His voice was quiet, his manner tolerant, as if,

pained by such treatment, he yet was ready to forgive. With his first word he puzzled Frank and held his close attention.

"Why should one of your ability," he asked, "leave the town?"

"Is that not plain?"

"Remain," said the captain. "Mr. Ellery, this night you have taught me to respect you. You are more than I thought. We should be friends."

Frank smiled. "Truly, Captain?"

"I can secure you a position in the army."

"Your generals were enraged with me this morning. Gladly would they have hung me without formalities. How should they, or your comrades, receive me into the army?"

"You suspect me?" asked the captain. "It is reasonable. I have opposed you openly. And yet there is a reason, and a good one, why my mind has changed. Come, I will be frank." He dropped his voice, yet spoke more slowly and distinctly. "You conceive I am opposing you with Mistress Tudor?"

"Leave her name out!" cried Frank.

"Your pardon, and your patience," answered the captain. He spoke more slowly still. "Let me acknowledge that I have received my refusal. Stay, and win her."

The confession seemed to come hard, yet brought relief, for at the end he looked at Frank with openness. But Frank rose from his seat.

"I understand," he said. "Smooth talker, another might believe you. But I perceive, Captain. The glasses on the tray have not been used, the light was burning, the door below unlocked when I came, and at this hour you are not in bed. This talk is to gain time. You expect friends."

"You misjudge me," answered the captain. "Be seated, and hear me out."

But he was listening. Frank listened too. Through the open window they heard footsteps in the street.

"Harriman!" shouted Sotheran with all his force. "Orm——"

Frank caught him by the throat.

"Coming!" answered a merry voice outside.

The captain, bound as he was, saw there was no help in struggling. He bore the pain of Frank's fierce grip, and as he heard the response from his friends his eyes shot at his enemy a glance that said:

"You are caught!"

"Damnation!" thought Frank, and looked about for a gag. He seized the captain's empty wallet and crammed it into the open mouth. Then he leaped to the door to lock it.

There was no key. He seized a chair to put it against the door, and heard the officers open the door below. Their feet were on the stairs.

"M—m—ah!" roared Sotheran, casting out the gag. "Harriman! Help! Murder! Break down the door!"

Clattering and stamping, Frank heard the officers rushing up the stairs. He stepped to the window, placed a hand on the sill, and vaulted lightly out.

The fall was not high, and he recovered quickly. They could not catch him, or even see him as they leaned bewildered from the window, looking for they knew not what. He sped silently close to the houses, turned the corner, and left the street unseen. Tardily they raised the cry behind him.

"Thief! Murder!"

But he was gone. Before an hour had passed he rose, dripping, out of the water on the Cambridge shore.

CHAPTER VIII

HOLLOW SUCCESS

Frank had told; the letter had been produced.

"Church! Church!" was all that Washington had said.

Reproach without measure, sadness deeper than words, thrilled in his voice. Church saw the eye that looked on him, the eye of pitying justice. He felt a sudden knowledge of himself; he saw the blackness of his shame, the depths of his fall. The veil of honour was torn from him; he stood, a traitor. He had no defence; with Washington's repetition of his name he felt a nation cast him forth. He staggered, and covered his face with his hands.

That moment, even before they led him away, began his punishment—Dante's punishment for traitors in hell. To be imprisoned in ice, and yet to feel and know! Alone and unbelieved, from that moment hearts were ice to him. Vain at his trial to seek to exculpate himself. Abandoned, hated by his friends, slowly he was to turn cold before the frigid world, to feel his very blood begin to freeze.

They took him to prison. Washington, Knox, and Dickie watched him go. But Frank, regardless of him, stood at the window and looked out.

He saw beyond the scene which lay immediately before him. The glow of triumph was gone; Washington had taught him not to exult in a traitor's fall. He was

reading his future, and he looked across the meadows at Boston as at the past.

Gone! Everything was gone—youth and happiness and all personal desires. He felt older. Boston held his childhood, his early manhood, and his love. He had left them all behind—his fortune too. Amid his foes the stimulus of danger had sustained him; but now he felt let down, deep down. He was in safety; he was to be one of the army. He was to fight for his country—and lose himself. For there across the river, the marshes, and the broad Back Bay, lay his pleasures and his personal wishes—nay, his one wish, so dear! But lost forever, now. "Good-by!" he breathed.

Washington spoke. "Young men," he said.

The brothers turned to him. He was smiling. "How we have seen him change!" thought Dickie, "to pity, to seething anger, and to kindness."

"Young men," repeated Washington. "Colonel Knox has told me of you. You have helped me much. Will you help me more?"

Frank had a sudden false hope. "To take Dorchester Heights?" he asked with energy.

Washington exchanged glances with Knox. "He is as you said. No," he answered Frank; "that is far off. But will you serve with us?"

Frank's sadness returned, and he merely bowed. Dickie moved nearer to him.

"If I can be with my brother," he said.

"You shall be with him," answered Washington. "Colonel Knox desires to have you serve with him, and the artillery is the branch of service in which I most need men. What do you say?"

Dickie looked at Frank. He bowed again.

"What am I to understand?" asked the general. "Is

this not acceptable? You have done me a great service. If you like, you shall enter the infantry."

"I should prefer," said Frank, "to serve with Colonel Knox."

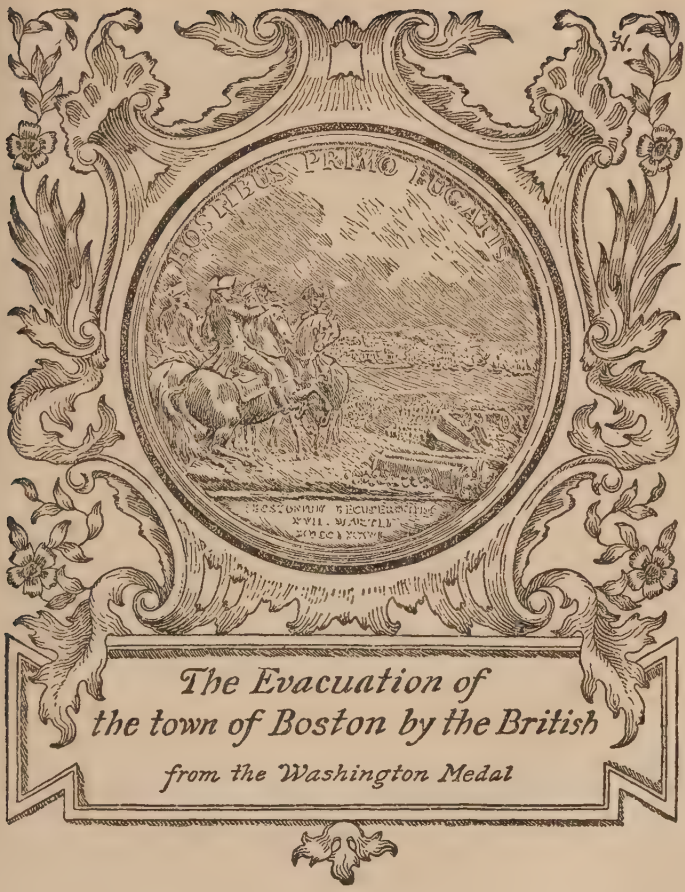
But still he could not smile.

Washington came nearer. "I think I understand. Colonel Knox has said, you leave behind a—friend, and you fear that an enemy, a villain—" He did not end the sentence, for over Frank's face passed a spasm of pain.

"Fear not," said Washington quickly. He laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "If she is good, and he is bad, he can never win her."

In the months that were to follow Frank took endless comfort in those words. But now he shook his head.

"Let me work," he said, "and fight. All else is behind."



The Evacuation of the town of Boston by the British

from the Washington Medal

to hold fascines?" His eyes flashed. "The book! The book wherein they are described!"

He took the book away with him; in the morning the problem was solved. He came to Frank with enthusiastic face; there was no jealousy in the man. "The credit for this shall be yours," he said. "And you shall command the cannon when we take the Heights."

"The latter will be reward enough," answered Ellery.

The hint was Frank's; but the whole great scheme was Putnam's. It was he who planned the huge attempt to make two forts in Roxbury, to carry them to Dorchester, and there to set the pieces in their places. In its magnitude it was a plan unique in history.

Meanwhile in Boston the troops and Tories, far from comfortable to be sure, were making the best of a bearable situation. In the early winter there was some distress from lack of food and fuel. Prices rose high, and the poorer sort went hungry and cold. But unoccupied houses were torn down for firewood, others were condemned, some wharves were broken up, and the Old North Church for a time supplied (to far other than its parishioners) physical rather than spiritual comfort. Burdened with the demand for food General Howe took steps to remove Whig paupers from the town, and in midwinter landed hundreds on Point Shirley, whence they were taken by the Province. Until supplies arrived, those who remained in Boston moved constantly into closer quarters, and each house as it was vacated was demolished. But by the middle of January storeships (such as the Americans did not seize) brought relief. Provisions became plentier, prices fell slightly, there was coal to be had, and those of the upper circles turned their thoughts to gayety.

The Old South Church was a riding-school; Faneuil Hall became a play-house. Dances were not un-

minutes' fire would have rendered useless for want of powder. The colonists were poorly paid and disaffected, there were not muskets enough to equip them all; yet Howe, remembering Bunker's Hill, gave them the one thing they needed—time.

And Washington shaped his army at last. It was no longer a "commissioned mob"; it was housed and warm; muskets were found; Knox and Ellery were bringing from Ticonderoga cannon of all kinds. And the rudimentary navy, nothing more than a few fishing vessels, was bringing into the New England ports, and hurrying to Cambridge, valuable supplies, and among them powder. Yet still the commander knew his weakness, seeing well the difference between holding post around a sluggish enemy, and attacking him in his stronghold. Congress might press for action, the country might clamour, but Washington would not stir. To storm the town would be madness. He appointed a new engineer, that was all, to consider the possibility of fortifying Dorchester Heights.

That man was Rufus Putnam, millwright and farmer, hardy, self-educated, and able, yet unschooled for his task. Only one man in the camp had studied fortification, Gridley, the engineer of Bunker's Hill, who nevertheless could suggest no way to make, in a single night from frozen ground, earthworks to withstand cannon-fire. That was Putnam's problem; it weighed upon him and tormented him for many days. His is the credit for solving it—yet Frank Ellery deserves a share.

Knox and Frank had returned with the cannon from Ticonderoga, and learned of the difficulty. Frank spoke to Knox, Knox spoke to Putnam, Putnam came to Frank in haste. "What is this," the engineer cried, "I hear that you have said? We can fortify in winter? With chandeliers? And what are they? Timber frames

to hold fascines? " His eyes flashed. " The book! The book wherein they are described! "

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common, and card-assemblies were frequent. There was sleighing in the streets and skating at the Neck, and receiving at last a portion of their back pay, the officers might gamble. And yet this last amusement went no longer at its old-time pace, for its leader, Captain Sotheran, played no more, in attendance as he was upon Mistress Tudor. She, it was whispered, was reforming him.

There is force in manners far more effective than mere words. By manners the wise are deceived; and the ear which could detect the clang of falsehood, hearing nothing, cannot warn the heart. He who can act a lie need not speak it; he who will copy needs no other flattery. Silence is golden, it buys more than words; and the quiet, attentive, imitative follower of a woman is her most dangerous suitor. Sotheran, constantly at Alice's side at the assembly, the play, or in church, was winning her affection.

Seven months had passed since Alice had heard of Frank. He had become a shadow. What should she think of him, or how know that he loved her? She had waited, ready; unloverlike, he had delayed. Shall a woman remain faithful to an unasked passion? Not pique, but a little shame was lessening her love.

The feeling was not dead, but it was dying. Alice was beginning to look upon it as of the past. With regret she watched it go: a woman does not willingly give up her first love. But Sotheran was there to take Frank's place. Imperceptibly he was becoming a necessary part of her life. A little longer, and habit, with the wishes and efforts of all her friends, would bring about the end.

But Barbara knew. She heard the news Pete brought from Ann. The ropemaker was almost speechless with dismay. What would Master Frank think? But Bar-

bara? No, Barbara had never yet lost the power of speech. She thought; she planned; she went out upon the Mall one morning and put herself in Alice's way.

Had Tudor been there, Barbara would have failed. But Sotheran drew away as Alice went to Barbara, and waited for the civilities to end. At a distance from the knots of loungers, Barbara received Alice with an aspect as on the day of Concord fight.

"Good morning," she said very shortly. "Am I to congratulate you?"

What rumour, thought Alice, had come to her friend? She prepared for a denial. "You have heard—" she asked.

"That you are to live in the Ellery house."

Alice was relieved. "So you know that? Yes, it is true. You know George must sleep in barracks now. Mrs. Drew, in a panic at the recent firing, declared she must return to England, and I could not live in the cottage alone."

"Who—? How—?" said Barbara. The fragmentary questions conveyed her thought perfectly.

"There is absolutely no other place in town," answered Alice, flushing as she felt the weight of Barbara's disapproval. "For an hour I thought, indeed, that I must sail for England for very lack of lodging, so are all quarters crowded. But the voyage in winter is more dangerous than to stay, my brother thinks, and the spring campaign will finish the rebellion. The idea is Captain Sotheran's. Mr. Ellery is very much his friend."

Barbara glanced at the lounging figure, and said nothing.

"So much," said Alice brightly, "has one short bombardment done for me. And did it trouble you?"

"It was welcome," answered Barbara, and showed how nearly a pretty mouth can look grim.

Alice recognised in Barbara the irreconcilable, and for the first time in months felt the contact with that other life with which she had so long been out of touch. Once she had sympathised with the Whigs, and had questioned if they were not wronged. Here, with a girl who welcomed the bombardment, she came back to it again. Alice flushed, and looked at Barbara with suddenly dilating eyes.

"How unchanged you are!" she cried.

"And you," returned Barbara, "are very much changed indeed. You are not the girl I used to know. I am disappointed, Alice!"

Alice's generous soul was at once ready for repentance. What could she have done? Barbara saw her wonder.

"I came here," she said, "so that you should speak to me."

"You wished to tell me something?" asked Alice.

"Frank is very well," remarked Barbara. "He has been absent from the camp; but he is well, my brother writes me."

"Barbara!" cried Alice.

"That is what I came to say," said Barbara. "And this as well. Who stands there waiting for you?"

"'Tis Captain Sotheran," said Alice.

"That is why I am disappointed in you," declared Barbara.

She shot the words out energetically, then pressed her lips together, challenging reply. Alice felt her cheeks warm, and the instinct of self-defence rose up within her.

"I do not understand you," she said.

"You understand me perfectly," contradicted Barbara. "Excuse me, I am not a Londoner; I am from the provinces." There was no humility in her; she said

it proudly. "But if you wish me to speak more clearly, I will. When you can have Frank, you take that man. And he is bad!"

"No!" cried Alice.

"He is bad," affirmed Barbara. "It is in his face. You saw it once; you are used to it now. I know what I am saying. He is bad."

"Barbara," said Alice hastily, "I cannot stay."

"Is it too late?" asked Barbara. "Is he so much your friend? I am sorry. But let me say one word. Frank Ellery would not hate a worthy rival. And he hates your captain."

Alice stood still, her face turned away from Barbara, but her shoulders said, "go on."

"We never spoke of him but once," said Barbara, quickly following her advantage. "I asked the question: 'What kind of man is Captain Sotheran?' Frank looked black, and this is what he said: 'The man is not fit to live.'"

Alice still stood with averted face. Barbara came a step nearer.

"It is not that Frank should be disappointed in love," she said, "that I care. I know it is not so very hard. But that you should love unworthily, as I—" She paused.

"As you," asked Alice, turning on her quickly. "You mean—a British soldier?"

Barbara reddened. "Your captain is waiting," she said, and fled.

CHAPTER II

THE ASPECT OF TRUTH

Barbara, repentant, ran to Alice that afternoon, begging forgiveness. She was forgiven already; Alice was still thinking of her words. But Barbara's softness was toward Alice only, and when Tudor was despatched with her to see her safely home, he met discomfiture.

Yet he started with her gayly, thinking to make a good impression. "I fear," he began his conversation, "that life has been very dull for you this winter."

"Not at all," Barbara answered.

"But you must have had little to do."

"I never was busier," she replied.

"But so many of your friends must have gone," persisted poor Tudor.

"Yes," answered Barbara.

"Do you not wish you had gone with them?"

"I could not have gone the way they went," she said.

"How did they go?" he asked in surprise.

It was a little unkind of Barbara. She raised her eyes and looked into his. "My brother," she said, "went out on the day of Concord fight. I have not seen him since. Three friends went with him. Four more went the following night, in boats. Two others swam by night to Lechmere's Point, before the week was out. I could not go in any of those ways, sir."

To Tudor her eyes were cold as diamonds. "I meant your friends among the young ladies," he stammered.

"Oh," she said. "They had gone long before. And your general denied me a pass, Captain Tudor."

She was waiting for his reply. He made the mistake of a defence. "The exigencies of war—" he began feebly.

"Yes," she interrupted, "I know them well. You need not quote them, sir."

He was distressed; she saw it and enjoyed it. She did not know his genuine regret, his manly sympathy with the hardships of the Whigs, and when with hesitation he tried to express his feeling, she mistook it.

"Truly," he said, "this war has been for me the hardest experience of my life. A civil strife——"

"Why then did you come?" she cried. "This war was foreseen. Your coming hastened it. If those who profess this gentlemanly sorrow had but acted like Lord Effingham, your regiments would have been half officered, and so half useless. Yet you came gayly. Speak not to me again of sympathy, sir!"

Tudor blinked as the tiny storm broke on him. Barbara's lightnings scorched, but could not stun. Yet they confused, and his honesty lured him a second time to excuse.

"Believe me," he said, "I have no heart in this. I dread a further battle."

"Then resign!" she flashed, and marched on, her head erect, and outraged patriotism in every movement of her little body. Thus they walked on till they reached her gate, where they bowed and curtseyed formally, glad at heart at parting. Barbara went directly to her room, and sat for a while without candles, until with a surprise almost as great as her disgust, she found that tears were on her cheeks. Tudor, his ears stinging, went aimlessly away. "Resign?" he thought. Could he never forget the example of Lord Effingham? Must

a soldier consider his private opinions? Was there any personal duty in such a crisis? To forget the host of questionings, he sought the coffee-house.

But Alice sat thinking in her room. She had begun with Frank, yet her thoughts had wandered to Sotheran. In what way was he bad?

It was the secret of Sotheran's success with Alice that he never made a claim which required substantiation. He was himself, he reposed upon that fact, and what he was might be examined. He professed no goodness, even in his reform. When asked to join a game of loo, she had heard him answer simply: "My dear fellow, I have lost my taste for that." At her side in church he was not fervently devout, but the deep murmur of his responses spoke modestly for him. All his acts were unostentatious, and his calm dignity gave the same assurance to his virtues that it had lent his former dissipations.

And he was in the best of moods to bear scrutiny. A feeling of ease was on him, long unknown in his restless life. Even the adventurer who enjoys his risks—and Sotheran was such—grows nerve-weary with continual excitement. The long bout with Ellery had kept the captain on the stretch. It was the keenest he had ever played, and now that it was over the satisfaction of winning combined with the relief of freedom to produce good humour. Ellery had missed punishment, but his lot was miserable enough, and as the captain watched the preparations for moving Alice to Ellery's very house, it seemed as if the Whig were being set to guard Sotheran's possessions. It was amusing.

On the following day he helped in the work of moving, lending Alice his servants. With Christine, Alice packed and directed, but Sotheran spared her the journeys back and forth from house to house. While Tabb

and Roger carried bundles, he took the reception of her luggage on himself, and begged her to wait until she should see, as a surprise, how comfortable he would make her. She realised how much he saved her, and when in the evening the accustomed company assembled at her cottage for the last time before Mrs. Drew should go and Alice change her dwelling, he found her very grateful.

But she was tired, and Sotheran perceived it. Masterful as ever, he gave his friends the signal for departure, and lingered for a moment after the door had closed on them.

"Rest well," he said.

His consideration for her pleased her; he appealed to her deeper than ever before. She let him take her hand and kiss it. Gentle in her fatigue, and grateful to him, her smile lingered on him as she went up the stair.

And as she sat in her dismantled room, thinking once more of what Barbara had said, she saw no evil in the captain. The question was simply between him and Frank. Which was she to choose? She mused while Christine combed her hair. The thought of Sotheran was pleasant to her.

But when Christine spoke, Alice roused herself. "It has been a busy day, Mistress Alice," said the maid. "The men-servants have worked hard."

"Christine," said Alice, reminded by the words. "I thought you seemed to speak freely to-day with Captain Sotheran's man."

"We are good friends, ma'am," said the maid demurely.

"I cannot help you in everything," went on Alice. "There are a good many times when you are alone. I hope you will remember my warnings of that man—of all men."

"Yes, madam," said Christine dutifully. The mirror was gone, or Alice would have seen the expression that crossed the servant's face.

"And you do not look well," continued Alice. "Have you anything to trouble you? This morning I thought you had been weeping."

"Weeping!" thought Christine. Ay, the night through. But she hastened to answer. "Oh, no madam," she said. "I am very happy."

CHAPTER III

STAGES OF DRINK

Not Alice alone had observed Christine and Tabb that day. Roger, helping Tabb carry bundles, had kept open his eyes and ears. The boy was more trusted now, but lived no comfortable life, since he had no friend. Frank was gone from town, Nick and Pete turned a shoulder when they met in the street, and the boy was alone among disagreeable sights and sounds. But he maintained his courage, and with senses alert studied all about him.

He knew too much, far too much, of the world's wickedness. Yet it had not spoiled him, and with the same obstinacy with which he clung to his political beliefs, he kept a better moral standard than the men about him. He had early learned the fate of breakers of the laws of the body, and observed with pity, rather than disgust, the lives of the men and women of the camp.

And so, when on that afternoon he saw Tabb kiss Christine behind the parlour door, he felt compassion for the girl who, with her pretty face, lacked the strength to guard herself. He had not been often to the cottage, and in ignorance of the length to which the two had gone he ventured, when he and Tabb were on the streets, to plead for the girl's innocence.

"Let her alone," he begged. "There are other women enough."

"None quite so nice," answered Tabb, with a laugh half contented, half boastful.

Roger was silent for a minute. "The poor little dolt," he thought, keen with his young experience. "A country girl she seems. Tabb," he said aloud, "you know the end of such a one—the camp."

Tabb gave him, sidewise, an uneasy glance. "Why do you speak of her? Let be?"

"Or the street," added Roger. "Come, Tabb," he pursued, following up with swift understanding the impression he saw that he had made; "'tis not too late. Have mercy."

He looked up into the man's face. Roger knew his companion well; there was some manhood in him. Swaggering and all too knowing, Tabb was no such rake as his master, pursuing pleasure for its own sake, regardless of the means. He was completely under Sotheran's influence, as Roger knew. Admiration of the captain, and fear of his powers, made him a willing tool. But in personal matters he was easygoing, and Roger, looking shrewdly at him, thought he saw the signs of self-reproach.

"Let be," growled Tabb again.

He would not look at the boy. Roger, meeting no anger, thought to reënforce his appeal by a suggestion.

"If you should harm her," he said, "the captain would be angry."

He meant Tudor; but Tabb turned on him with a short, harsh laugh. "There you are wrong!" he cried, with a miserable triumph which the lad perceived. "The captain ordered it!"

"Ordered it?" exclaimed Roger; then he understood. "Our captain," he murmured.

"Ay," said Tabb. "Plague me no more. No"—as

Roger would have spoken again—"for 'tis too late, I tell you."

In surprise Roger was silent. Then in a moment disgust began to creep over him. Why should the captain have to do with the debauching of a servant maid? It was too small, too mean! He glanced repeatedly at Tabb, and saw that the man walked with scowling face, not liking the thoughts which the lad had summoned. There was conscience in him, Roger saw. Presently Tabb met the boy's glance, and looking fiercely at him, stopped abruptly. They were before a public house.

"I am going in here a moment," he said. "Wait." He put his bundle at the lad's feet and went into the inn. When he returned he was wiping his mouth, and picking up his bundle, went on again, not waiting to see if Roger followed.

"If he took gin or rum," thought Roger, going after, "he will be boastful soon."

He knew the steps of Tabb's drunkenness, as well as of Sotheran's. The captain with each glass did but become more hard and cruel, and was never overcome. Tabb progressed through boastfulness to affection, then to a short stage of babbling before he collapsed. Roger had often thought that in the brief tendency to confidence Tabb might betray a secret, if there were any to conceal.

Tabb did become boastful soon. At the Ellery house, whence Sotheran had been called by other duties, Tabb paused before he left, and looking around the hall, laughed noisily.

"Ha!" he said. "If Frank Ellery knew what we are doing!"

Anger stirred in Roger at the familiarity; but he said nothing.

"And if the lady knew!" said Tabb.

Roger controlled himself. "She does know," he said.

"Nay," and Tabb laughed again. "She knows not all I know—more than you know, my boy," he leered; "a good sight more. If she knew what I could tell—but come away. There is more to do."

And as they passed out the gate Tabb put a hand on the lad's shoulder. "Secrecy," he said solemnly, "secrecy means life sometimes, my boy." He shook his head wisely, then fell to snickering.

"Is there a secret?" thought Roger. "Could I learn it?" He wondered how he should go about it.

"Tabb," he said, when they reached the public house on their return. "I have a shilling to spend. Let's get—" He gestured at the door.

"Ay," answered Tabb affably, and turned toward the inn. "No, no!" he cried, pausing. "'Tis against orders; you must not drink."

It was Sotheran's strict command that the boy should no longer be allowed liquor. "No!" added Tabb positively; and then slyly, as Roger showed the coin already in his hand, he suggested: "But if you will lend the money to me, I'll make it up to ye some other day."

Roger hesitatingly offered it. "If you take too much!" he warned.

"Never fear," retorted Tabb. "I've no such weak head as yourself; and to lose no time, I'll even buy a bottle."

From the moment when Tabb again emerged from the tap-room, more deeply primed, and with his bottle safe, Roger did not leave his elbow. In the trips back and forth, the man's moods slowly changed to the affectionate. And when they finished their task, and put down their last bundles in the Ellery entry, Tabb sat down on the settle.

"I told ye," he said, holding up the bottle, where but a few swallows of the strong New England rum remained, "that I could last the work out. Ah, Roger," he said tenderly, "if I could but teach you how to drink! The pleasure that you lose!" He wagged his head.

"I know," said Roger regretfully.

"And now, when I sit down and rest," said Tabb, "it makes me remember all that has happened to me. Some way, to-day——"

"Now!" thought Roger.

But Ann appeared before them, her hands upon her hips. "Away with ye," she cried, "if your work is done. Out of my clean house with your dirty feet, you drunken lout!"

"Dear old girl," said Tabb critically.

Roger was in agony lest the mood should be lost. "You can't stir him," he said to Ann. "Don't you see? Leave me to manage him."

"Get out, ye loon!" repeated Ann.

"Away hag! squaw!" mocked Tabb. "Or sit down, pretty maid, and listen. I will tell you stories."

"Leave him to me," urged Roger. "Ann, go."

"To your health!" cried Tabb, draining his bottle.

Roger fairly pushed Ann to the dining-room. "Go! go!" he insisted; and whispered: "Ann, it is important."

She doubtfully withdrew. Ann was not pleased with the new order of things. Roger returned quickly to Tabb.

"Come," said Tabb, "sit here by my side, Roger. I get to thinking—what was I thinking?"

"Of Christine," suggested Roger.

"Poor Christine!" sighed Tabb. "And yet I vow I love the wench." He shook his head. "She's plaguing

me to marry her. If it weren't for the captain I would do it, for I hate to see her cry; but he forbids it."

So, thought Roger. He pressed Tabb's elbow. "But Tabb—the captain—why?"

"Ah!" smirked Tabb. "That's a secret. There's a purpose. Only the captain and I know; but Frank Ellery would understand."

"Not Mistress Tudor?"

"Nay, for though she knows, she doesn't know. There's a riddle for you: What does Mistress Tudor know and not know?" Tabb nodded reflectively. "There was an old man knew," he added, "but the captain killed him."

"Killed him?" echoed Roger.

"With a knife. The captain ay was quick. So nobody knows, only the captain, Frank Ellery, and me."

Roger was in the dark. Tabb was speaking distinctly, but drowsily, and the lad feared he would sink into the sleep that always ended his potations. Roger jogged him.

"Nobody else?"

Tabb was thinking. "So strange," he murmured sentimentally. "She such a slip of a girl; and look at her now!"

"Did nobody else know?" insisted Roger.

"Only an Indian," answered Tabb. "He's dead, too." He shook his head. "What a grand lady she's become!"

"An Indian," thought Roger. He knew the story of the forest tragedy, as Ann had told it to him, herself having learned it from Frank's lips. An Indian, and an old man killed with a knife! Alice knew, and did not know! He turned to Tabb.

"Tabb, how do you know?"

Tabb was beginning to doze, slipping down farther

on the settle, his face set with the look of one who recalls a picture. Roger pushed his shoulder.

"Tabb, how do you know?"

The answer came faintly but distinctly: "Wasn't I there?"

Roger was cold with sudden excitement. What was this? But he lost no time. "The captain?" he asked.

Tabb made no response. Roger seized him by the arms and shook him. "Was the captain there?"

He listened eagerly for the response. Tabb roused. "Ay, ay," he said, with feeble good-nature; "but 'tis a secret. The captain would kill—" He sank into sleep, and Roger, pale, but with eyes bright as steel, stood over him.

He had a secret, greater than he had dreamed to find.

CHAPTER IV

THE ELLERY LIBRARY

Alice sat in the Ellery library, before the fire. That day, for the second time in her life, she had entered the house. What had Sotheran been thinking of to bring her there? Did he realise, she wondered, how closely that mansion was connected with the imaginings of her girlhood? She had thought of Frank, and nothing but Frank, since she had entered.

The portals had seemed to loom over her like the risen past, and draw her in. The dusky hall, the old carved furniture, made her ask herself where were the owners of that house. She had stood a moment shrinking, almost expecting Frank and Dickie to appear. In going to her room she had stolen a glance at Frank's door as she passed. It was shut, and its blank surface was eloquent of the former years when that room was empty, and Frank was far away—saving her. Her room was Dickie's, decorated with all the care and taste that Sotheran could give it; but the picture that hung over the mantel was of Frank's mother, looking at her with Frank's eyes. The picture had hung in Frank's room, and Alice had wondered, as it repeatedly arrested her gaze, how often Frank had stood looking at it.

And at supper, when Ann served at the table sulkily, Alice had remembered the little servant's devotion to Frank. Mr. Ellery's cringing manner inevitably recalled his nephew's uprightness. And when at last she

sat alone in the library, the three figures on the walls were like ancestors of her own, knitting her to Frank.

Her brother came from an interview with Ellery. "Alice," he said, "I have suddenly recollected an engagement which I forgot when I told Henry to come here for me. He will not be here for half an hour. Will you tell him that I had to go, and that I will meet him later at the coffee-house?"

With Frank so occupying her mind, she did not wish to see Sotheran. "I will ask Christine or Ann to tell him," she answered. "You go at once?"

"Yes," he replied; and kissed her good night.

Alone again, she seemed alone with Frank. In that house all thoughts led to him. To think of Dickie was no escape, since it reminded her how Frank's influence, reaching his brother through the widest separation, had drawn him to his side and now held him there. Frank's persistent strength was to be marvelled at.

And as she sat, her lover seemed to fill the room with his personality. Her lover? Yes. His love was hers; she had seen it in his eyes; she had heard it in his voice. "Never dream that I forget!" And she—had she not forgotten? Shame again, but this time shame for her inconstancy, reddened her cheeks. Yes, Frank himself seemed to be there in the room; silent, as his habit now was—but not as formerly. Ah, those old-time confidences!

The room was deepening in dusk, but the fire was bright; and in its turn it spoke to her of other fires years ago—the fires of the cabin in the woods. She saw in the flames the interior of the cabin—Aneeb upon his bed, bright-eyed Mukkwah, the boy Kewadin, and old, wrinkled Netnokwa. She saw the pelts dangling from the ceiling, the skins stretched upon the walls. She saw herself, a girl with braided hair, dressed in

deerskin. And she saw Frank, smiling, watching her, her instructor and protector.

What a protector he had been! To gain her from Aneeb, to save her from the lieutenant (and she shuddered), to follow, follow through the woods! The finger of God had pointed him the way. How he had maintained them! How he had fought against the Chippewa! And how, through that famished march, with patient woodcraft, he had kept them both alive until they reached Detroit!

Yes, she had loved him worthily. Did she not love him still? What of his later acts, and of his silence? He believed rebellion right—and was it not? His silence was enforced. But he loved her. Then——

She rose suddenly and paced the room, avoiding the conclusion. Again she began—again she thought of her life, again she enumerated her debts to him, again she paused before the situation. She had loved him; he loved her; then——

Save for the firelight, the room was dark; but in the wavering light she still felt the presence of her lover, and knew that he was taking possession of her. She had not thought of Sotheran once; she had not compared. It was as if the new had never been, while the Ellery house, with all its memories, brought back the old. Slowly the struggle lessened. She caught herself smiling, feeling that she could not be seen. She came again to the insistent question, and avoided it once more.

There was a knock at the door. "Come in," she called, relieved at the interruption; and turned to light the candles.

It was Ann. With a hard face she said: "There is Captain Sotheran's boy to see you."

"If there is a message or a note, ask him for it,"

directed Alice. She looked at Ann, and knew why she was so sullen. It was for Frank—still Frank!

"He must see you," was the answer.

"Then send him in."

Roger came. She had never seen him close at hand before. He entered cautiously and closed the door, looking about the room.

"Is any one here?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"Mr. Ellery?"

"He is upstairs."

"Christine," the lad suggested; "where is she?"

"She is in her room. What is it, boy?"

"Then I will tell," he said eagerly.

Alice listened to a story that made her cold and breathless. That that man, the vilest that had ever crossed a woman's path, was alive, and was—Sotheran! But it could not be true; and her face flushed with indignation.

"The proof of this?" she cried at the end.

"I believe it."

"I would have recognised him," she said.

"Not so," he answered shrewdly. "Master Dickie did not know his brother, thinking him dead."

Alice was silent; she had seen the man fall, and thought him killed. She looked down into the boy's face. It was pale and much too keen, but there was honesty in the eyes.

"Why do you betray your master?" she demanded.

"He is hard and cruel," he replied. "He is bad!"

"It is revenge," she said, drawing back.

"No," he said; "it is for Master Frank. Madam, if you but knew him—so good, so kind!"

"That will do," she said, stopping him. Was everyone in the house an advocate of Frank? "You may go.

Captain Sotheran comes soon; I will ask him if it is true."

"Ask him?" Roger cried in surprise. "Do you dare? He is strong—bold."

"Go," she repeated. "I will ask him."

Roger withdrew in fear. The lady was lovely, and she was for Master Frank; but Sotheran's rage might lead him any length. If anything should happen! Roger hastened from the room; he must tell Nick and Pete.

CHAPTER V

SURPRISAL

The portraits centred their gaze on Alice as she sat, with sunken head, waiting for Sotheran. In her breast struggled the changes of indignation and doubt, and flushes came and went upon her face. Was the boy's charge true? But true or not, the accusation was testing her regard for Sotheran. If she could even suspect him, he did not hold her heart.

She strove to recall the lieutenant of the woods, in voice and feature. Physical likeness to Sotheran she could perceive; the man had been tall and graceful. But the face, seen but for a little while, and then charged with a strange, eager passion, as was the voice, seemed different from Henry's. And the aspect of it which she best remembered was his repulsive visage as he fell, his features livid, streaked with blood. That was the face she thought of when she thought of him, and which had disturbed her earlier dreams. There was no likeness there to Sotheran, calm and elegant.

The knocker thundered at the outer door, and Mr. Ellery came downstairs.

"If it is a visitor?" he asked deferentially.

"If it is Captain Sotheran," she answered, "I will see him here alone."

Mr. Ellery opened the door. Then Alice heard Sotheran's voice. The front door shut; she heard Mr. Ellery go upstairs again. She knew that Sotheran stood

on the threshold, and could not bring herself to rise and turn to him. She sat still.

He came a step nearer to her, but she did not move. He saw the colour in her cheeks; surely she had heard him. This was his moment; he had long been prepared for it. He came still nearer; and when, unable to bear the strain longer, she turned her head, he was kneeling on one knee, his hands outstretched.

He was a picture, an ideal soldier, wonderfully handsome in his uniform and powdered hair. His dark eyes glowed upon her; he murmured "Alice!" Any woman might be proud of such a conquest, such a lover; and she, having but this moment doubted him, felt self-reproach. But she must know the truth. She could not smile nor welcome him, but looked upon him strangely as she rose.

"Henry," she said, "come nearer."

He rose and approached her. "Alice," he responded simply, "I love you."

She dropped her eyes as she heard a tremour in his voice. He seemed so true that she hesitated to put her question. She was troubled, and showed it in her face.

"Henry," she said, "first answer me."

"Willingly," he replied.

She raised her eyes again. It was not in her to use artifice. But though doubt was fleeing, her natural simplicity was better than the cleverest device to surprise him.

"It was not you," she asked, holding his glance with hers, "to whom Frank Ellery trusted me in the woods?"

He was not on guard. The truth, the abominable truth, leaped from his eyes. Anger followed it. Then he was calm, and was ready to deny. But she raised her hand.

"Henry!" she exclaimed, and shrank before the revelation.

It was he! For an instant she had seen again the distorted countenance. The sight, sudden and odious, was like a blow, and she all but staggered. Yet she bore up, and still looked him in the face.

But he, seeing his complete unveilment, lost his self-control. His glance fell. For a moment he could not face her; for an instant she saw his shoulders quiver. His hands clenched; his teeth were set. He stood looking at the floor. Then with an effort he raised his head. Shame passed—the only honest shame he ever felt—and he met her eyes.

"I will repay," he said.

"Repay!" she cried.

"I offer to marry you."

"Repay?" she repeated. "Will you give back the lives of those Indians, my friends? Will you restore the old man Benjy to his sister, who lives here in this house? You slew him with your hand. Will you give me my father? The long waiting killed him. Repay!"

She had thrown the rags of his character in his face. Not all his insolence could uphold him against her denunciation, and for a moment he could not answer. But once more he commanded himself, and sought to retain what ground he could.

"Be reasonable," he said.

She made no audible answer, but he saw her lips repeat his words; and her eyes burned him.

"The past is past," he urged. "Nothing can be done. Let us be sensible."

Still she looked at him, unchanging, and he saw that the moment was passing in which his words might move her. Abruptly he turned from reasoning to pleading.

"Alice," he cried, stretching out his arms, "I admit

everything. I was a brute; I have been a coward; but I was not myself. God knows that I regret it; but I dared not confess. Alice," he begged, "I was weak, but I was not deliberate. Forgive. Let me atone, as far as I can!"

He seemed to pause for breath, so had his words shaken him. For a single instant she hesitated. But then he looked at her keenly, to mark his effect; and she saw.

"Contemptible!" she said.

Then, like the wise man that he was, he recognised his end. His pride came to his aid, and shamed him that he stooped there begging. He stood upright, and reared his head.

"Well," he asked haughtily, "and now what?"

She recoiled. His voice was harsh, his manner bold; he eyed her—her, a woman—with a sneer. This was the real man! She started away from this disclosure, more terrifying than the first. The chair came under her hand; she seized and clung to it, looking at him with widening eyes. She saw his evil nature to its depths.

"Well?" he demanded with disdain.

"Oh, go!" she breathed.

"No," he said; and folded his arms. "I stay."

Her courage came to her. She raised her head to front his own, and met his sneer with scorn.

"This is you?" she asked.

She struck beneath his armour, and he struggled with chagrin. For a moment his face worked, but he composed it.

"You will not tell," he said. "It will not be wise to tell."

She answered nothing, but she looked the question, "Why?"

"Because," he went on, slowly and incisively, "your brother would insist on fighting me."

She flamed on him with glorious contempt. "Coward!" she said, and stood panting.

"Self-preservation," he answered calmly.

"Self! self!" she retorted on him.

"But you understand," he said. He saw her shrink as she felt his hold upon her. "So you will not tell. And understand, when we meet in public it will not be expedient for you to break with me; else George would enquire why."

"I have rejected you," she said, her bosom heaving.

Her beauty smote him, and for an instant he clenched his teeth as he realised his defeat. Then he rejoined:

"Not so, for it does not please me to have it so. I shall attend you as before. George might otherwise think that we had quarrelled, and feel—insulted."

He watched to see her shrink again. But her shock had passed. She stood immovable, splendid in grace, and with eyes that burned. He spoke again:

"And you are not to leave this place for London; that would not suit me. And if you do, I shall give out that I have jilted you, at which George would be angry. Do you understand?"

"I understand," she said, "both your words and you."

There was no submission in her. Gentle as he had believed her, her courage was a surprise, and he began to realise her reserve of force.

"You agree?" he asked.

"You shall be punished," she returned.

Even as he had stood dictating terms, his anger, like the lava, had been working into liquid heat and swelling to an overflow. His was a primal nature, veneered with manner, restrained by public force, but brutal at

the bottom, and to a hurt he knew but a single answer—revenge. He had meant to overawe and conquer Alice. But now she defied—nay, she threatened. Fury seized him.

Only one man that had ever bearded him had failed death at his sword's point. Should he spare a woman? The issue here was more than a mere insult. It was his life—his way of life—or hers; for he saw resolution in her face; he knew the signs of courage well. He never could persuade her now; she was against him forever. To save her brother she would wait long, but soon or late Sotheran would be exposed. And then he saw himself an outcast, compelled to leave his country, and as adventurer, or a soldier in a foreign country, living to an exile's end. Never would he give up!

And he must have Alice! The lava boiled like water as he looked upon her beauty. This was his true self, loving like a fiend, without respect or knowledge of the wonderful thing he craved. Strange love! Love destructive, not preservative; tyrannous, not pleading; crushing, not sustaining; love into which hate had curiously crept.

For she opposed him; and whatever opposed he must hate. The two passions knit in him together; they shook him. This was not thought; the foresight which always had directed him, the composure which was his greatest strength, were lost in the rush of upheaved emotions. No, this was not thought, but instinct—the instinct of the brute to strike for safety, the impulse of lower man to enforce his desires. Hate and love—the two passions which, when linked, have torn down empires—were they to pause before a girl? They bent and burned him, they demolished every barrier of self-restraint, and in a flood the lava overflowed. Suddenly he turned, took one stride to the door, and closed it.

CHAPTER VI

IN COLD BLOOD

Alice faced the captain. He was calm now, but pale, and with eyes agleam. Even in her agitation she noticed their strange light. It was cold, like the unwinking scrutiny of that panther which she had once met when with Frank in the woods.

"Alice," he said. His voice was strained, and she saw him moisten his dry lips.

"Captain Sotheran," she answered, "pray stand aside and let me leave the room."

"Let us stay here," he said.

She caught at the bell-rope and pulled it strongly, gazing at him without further words.

It was Christine who came from the kitchen. Sotheran let her in and shut the door behind her.

"Christine," said Alice, "Mr. Ellery is in his room. Will you ask him to step here at once?"

Christine turned. "Stay," said Sotheran.

The servant looked at him. In her eyes was fear; she knew he was master of her fate. Dared she, some time, but plead to him!

"Who is in the kitchen?" he asked.

"Ann and Tabb."

"No one else?"

"No, sir."

"Christine," said Sotheran slowly, "do you wish to marry Tabb?"

Hope leaped to her eyes. Since the knowledge of the consequences of her disgrace, had she not begged Tabb constantly? Lively to please him, affectionate to soften him, piteous to touch him (ah, her ineffective arts!), she had but learned that his master swayed him.

"Oh, sir!" she gasped.

"Do not go to Mr. Ellery," he directed. "Return to the kitchen. Tell Tabb not to allow the old woman to answer the bell."

The maid looked at Alice, hesitating.

"Go," commanded Sotheran. "You shall marry Tabb."

He opened the door, and Christine, with drooping head, slipped out. Alice might have screamed, and perhaps Mr. Ellery would have heard her. But she was horrified at the treachery. Sotheran closed the door and locked it.

"Mr. Ellery cannot hear," he said. "The shutters are closed; no one can hear from outside. Let us talk."

But he could not speak easily, for as he looked at her, meaning to overlord her, the power of her personality seized him. Her horror passed; she said no word, but with dilating nostrils and haughty head faced him as she would have faced alone that wild beast of the wood. Her eyes demanded his purpose.

His throat was clogged; he coughed to clear it; and advancing with an attempt at his customary assurance, offered her a chair. She waved it aside.

She was magnificently defiant, and the heart which no one but she had ever touched moved suddenly with its only affection; and to his surprise something not understood rose up within him. How should he know that emotion? It was reluctance to destroy. He, the pitiless, the calculating, gave an unforeseen answer.

"Your promise; only your promise to marry me."

"I scorn you!" she said.

But now, checking the rush of anger, the strange emotion grew stronger; and for the first time in his life the man within him rose, to wrestle with the brute. Never had he done as now; not once had man or woman made him pause. But it was she—she herself—who now brought him to his knees.

"Alice," he cried, almost wildly, as he cast himself before her, "think what you do! Do not force me to it! Promise!"

A strange appeal that was, for her own sake to save him from himself. She realised, as he held out shaking hands, the passion which he was restraining, and knew that, once released, it would destroy her as a fire. But she did not fear. Pity gave the impulse to her change of mood, and she answered more gently, as one directs a headstrong child:

"Henry, go away."

"But your promise!" he cried, stretching his arms toward her.

"Do not touch me!" she screamed, starting back.

Her cry swept all restraint away. He rose and moved his shoulders as if to cast his mercy off. "So," he said, "you hate me?"

He was his wicked self again; the one good impulse of his life had spent its force. There was no softness in him now; and Alice, thinking rapidly, asked herself: "The door? No. The window?"

"Answer!" he cried, striding toward her.

She retreated toward the window, keeping her eyes upon his face. She was still calm, but his fury was almost at its outburst, and she saw no help.

"Answer!" he repeated, striking the table with his fist.

She stopped; she would die there where she stood;

she would make him kill her. Ancestral courage came; she faced him with a look, a blaze of fearlessness that made him pause.

But she—she saw! The very wall was opening behind the captain; a homespun figure, tall, thin, tense for a struggle, already was within the room. She saw the angry eyes, the knotted fist, the oaken cudgel. A single stride, and the ropemaker was at the captain's back. A little woman, creeping after, closed the cavity.

The captain knew only that the eye that had commanded him had shifted its gaze. He thought he had outfaced her, and sneered:

"You yield?"

She smiled; and he heard the step behind him. He whirled, his hand upon his sword. There stood Pete, and behind him Ann. The cudgel was raised.

"Draw!" Pete cried.

It was death to draw. The captain pushed the weapon back.

"Brute!" said Pete. "Coward! The wealth of Hancock for one blow at you! Throw down the sword!"

He was restraining himself with difficulty; the captain knew it wiser to obey. He unhooked the sword and laid the weapon down. Pete kicked it to one side.

"Flush, do ye?" cried the man. "Do I soil the sword? 'Tis you who most disgrace it. Now, one word before you go: Try this again, and 'tis your death."

The captain resumed his manner, brushed down his sleeves, shook out his ruffles. He stood as if he were alone. Pete laughed.

"Ah, but you hear," he said; "else why work the muscles in your cheek? So, Captain, try it not again; for, day or night, wherever the lady goes, there will be ropemakers within call. At the assembly, at the church, upon the street, men of mine shall follow her, and wait

where she can cry to them. They shall sleep in this house—Frank Ellery's men. So, you did hear."

For the captain's fists had clenched. Pete laughed. "Go, Ann," he said. "See if the fellow in the kitchen yet can move. Bring him here; and tell the girl she'd best be leaving."

Ann went to the door. Sotheran, watching, saw that she unlocked it. The key had not been disturbed. He looked involuntarily along the walls, solid with their bookcases. Pete laughed again.

"How came we in?" he said. "Ay, tell me that!"

Ann returned, driving before her Tabb, who, staggering and reeling, pressed his handkerchief to a bloody forehead, and seemed but just recovered from a daze.

"Go now," said Pete. He stepped back from the captain. "Pick up that sword, you fellow. Follow your master out."

Had there been chance, the captain would still have resisted. But Pete was there with ready cudgel; dignity alone could cover the retreat. Looking at none of them, walking as if he spurned the place, Sotheran passed to the front door, which Ann held open. Tabb tottered after with the sword. A moment, and the great door clanged behind them.

Then Alice, bewildered, the horror not yet past, felt Ann's hard hands seize hers. And Pete stood by her, suddenly humble and confused.

"Oh, my dearie!" cried Ann. "Look not so strange. Are you hurt?"

"No," answered Alice. "How—what happened?"

"Pete came to the kitchen," explained Ann, "saying he must speak with ye. He——"

"Roger sent me," cried Pete. "And I had treated him ill!"

"Tabb," went on Ann, "ordered Pete out. That is

what the lass must have whispered him. There were words; Pete struck him down and hurried me here. The door was locked. To have forced it would have warned the captain; so—oh!" cried Ann. "I have broken a promise, told a secret, and for you." The little woman's face worked.

"Ann, Ann!" cried Alice, "I can never thank you! Or you"—and she turned to Pete—"not in all my life."

The man looked down. He had never before been face to face with her, admiring from a distance merely. "'Twas for Master Frank," he mumbled.

All was for Frank! She saw how, even in this danger, those who loved Frank had protected her. Present or absent, still he saved her. She hid her face in her hands.

CHAPTER VII

DORCHESTER HEIGHTS

Captain Manly, first officer of the American navy, commander of a little fleet whose men were all commissioned in the army, lest, captured, they should be shot as pirates—Captain Manly, of Marblehead, took heavy toll of the ships that were sent to the relief of Boston. Supplies and stores, food and drink, powder, guns, flints, balls, bullets—these he took and sent to the camp at Cambridge. That giant mortar which the rebels received with cheers, and which "Old Put" christened the "Congress"—that was of Manly's taking. But Howe never felt the loss. The rebel fleet was tiny, the opening of Massachusetts Bay was wide, the vessels sent from England were very numerous. So many came safe to port that there was comfort in Boston at the opening of spring. The warmth, so welcome after the late severe frost, made men willing to look upon the bright side of things. The snow and ice were melting; reënforcements, always about to arrive, were coming; there would necessarily be a period of waiting for the roads to dry; and then, by a quick campaign, the general would sweep the country clear of rebels.

It was a familiar prophecy, months old, but by repetition made sacred, and with the first mild day of March it gave new zest to the life of many a Tory. As the Mall on Common Street cleared of snow, society turned

out, and enjoyed its last promenade on the parade ground of fashion.

That last promenade! while all unsuspected the end was planned and its means preparing. Behind the hill in Roxbury men were making great heaps of fascines, with chandeliers to hold them; were twisting bundles of hay and fathoms of rope; were gathering barrels to hold earth, and tools for digging. By the river in Cambridge boats were building. But on the Mall gathered Tory Boston in all its glory, as if for one final time to preen itself and strut in the sun. There walked councillors and judges, registrars and inspectors, commissioners, treasurers, and officers of the customs. Men of hereditary position were they, accustomed to consider the higher offices their own, belonging to the charmed circle, wealthy, refined, and bountifully hospitable. A curious upper class this was, developed during a century and a half in a Puritan commonwealth, and so far forgetful of its sternly democratic ancestry that it had learned to scoff at the men who represented the older Massachusetts virtues. Their prejudice against the Whigs, rooted in the fear of lost position, fostered by aristocratic scorn, and flowering into the sharpest partisanship, had roused an equal feeling. Yet still safe from an outraged people, the Tory magnates walked on Boston Common, resplendent in their English clothes. And with them walked, more glorious yet, their wives and daughters, while their sons, in the livery of the volunteers, paid soldierly attention to the ladies. The place was theirs; they felt secure in it; their fathers had walked there; their grandchildren should hold the offices their fathers held, and on Sundays walk upon that Mall. As for the temporary inconvenience of the siege—well, it was sad that men should be deluded, but those who act upon delusions

are insane, and the insane must be restrained, by force, if necessary. This was a purging of the body politic, violent but beneficent, and in the future the colony would be the gainer, though individuals must suffer.

So thought the American Tories—not bad men, but good; and not ignorant, but educated. Their words on the rebellion certainly were wise, but their wisdom was like a sword which could cut both ways.

So they enjoyed their last promenade, while with them walked their defenders from overseas, and their rivals. Lady Harriet was there, still outshining Mistress Oliver; and there were the beaux of the garrison—Harriman, Tudor, Ormsby. Alice was there, with Sotheran watching her; but while she was contented, he was not, for each saw Pete lounging at a distance, yet keeping Alice in sight wherever she moved. By day or by night the ropemakers were near her now. She did not fear him; and he, tantalised and fruitlessly scheming, knew that she could defy him continually. How to gain her? How to prevent his own final ruin? He could not bear the sight of her, so lovely and admired; and, disengaging himself from the throng, went to his room in the barracks. Tabb was there.

"Tabb," the captain said, "I want the room."

The man hesitated. "If you please, sir——"

"Well?"

"Christine is very miserable, sir."

"Why did she leave her mistress, then?"

"Sir, could she dare to stay?"

"'Twas her own choice," returned his master. "Well, is there more?"

"She says you promised I should marry her, sir," said Tabb.

Sotheran sneered: "And you would be willing?"

Tabb moved uneasily. "She's kind of pitiful."

"Fool," said his master. "The woman's worthless now. Would you lower yourself—give up your freedom? Come, come, Tabb, no more nonsense. I cannot have a married servant. Here is a guinea to stop the woman's mouth."

That day was the second of March. That night few people slept in Boston; for, in the middle evening, from Lechmere's Point a mortar spoke, and its ball, rising to tower a moment at its height, fell within the town. From Cobble Hill the signal was answered, and a ball was sent against the British works in Charlestown. Then from Roxbury a cannon flashed, and upon the Neck a guardhouse flew to kindling. Washington's gunners were practising.

The British batteries heard the challenge, and from Bunker's Hill, Barton's Point, and the Neck answered the bombardment. All through the night the cannon thundered, and in that noise was little chance for sleep. There was small danger; a hole or two were made in roofs, a few regulars were wounded, and the Americans split five of their mortars. Knox, gazing ruefully on the fragments of the "Congress," saw that his men had much to learn.

And so, since ladies look not well from lack of sleep, there was no promenade the following day, although the sun was bright. The American batteries were silent; they were bedding their mortars better; and besides, they had a reason for firing in the night. As darkness came they opened again, and the full moon, sailing over uncomfortable Boston, saw splinters falling in the streets, with here and there a broken window. But no one was hurt; there were few bombs, and the garrison laughed at the colonial general who supposed his fire effective. Yet Washington, new commander though he was, knew and had attained his pur-

pose. As on the third night his batteries commenced to fire, sentries in Boston paced their beats with contempt, and watchers at the British posts were loftily inattentive.

That was the night of the fourth of March. The morrow was the fifth, the anniversary of the Massacre. A proper day was that to nerve the colonists to the spirit for a battle.

For the preparations were all finished. All the teamsters from the country round—three hundred drivers with their carts and horses—had come to Roxbury. The commanders, too, were there: First Gridley, the veteran who planned the redoubt at Charlestown; next Thomas, energetic and resourceful, the man who, at the first occupation of Roxbury, deceived the British with his slender force by marching it round and round the hill, and who now had devised many of the means for the present expedition. There was Rufus Putnam, the man to whom is due the credit of making that expedition possible, who with his carpenters and woodsmen had prepared the material for the forts; and there was Ellery with his cannon, he who had assisted Putnam in every step, and who saw at last at hand the long-postponed fulfilment of his desire.

The moon was bright. From the American lines at Roxbury the cannon were firing at the town. The British scarcely answered from the Neck. None noticed the dark column of men which, off to the left, in full view crossed Dorchester Neck and mounted the slope of the promontory. No one saw, or heard for the noise, the carts which followed strewing the road with hay, and none perceived the steady come and go, throughout the night, of the wagons carrying materials to the two summits which loomed above the town. The slow bombardment accomplished its purpose. No sounds were

heard from Dorchester, no suspicion was aroused. The troops slept undisturbed within their barracks, the sentinels dozed upon the fleet, the Tories in the town at last found sleep, and heard no meaning in the cannonade.

But in the morning Boston woke, and rubbed astonished eyes. On the twin Heights which so long stood bare, were now two strong redoubts. The parapets were high, and across them lowered the muzzles of cannon. And still upon the Heights men were working busily, with pick and shovel deepening the ditches which surrounded the defences, packing closer the dirt among the fascines, felling the orchards on the slope to form abattis, and placing barrels of earth, ready to roll them down upon an attacking force.

There was running in the streets of Boston, there was knocking at doors, there was shouting from neighbour to neighbour, then was hurried dressing and crowding to the wharves. Howe, standing on the historic wharf where the tea ships had lain, saw on Dorchester hills the logical sequence of the Tea Party, and had before him, summarised, Boston's first and last words to the king of England. But the drawing of historic parallels was not his bent; he must think of action, for now came a hasty message from the admiral, saying that unless the Americans were dislodged, the fleet was at their mercy. Howe made up his mind.

The Americans in Dorchester saw the British boats convey to the Castle many hundred men. The ships closed in; an assault was evidently intended; and messages went hurrying from Washington in Dorchester to Putnam in Cambridge, to be ready for the signal.

In the redoubt nearest the Castle, which would bear the first attack, Frank Ellery leaned upon a cannon and patted its cold muzzle. The eyes of his men were eager or excited, but their mouths were firm. The riflemen

were steady; and he knew that Washington, who had just inspected the defences, was satisfied. "Remember," the general had said, "the Fifth of March," and the men's response was resolute. The regiments that forced their way through the entangling trees would have to meet Frank's charges of grape before the barrels were rolled, and must be disciplined indeed if they could attain the forty yards for which the riflemen reserved their fire.

And there was another combat impending. When the British should land on Dorchester, rockets were to signal Putnam in Cambridge. Within the river were boats and barges; ready on the shore were four thousand men—the best drilled of the troops—burning with desire to cross the Back Bay and storm the town. That was to be indeed a day of fighting. The town might be destroyed; the flower of both armies would certainly perish. Frank could not be easy as he thought of Alice.

But as the day wore on, and by the Castle the British seemed ready to embark again, the wind which had been blowing all the day—a high east wind, driving across the dull heaven wisps and rags of clouds, the forerunners of a tempest—grew into a gale. The boats had wallowed their way from Boston to the Castle, drenching the soldiers with spray. At noon the strait between Dorchester and Castle Island was a mass of whitecaps, and by the middle of the afternoon the waves were high on the beach. Washington came again to the redoubt, and, standing by Frank's side, gazed down at the water. A powerful surf was running. No boat could live upon that shore.

Frank saw his chief frown as he turned away. "Mr. Ellery," said Washington, "our visitors cannot come. I know not which will mourn the most, you or I."

The British remained at the Castle. Evening fell.

Through the night blew the furious wind; louder grew the pounding of the surf. The rain came about dark, and when it came it fell in torrents. Men were still busy; in spite of the rain and darkness the works were growing stronger; and when day came the British, could they have landed, would have had to climb a slippery hill against a fortress. There would be no fight.

Washington's end was gained. He saw, and Howe saw too. All through the sixth the gale continued, but the rebels worked constantly, and when at night the wind lessened, the forts were so strong that it would have been madness to attack. On the morning of the seventh they saw from the Heights the boats returning from the Castle. What then? There was but one thing left.

In Boston it was known that the generals were in council at the Province House. People gathered in the streets—Whigs with faces grimly anticipative, Tories pale and anxious. The Whigs saw reward for their sufferings; the Tories beheld the approach of an appalling catastrophe. They could not name it to themselves; they strove with quivering lips to keep up confidence. They had little time remaining in which to deceive themselves.

The door of the Province House opened at last; the officers came out. The admiral first, with head bent down, hurried to his boat; the generals, refusing to answer questions, went to their quarters. But the decision was not long withheld. It was whispered first; then it was spoken; then, with voice of despair, it was cried through the streets. Men rushed headlong to their homes, to shut themselves from the light of day. Their heaven was shattered; its fragments were falling upon their heads; they saw themselves ruined, their families

destitute, their homes destroyed. That news carried consternation to hundreds of hearts; its words tolled the end of many lives; it meant poverty, misery, exile.

For Howe had determined to evacuate the town.

CHAPTER VIII

EVACUATION

Confusion indescribable, consternation in the extreme, paralysed for a while the minds of the Tories. All illusions were swept away, and in their place was a reality never contemplated; a horrible black future, with the immediate need to save the most precious possessions, and in haste, whether well or sick, young or old, to pack and go. Each according to his character fought against despair, and summoning his energies as he might, fell to his work.

There rose the fear that the town might be destroyed at embarkation, and taught the Tories they must save enough to enable them to begin again in another country. But how save? There was bribing and cajoling, carrying and loading, crowding and jostling. The brisker bought for themselves privileges that excluded the king's property; and securing cabins for their families, hurried their merchandise on board the transports. Such as they could not carry they offered for sale. Then the best of things were cheap; then the most valuable were abandoned because untransportable; and furniture, books, carriages, and all the glories of those fashionable establishments, of merchants, ministers, officials, lawyers, and judges, became worthless in the town that had admired. Miserably the refugees began to huddle on board the vessels. The night of the ninth of March gave speed to every laggard.

On the promontory of Dorchester a hill close overhung the town. It stretched to such a point that it flanked the British embankment on the Neck, and from a short half mile could rake the gunners at their work, or in the other direction could pitch a ball far within the town. It bore another of those rugged New England names which proved so full of meaning to the British. Noddle's Island, Breed's Hill, Bunker's Hill, Cobble Hill, Lechmere Point, Lamb's Dam, were now to add Nook's Hill to their number. Howe had had his eye upon it; on the night of the ninth a fire was seen there, and his batteries opened.

All night the cannon roared, from the Americans and British alike. It was the severest fire that yet had come; the timid within the town, the frightened women on the fleet, thought their last hour was at hand. Balls fell crashing in the town; the church was struck on Brattle Street, and a ball struck the Ellery house, where Thomas Ellery, crouching by the library hearth; Tudor, anxious for his sister's safety; and Brush, making the conditions of a bargain, all started at the thud of the impact.

But two who were there—Alice sitting by the fire, and Sotheran leaning at the mantel—did not move. Sotheran had come, according to his policy, to keep himself in Alice's mind, and to hold up before her, by sinister glances from his steely eyes, the threat by which he meant to win her. It was at a moment when their eyes had met that the crash came, but neither of them stirred. Sotheran shot his threat, Alice met it fearlessly; and erect, immovable, unyielding, they scarcely heard a noise which had no terrors for either.

But the others heard above them the splintering of wood—the ball had entered by a window. The ceiling jarred, by the corner some plaster fell, and as Thomas

Ellery started frightened from his seat, before his eyes a part of the wall swung slowly open. A bookcase moved bodily from its position, and showed a dark cavity behind.

It was Tudor who stopped Ellery in his flight, and Brush who seized a candle. "It will not come again, ye fool!" cried the Tory. "Hey, man, see what's here! Did ye know, Tom?"

But he saw that Ellery had not known. Brush stepped boldly to the secret chamber, and held his light within it. "Hey!" he cried, "a noble hiding-place. Come here, Tom—stairs! Room for a man to live a month! Come and explore."

"Come away, Crean," said Ellery. Tudor was astonished; but into Alice's glance came a reminder, and Sotheran, seeing from the corner of his eye, bit his lip, held his glance with difficulty a moment longer, then looked away.

But Brush disappeared. They heard him suddenly cry: "Hi, Tom, come here! Bags! Egad, the Ellery plate! And books!"

"Books!" cried Ellery; and sprang after him into the chamber.

They brought out heavy bags, and laid them on the floor; they brought a brass-bound box; they brought great tankards, platters, plates, flagons, and candlesticks, and piled them on the hearth; they brought smaller bags; and last, two by two, Ellery brought the books.

"Why do you bring those?" asked Brush. "They have no value. With these, Tom"—and he touched the bags with his foot—"ye can start again."

But Ellery, saying nothing, and glancing furtively at Alice and her brother, opened a great ledger and laid it upon the embers of the fire. It smoked and blazed;

another followed it, and then another, and while the flame rose up the chimney, Ellery, more and more erect, more and more secure, allowed his nervous smile to grow into a sneer, and caressed with his glance the bags, the box, and the silver at his feet.

But Brush, rubbing his hands, saw in the discovery both revenge and profit. Frank Ellery was well served, and Tom—be sure!—would pay well for his passage. And Sotheran now saw the tables turned. Looking at Alice, he strove to command her eye and express his triumph, but she would not allow it, knowing that she could not bear it. She saw in the Ellery plate and jewels Frank's dearest treasures, now in his uncle's possession, and if taken to Halifax, lost to Frank forever.

"Come," said Tudor coldly at last, disgusted by a scene which he did not understand, but in which he suspected some dishonesty. "Come, Mr. Brush, let us complete our bargain. I and my company are ordered to sail on your two ships, and you advise the 'Elizabeth' as the more comfortable for my sister?"

"Ay," said Brush. "The brigantine has no space for soldiers; they must sail on the 'Minerva'; but the 'Elizabeth' has the better cabins, and is the easier boat. And we need no soldiers for defence; we shall be with the fleet."

"I am doubtful," said Tudor to Alice, "whether you should stay on shore so long. We shall be the very last to go."

For the light infantry and grenadiers, as at Concord and Breed's Hill, had again been detailed for the post of danger. Brush put in a hasty word for himself.

He saw before him the opportunity of his life. That evening he had received from Howe—too busy with his many cares to choose his men discriminately—authority

to seize all property which might be useful to the rebels. A ship and a brigantine had been placed at his disposal. The scope of Brush's commission might be stretched to include almost all property of value. Here was a noble chance for peculation; and the passage money of those who sailed with him made an extra perquisite. Brush believed his fortune made.

"Ah, my lady," he said, turning to Alice, "you are well off to sail in my little ship, instead of the great transports. With Commissioner Hallowell to-night, thirty-seven people are pigging together on the same cabin floor, and there they wait, cooped up on board, until the army sails. But you are comfortable ashore, and with me——"

Alice turned her eyes from him. The man spoke truth, but he was odious; she hoped for a quick voyage in such company. The secret passage, still open, reminded her of Frank; and here she was, about to flee the town, to see him again—when?

"The arrangement suits me," she said. "Complete it quickly, George."

"Then understand, Mr. Brush," said Tudor. "My sister and I have the two cabins on the 'Elizabeth'—my men and my lieutenant sail on the 'Minerva.' The general has permitted it. No one can say how long this waiting is to last. You are to lie close to the wharves to receive us."

Brush laughed. "Never fear," he said again. "I sail on the 'Elizabeth' myself, and until the last moment I shall be busy on shore."

"Then here is the money," said Tudor. "Give me a receipt."

Brush went to the table to write. As he signed it Alice, who had been sitting by the bookcase, rose, and almost involuntarily pushed it shut. As it swung into

its place, she heard a muffled click. The catch was not injured, the door had but jarred open.

"Hi!" cried Brush, starting. "I wanted——"

"'Tis right," said Ellery briskly. "There can be nothing more for me."

"But for me," said Brush, "there will be greater pay. For safe carriage of you and all that treasure on the 'Elizabeth,' you must give me now——"

"George," said Alice, turning to the door. "I am going to my room. Captain Sotheran, pray excuse us."

"I return immediately, Henry," said Tudor, following his sister.

They left Ellery and Brush bitterly bargaining. Sotheran, contemptuous of them, exultant as he was at the discovery of Frank's treasure, frowned as Alice carelessly excused herself. The girl walked close to the edge of danger; she had no fear of him.

But Alice, in her room, sank in her chair with little spirit. Now that they were upstairs, the noise of the cannonade sounded more clearly.

"Hear that!" said Tudor, standing by her side.

It was the worst that they had ever heard it, except on the morning of the Charlestown battle. The sound was like the continuous rolling of thunder, now with a louder, near report, now with the steady booming of the American cannon.

"But do not fear," said Tudor; "the house is not likely to be hit again, and this side is sheltered."

"I do not fear," responded Alice. She raised her eyes to her brother's face. "Do you see where we have come? We are bombarded in our homes, and we must flee the town."

"I see," said Tudor gloomily; "I am amazed; I understand it not."

"It is punishment," said Alice. Her brother made

no answer. In a moment she added: "It is just punishment."

She thought he might start or exclaim. Instead, he turned to her a sober face. "Do you think so?" he asked, with interest certainly, but without astonishment.

"We are in the wrong," she answered.

She understood his answer. "I am a soldier," he said. "I must go now. I will keep you informed. Do you be ready packed." He kissed her good night.

In the morning it was seen that the Americans had not finished their redoubt upon Nook's Hill. But a beginning had been made, and Howe saw that he must hurry. He ordered the already laden transports to fall down the harbour. That day within the town there was spiking of guns, breaking of gun-carriages, and throwing of ammunition into the water. But the work could not be thoroughly done; there were barely enough soldiers left to guard the fortifications. Proper policing and working were no longer possible.

It was Brush's opportunity, and he seized it. He knew the town well; he knew the poorer sort of Tories —hangers-on after the smaller offices, men ready for violence, like himself, when fawning failed. Fawning had secured him his commission, but with violence he meant to execute it. The gang he gathered about him—gaugers, tide-waiters, and jailers—were ready for whatever he might propose. His vessels began to fill up with the rich harvest that he reaped.

Tudor, snatching one evening a quarter-hour in which to see Alice, saw before a warehouse Brush's rascally crew, provided with axes and crowbars, and with a cart and barrow for conveying their spoils.

A soberly dressed inhabitant of the town, standing before the warehouse door, was protesting loudly

against the proposed entrance. When he saw Tudor he ran to him eagerly.

"Sir," he said, "here is property left in my care by a merchant who has left the town. This man intends to take the goods, but will give me no receipt."

Brush, half in liquor, roared his response: "I am directed to give receipts to owners. This man is no owner. Where is the owner?"

"The goods," cried the man, "are but silks and woollens!"

"'Tis silk and woollens that I want," retorted Brush. He signalled to his men, and immediately against the unguarded door an axe crashed.

The citizen wrung his hands. "Captain! Captain!" he cried.

Tudor hung his head. "I cannot help you," he said hastily, and hurried on.

It was not the last time that he saw such a scene, or the evidence of it. Stores broken open, their contents strewed upon the floor and even on the sidewalk; here barrels of flour lying; there sacks of rice abandoned for a richer booty—this he saw in the next three days, and more. For one morning he passed a residence, its door open, upon its steps scarlet hangings strewn, and a broken mirror by the gate.

And the evidence showed that not Brush alone had his hand in this; the damage was too wide and wanton. Brush, as near as Tudor could make out, was attending strictly to the gathering of marketable merchandise. The looting of houses was a small matter beside his systematic gains.

"Some one else than Brush is doing this," Tudor said to Sotheran. "There must be soldiers at it, or men from the fleet."

Sotheran smiled. "Surely," he said; "I saw last

night a party of sailors, headed by a petty officer, and with lanterns, at work upon a door with hatchets."

"'Tis forbidden under pain of death!" cried Tudor. "'Tis posted in bills."

"There was a bill upon the door," said Sotheran.

"And you did not interfere?"

Sotheran shrugged. "Why should I?"

Sotheran shrugged frequently in those days, with the same indifference. Distress, despair even, could not touch him. He curled his lip when Tabb, for the fourth time, came to him with a request.

"But I cannot get the woman a passage," said the captain.

"My God, sir!" cried Tabb. "To leave her behind, in her condition! And if I had married her, there would have been room with the other soldiers' wives."

"Why did you not marry her then?" sneered his master. He turned carelessly away, leaving Tabb, with purple face, choking down curses.

But Tudor was sickening of the scenes he saw. He saw that the streets were unsafe for women even in the day, and forbade Alice to go beyond the garden. She could not even go to Barbara.

"I will take your farewell to her," he said. "You must not leave this place until we go to the wharf. Thank heaven, I think it will be but two days more."

Two days went by with confusion and looting, and then other days passed, for the wind became east. Tudor, with Alice's safety ever on his mind, looked impatiently for a fair wind. All but a few of the Royalists had left their homes: down the harbour by the Castle they were miserably cooped in their narrow quarters, longing, in the face of the approaching New England spring, for the bleak northern port which was to be their refuge. And with such a command over

them that at any time he might destroy half the British army, Washington grew impatient, and acted once more.

From the lines they saw, on that last night, the glimmer of lanterns on Nook's Hill, and heard across the wind the blows of picks, so near was the jutting knoll. All night the British fired upon it, but without response; the Americans knew the town was theirs. In the morning a small redoubt stood there, well filled with men and crowned with cannon, which Dickie Ellery but waited for the word to fire. The defences at the Neck were at his mercy.

Well has that been called Washington's notice to quit. Howe saw that his time was up, and issued the order for immediate evacuation.

CHAPTER IX

VILLAINY

It was early on the morning of the seventeenth of March that Tudor sent by his servant a note to Alice. "We are preparing to embark. I have notified the 'Elizabeth.' Go on board at once."

So Alice, while Ann stood by with joy and grief contending in her heart, thrust the last articles into her bag, and sent it to the boat. Her boxes had days ago been carried on board the ship; Ellery had hastened before her to the wharf. Alice took a last look at the room, and went down the stairs.

In the hall were standing a dozen men—ropemakers—and before them was Pete. Many of their faces had grown familiar to Alice in the past three weeks; she had seen them as they followed her in the street, or had noticed them as in turn they watched the house. As she saw them grouped there, thin and ragged, but devoted to her for Master Frank's sake, she felt deep gratitude to them, and went to Pete as to an old servant, giving him her hand.

"I can never thank you," she said simply.

"Oh, my lady," cried the tall fellow, his face glowing with emotion, "why do you go? Stay here with us! We can hide you for half an hour; then Master Frank will come."

"Ay, stay," murmured the others, pressing forward to her. "You are safe with us. We will die for you."

To Alice that devotion was a sign of the essence of Frank's character, which made men love to serve him. It represented him clearly, and showed with sudden force her own longing to stay. To give herself to those rugged men, to wait for Frank, to repose in his strength for the rest of her life—there was a picture of happiness which, after such dangers, was alluring to her, so fatigued and lonely. Had she been promised to Frank, she might have yielded. But though Barbara had assured her of his love, though his own actions had proclaimed it, he had not spoken, and it could not be.

"Thank you," she said; and from her tones more than from her words they knew her gratitude. "Thank you, but I must go."

She felt Pete seize her hand again and kiss it, and tears came to her eyes. Through the film of them she looked upon their honest faces, she saw the gloomy house which was so dear to her, and she saw Ann at her elbow, pinched and sorrowful. She stooped and kissed the little woman.

"Good-by, good-by!" she said; and hurried from the house.

She knew that at a distance the Whigs were following her, but she would not glance behind. She could not bear to see them again, or to look at the dark house, and she hastened to the wharf. The boat was there, with Ellery in it, and a ruffianly crew at the oars. She stepped in, and, sitting in the stern, drew her hood down over her face. Ellery cast a nervous glance at the boats which, loaded with soldiers, were pushing off from Long Wharf and the South Battery, and he heard with relief the coxswain's order:

"Give way."

On board the ship Alice drew a long breath; she had left the town. This was the beginning of a new life for

her; England next, and a country life, quiet and peaceful, seeing neither war nor men, with many years to pass through before death. She would live on her father's little estate and give herself to charity—might she find better gratitude than Christine's! This was hard and bitter, but she was born to endure, and could bear it. She turned for a last glance at the town, but her eye caught first, and could not pass, the distant Heights, whose forts were driving her away. There was the strongest reminder of Frank, determined and successful.

Some one was pulling at her cloak. She turned and saw Roger.

"Roger!" she cried. "How came you here?"

There were tears in the lad's eyes. "I slipped away from Tabb," he said. "I meant to find Pete and stay with him, but my uncle met me at a corner."

"Your uncle?" asked Alice. She saw Brush standing by. "Is he your uncle? Can I do nothing for you?"

"Nothing," he answered sadly.

"Have courage," she answered; "I owe you much. You shall be my servant when we land. Christine—" She turned away: it hurt her to speak of the girl.

Roger could have told her of Christine's despair; of Tabb, distracted between his military duties and the reproaches of his late-awakened conscience. But the boy said nothing, and watched Alice as she went to her cabin.

* * * * * * *

Barbara had looked out from her house upon the hurried departure of the soldiers from the barracks on the Common. They had gone, the last man of them, with their belongings hanging about them in bundles, each man with a heavy load. That moment they were

embarking at the South Battery. In half an hour the last redcoat, the last Tory, would have left the town. Her bosom rose and fell. In triumph? Was there no other feeling, Barbara?

"There goes Anthony Paddock!" cried her father from the parlour window.

"Anthony!" she cried; and ran out to say good-by.

She called it after him, but she was too late. Anthony was walking fast, his hat drawn down, his eyes upon the ground, the bundle for which he had returned clasped fiercely under his arm. He was taking a dreary farewell of Boston, the town which he should never see again; which, but for Adino Paddock's elms by the burying-ground, would never more hear his name. Strange that the fall of the oldest of his father's elms should be chronicled as the final break with Tory traditions, while Anthony, running now lest he should be left, was the last Tory to leave Boston.

Barbara, with tears in her eyes, leaned across the fence and looked at him. She had known him as so gay, so proud, so confident! She knew how he still mourned Dickie Ellery, and with a woman's sympathy she understood his present feelings. She was so intent upon her thoughts of him that she started when she heard a voice.

There was Tudor at the gate. The colour rushed to her cheeks, quick floods of joy and fear surged through her heart. He was very serious; his face showed the strain of his recent anxieties. Yet he, like Anthony, had been gay.

"May I come in?" he asked.

Her coquetry was with her yet. "The gate is gone," she responded. "Your soldiers took it, sir, for kindling."

He leaned toward her earnestly. "Mistress Savage," he said again, "may I not come in?"

She dropped her eyes. "I pray you enter," she answered very soberly.

He stood before her. "Mistress Savage," he said, "I wished to carry away with me the memory that I had been permitted to enter here, in proof that we are friends at parting. And I bring Alice's farewell."

She looked at him again. "Give her my dearest love," she said. "My father would not permit me to go upon the streets."

"And I forbade Alice," he said. "It was wiser so. I will give her your love. And we shall meet again."

Meet again? "I trust so," Barbara responded truthfully.

He came a step nearer; he wished to speak his own good-by. "I intend," he said, "that we shall meet again."

Why did Barbara tremble? What did she see in his glance that her own should fall before it? Her colour was wonderful.

"Do you remember," he asked her, "that you told me to resign?"

She murmured, "Yes."

"I have thought much since then," she heard him say. "Things have changed to me. I—" he hesitated—"Alice thinks—I think—that we are in the wrong. I shall resign."

"Captain Tudor!" she cried, lifting her eyes again—not black now, and flashing, it seemed to him, but eyes of violet brown, warm and melting. She could not express her feeling, but clasped her hands, repeating: "Captain Tudor!"

Something took him by the throat. "I—I shall come back," he said with difficulty, "when this is over."

Again her glance was on the ground, again her colour mantled freshly.

"Shall I be welcome?" he asked.

"You—" she began; "you—" Then she found courage, and looked him in the face. "I shall be glad to see you."

He held his hand for hers; she gave it. He raised it half-way to his lips, then stooped and kissed it. Then he rose and faced her again for a single instant.

"Good-by," he said.

"Good-by," she echoed faintly.

He was gone. She ran into the house, and though her father called her, she went upstairs to her room. There she sat panting, and oh, so sorrowful!

Tudor went quickly to the Ellery house. He wished to make sure that Alice had departed; and entering by its open door, for Ann as well as the ropemakers had gone to watch the embarkation, he ran upstairs to Alice's room. It was empty; but he stayed to see if she had left something that she might need. He looked in the closet, and opened all the bureau drawers. There was nothing, and he turned to go. There stood Sotheran at the door.

The grenadier captain had sent his men on board their ship, but had remained to seek one final word with Alice, to give a threat that she should not forget. Through separation she should carry the fear of him, and of what he could do to her brother.

"I came to see if I could help," he said. "Is Alice gone?"

"Yes," answered Tudor. "It is time for us as well; the Yankees will be in the town soon."

"There is no haste," responded Sotheran. "Tell Alice I shall see you both again."

"Of course," said Tudor. "Shall we not go?"

Sotheran turned calmly to the door. He was not afraid; Alice would not dare to brave him. "Yes, let us go," he said.

Tudor stopped him with a hand held up. "There is some one in the house below," he said. They heard heavy steps.

Each had a thought of the ropemakers, and loosened his sword. There in the house, their men away, they could be captured. Tudor saw in a flash how Alice needed him for the voyage. He heard the steps begin to mount the stair, and saw Sotheran feeling for a pistol.

"There is only one," Sotheran said; "but he shall not get away."

The man appeared at the door. It was Tabb, with his musket and accoutrements.

He looked upon his master, and his eye lighted. He had seen and followed him, yet the glance was of anger. Then he saw Tudor, and began to smile. The smile was strange.

"Tabb," said Sotheran, "I told you to go aboard the ship."

Tabb planted his musket erect before him, and looked across its muzzle at his master. "I went for Christine," he said. He glanced at Tudor.

"Tabb, go!" commanded Sotheran.

Tabb did not stir; but he looked at his master again. "She had drowned herself," he said. "It is your doing."

Tudor shrank. The statement, so quietly made, seemed horrible. "Christine—what Christine?" he asked.

"Your sister's maid," said Tabb.

"She?" demanded Tudor. "What have you to do with her?"

"She loved me," said Tabb. "I——"

"Tabb, go!" repeated Sotheran.

Tabb pointed at his master. "He ordered me to ruin her," he said.

"Tabb!" warned Sotheran.

"He planned for himself," said Tabb, his voice growing louder, "to ruin——"

"Tabb!" Sotheran's voice was cold, and his eye was flickering.

"He planned to ruin your sister," cried Tabb. "One night here he——"

Tudor, staring with astonished eyes at Tabb, saw at one side the pistol flash. The report was loud. Tabb, staggering, let fall his musket and clasped his hand to his breast. But he did not move his eyes from Tudor's face. There he saw his revenge; there, in the pale and angry countenance, lay payment for his wrongs.

"See, he shoots me for it," he said. "You can know it is true, Captain Tudor. And this, too, sir: He was the lieutenant who met her in the woods, there beyond Detroit. I was his servant; I fetched the wine. Mr. Ellery knows. I——"

There was no warning of his coming death, no blood at his fingers or his lips; there was only the quiet restrained voice, the paling cheek. But he toppled like an undermined pillar, and fell between the officers, his brass cap rolling to the bed. Across his body they looked at one another.

"My God!" gasped Tudor. "You!"

He did not ask for proof. There lay Tabb, his life the payment for the secret. And there, with sneering lip, confronted him the finished villain, who saw no reason to resume the mask. Sotheran smiled.

"Well?" he said.

Tudor gazed with a creeping abhorrence. His crooked fingers, twitching lip, and starting eye, showed

the intensity of his surprise and loathing. Were such things possible?

"What have you to say?" asked Sotheran.

Tudor remembered Alice; she depended on him. And his nature, when the first surprise had passed, turned him rather to grief than anger. He felt weak at the shock—crushed and not stung by the discovery. He turned to the door.

"Henry," he said, "we shall meet again."

Sotheran measured the distance; he was the nearer to the door. Tudor should never leave the room alive.

"And this is your courage!" he said.

He knew how best, with disdainful mien, to drive the taunt home. Tudor flushed crimson, then compressed his lips.

"You shall know my courage later," he said; and took a second step.

Sotheran strode between him and the door, and laid his hand upon his sword.

"Why not now?" he asked.

There was such scorn in it, such calm derision, that Tudor almost forgot. His hand flew to his hilt—then dropped, as he remembered Alice.

"You cannot save Alice," said Sotheran.

"Draw!" screamed Tudor instantly. The blades rasped out, and clashed.

That was a butchery scarcely to be described, so mean it was and vile. Yet Tudor, weak as he saw at first his hand turned against his friend, fought desperately and well. Wounded three times in arm and shoulder, scratched in the neck, his forehead dripping blood, again and again he flung himself against the pitiless point whose certainty he knew. The eye beyond it glinted murderously; not his was the skill to pass that guard. Avoiding still the body of Tabb and

the musket on the floor, to stumble over which meant death, Tudor yet felt his legs grow weak, his wrist and shoulder numb. Sparks of red danced in his eye, his head was ringing, his brain was dull. The room went round; he heard the clatter of his sword upon the floor; and reeling against the wall, he knew that he stood helpless, while Sotheran poised his sword in front of him.

"So!" said Sotheran.

It was a voice of satisfaction, deliberate and cold. Tudor was sinking where he stood. Sotheran measured him with his eye, chose his spot, and drove his sword through the man that had loved him.

Tudor fell sideways, striking the candle stand, and scattering widely the pure white sheets of writing paper that it held.

But he was conscious, looking up with eyes that saw. Sotheran wiped his sword upon the bed-curtains, and looked at the bleeding man.

"I sail in your place," he said, "on the 'Elizabeth.'"

He saw the fright on Tudor's face, the lips that struggled to cry aloud. Tudor raised himself upon his elbow, pointing with denunciatory hand. The action was a curse, but no voice came. As Tudor saw his enemy turn to the door, a flood of blood rushed from his mouth, and he fell upon his face.

Yet he was not dead; for, falling as Sotheran thrust, the sword had missed his heart. But more welcome had been death. Long afterward, it seemed, a voice awakened him to the torture of his position. He heard Ann, in the hallway, crying with delight. The door of the room was shut; he realised that she was at the front window.

"They're going," she cried. "The Lord be praised! Every ship, every Tory, every redcoat! God be glorified!"

Tudor tried to speak. He could not open his mouth.

"The last boatload gone!" cried Ann. "Their sails are spread; never shall they return. The Lord has smitten them."

Tudor heard her clapping her hands in ecstasy. Again he tried in vain to call.

"There goes the 'Minerva,'" she cried. "There's the 'Elizabeth.'"

The "Elizabeth"! The fiend was burning Tudor. He raised himself with desperate strength, and, supported on his elbow, wrote with bloody finger on a sheet of paper that had fallen beside him. Fresh blood dripped from his neck upon the floor; he dipped his finger in and continued his writing, feverishly, despairingly. Then he stopped. Ann was still exclaiming with delight. He tried once more to call; then, as he fell, his forehead struck upon the floor. Ann heard. "Land save us!" she cried, turning. "What is that?"

CHAPTER X

THE BRIGANTINE "ELIZABETH"

The British fleet sailed down the harbour, carrying its load of despair and mortified pride. As Howe received a despatch from the ministry, commending him, he bit his lip. As the Tories beheld their native town disappearing behind the islands of the harbour, they knew they parted from the best of life. And from the hills surrounding the town jubilant thousands watched their departure, while Israel Putnam with his detachment had already entered Boston.

Sotheran stood at the rail of the "Elizabeth," and Brush was with him. They were studying each other, striving to read each other's minds, each with an object, and each needing for its accomplishment the other's consent.

"So Captain Tudor," Brush was asking, "will join us this evening at Nantasket?"

Sotheran eyed him so steadily that the man's eye fell. The captain saw in Brush the signs of recent dissipation; the fellow had found much liquor in the course of his plundering. Yet there was no abatement of his original cunning, and Brush, while for ten days gloriously exhilarated, had not yet been drunk. He had worked steadily and systematically.

"You are ordered?" Sotheran asked, "to rendezvous with the rest in Nantasket Roads?"

"Ay," answered Brush.

"You must have much valuable merchandise aboard."

Brush looked at the captain, with a slow and meaning smile. He had twenty thousand pounds under his hatches. His eye gave his answer.

"The boat is swift?" asked Sotheran. "She is good for an ocean voyage?"

An ocean voyage? thought Brush. There were two meanings to the phrase. "Ay," he answered. "Swift and seaworthy."

"What means," went on the captain deliberately, "have you for defence?"

"My crew," said Brush aggressively. "Twenty-three men, armed, and bold blades every one."

"Ruffians every one," agreed Sotheran. He had been observing the men; they were the very scrapings of the wharves. It was a large crew for so small a boat. He pursued his enquiry.

"Your sailing master," he asked. "Is he under your orders?"

"He is," answered Brush. He gave again his smile. The sailing master was as great a rogue as any of the crew. For his part Sotheran had read the man's character, and was satisfied.

"These goods aboard the ship," he said. "If they were your own, now, and in the proper market, they would make you rich?"

Brush's smile vanished; this was coming close. He looked the other in the eye. "They would be well enough," he said.

"The smugglers on the Cornish coast," said Sotheran, "are bold and clever fellows." He paused; Brush made no answer. The captain added: "They ask no questions."

Brush was scowling in the captain's face, trying to read his meaning. "Speak plainly," he said roughly.

The "Elizabeth" had opened up a passage of water to the left. Sotheran waved his hand to it. "You were boasting just now," he said, "that you knew the harbour well. What is that passage?"

"Pulling Point Gut."

"Where leads it?"

"To the open bay."

Sotheran still went deliberately toward his object. He looked at the other vessels of the fleet. "We are almost the last," he said, "and the war vessels have taken the other channel."

"Ay," said Brush quickly. Out of the corner of his eye the captain measured him. He was impatiently interested, and his scowl was lessening; the captain's purpose seemed to chime with his.

"How long," asked Sotheran, "will the fleet lie at Nantasket?"

"Until the wind changes. Perhaps days."

"Hm!" said the captain. Anchored with the fleet, Alice could obtain aid from the nearest vessel so soon as she discovered that her brother was not on board. As for Tudor's disappearance, Sotheran knew that no one could explain it. But here, right here and never to come again, was his best opportunity. He turned and looked Brush in the eye.

"Steer into that gut," he said. "There is no one to stop us. At night head to the eastward. Land me upon the Cornish coast. No punishment will reach you, and your fortune's made."

They looked each other in the eye; Brush with his low cunning, Sotheran with that power of mind and will which was so misapplied. Desperate men they were not. No one could put his murders upon Sotheran; Brush was sure of high pay. But each saw offered, to be gained by boldness only, the thing he most desired in

life—for Brush, money; and for Sotheran the girl who lay in the cabin below, her head buried in the pillow. Brush laughed; then turned away and gave his orders to the sailing master.

Ellery came to Brush as the vessel tacked and headed for the gut. "Crean," he whined. "Where are you going? The fleet is heading on."

Brush paid him no attention.

"And why," asked Ellery, "did you bring Roger here?" The boy was sitting, dejected, by the foremast.

But Brush would only smile. The boy meant money to him.

Sotheran, leaning at the rail, saw Ellery go unsatisfied away. The boat entered the gut; the fleet sailed on, and the captain nodded to himself. This time he was sure. While a ragged ropemaker, desperately running, was carrying a piece of bloody paper from Boston to the lines at Roxbury, the captain cast a sneering smile at the town behind. He saw no way in which fate could overtake him.

It was the middle of the afternoon before Alice came on deck. The "Elizabeth," tacking about Nahant Bay, had been constantly making as though she would rejoin the fleet by the outside course around the Brewsters, yet had as constantly edged away toward the northeast. Alice, looking about her, saw the vessel alone, almost in the open bay, while beyond the light-house were the sails of the fleet. She glanced at the men on deck; at the bow were the crew, deeply interested in the movements of the boat, half comprehending them, and more than half willing that their suspicions should prove correct. The sailing master and Brush, with a seaman, were at the wheel. Thomas Ellery was at the quarter. Then she saw Sotheran.

For a moment longer she looked around for her

brother. Then she realised that he was not there. She had forgotten him in her other thoughts, but had he been on board he would have come to her cabin before now. He was not on the "Elizabeth," and a sudden fear oppressed her.

But she went directly to Sotheran, and looked at him commandingly as he removed his hat. "Where is my brother?" she enquired.

"I met him in the street," he responded, "before we left the town. He told me that he had been required to attend the general, and begged me to sail with you as far as Nantasket. There he would join us."

"Where is Nantasket?"

"There," and he pointed, "with the fleet."

Her eyes did not leave his face. "Why are we not going there?"

"We are heading there," he answered.

It was true; the bow of the brigantine was that moment pointed toward Nantasket as she tacked against the easterly breeze. But Alice did not believe. She gave the captain one searching glance; he met it coldly. Then, looking again along the deck, she saw Roger. The realisation of her position was greater than all other feelings. She felt no anger, no fear, but thinking quickly, she beckoned to the boy. He rose to follow; she went again to the companionway, and sought her cabin.

The brigantine tacked on, edging further and further from the fleet. Beyond the Brewsters Sotheran saw the sails of the many vessels, some already being furled as they arrived at the anchorage. The afternoon wore on, the breeze held good, and the captain, as he quietly watched, saw his plan succeeding. An hour and a half to dusk; then, as Brush advised, they could head boldly

along the coast, and at dawn could strike out to the eastward, toward England.

He saw Brush coming quickly, with a troubled face. "She has locked herself and the boy, sir, within the cabin."

Sotheran smiled. "I do not care," he said. The voyage would last for weeks.

"But Roger," said Brush, "had a knife. He forced the steward to give them food—biscuits, wine, and water. He found a pistol, and they're well provisioned."

Down in the cabin Roger was examining the pistol. "It is well primed," he said. "The flint is good. If he gets in you can shoot him."

Alice shook her head. She would not risk a third deliverance. "No," she said, "if he gets in, the bullet is for me."

Roger showed his own weapon, the knife. "But this," he said, his sharp eyes bright, "is for him. Wait till I strike."

Sotheran dismissed Brush with a careless nod. "We will leave them overnight," he said. "I will get the boy out in the morning."

And still he lounged by the rail, triumphant, as the sun went down. The future was brighter than the few gleams along the sky. Alice would be his; his way of life he could retain. Carried to England by a mutinous crew—so his story would be—the voyage would cement his attachment to Alice. Fortunate indeed, every one would remark, that he should be there to defend her from the sailors, since her brother had been killed in Boston by the ropemakers. Alice being left alone in the world, she would marry him as a matter of course.

But along the road to Lynn was thundering a horseman, pale, eager, shaking the reins upon his horse's neck and leaning forward in the saddle. He had plunged

down the hill of Dorchester; he had coursed through Roxbury, Brookline, and Cambridge; he had crossed Charlestown Common within gunshot of the entrenchments on Bunker's Hill; and swimming the Mystic River at Penny Ferry, had rushed to Winnissimet and taken the coastwise road. Folk scattered before his furious speed, and crying to know if the town were entered, knew that they were not heard. He passed through Chelsea; he sped on, and seeing before him the long salt marshes, knew that his horse could carry him to Lynn.

It was Frank Ellery. Burning his mind were the words of Tudor's bloody note; he heard them through the wind that whistled in his ears. "Sotheran has killed me. Alice on the brigantine 'Elizabeth' is alone with him and at his mercy. Avenge us both."

He was flying to avenge them. He bore in his breast a note from Washington to Captain Manly, who, on his schooner in Lynn harbour, was waiting orders from headquarters. Frank had outstripped the messengers who went before him, for he rode the best steed in the army, Washington's own.

And that evening he, on board the warlike fisherman, sailed past Nahant out of the harbour of Lynn. The breeze was dying; slowly through the night the vessel crept out into the broad bay. Through the watches Frank stood by the rail or paced the deck; at dawn his eyes were scanning the water.

Captain Manly—manly indeed!—came to Frank when the light of day was full. "Young man," he said, "go below and sleep."

"I am strong enough," answered Frank, "for that which I came to do."

"How can I," asked the captain, "pick out one vessel from their fleet? I must take the stragglers only."

Frank groaned. "I know," he said, "I know."

"The breeze is slight," said Manly. "They will not leave their anchorage to-day. We cannot go too near."

Frank turned away. "I know," he groaned again.

"Sail ho!" came from the masthead.

"Where?" cried Frank. "Where?"

"Where away?" asked Manly.

"South by east. Brigantine."

"A brigantine!" cried Frank. "My God!"

"South by east!" ordered Manly to the helmsman. He looked at the young man near him, trembling with his ardour. Then he took the helm himself.

In half an hour they saw her clearly, not three miles away, a little brigantine. But the wind had died; the schooner lay rolling, flapping her useless sails. Manly gave the helm to a seaman, and went again to Frank.

Frank turned to him. "It must be she," he said hoarsely.

It was the "Elizabeth"; the calm had stopped her flight. And Sotheran, not pleased at the chance which left him within masthead sight of the fleet, was making up his mind. Day or night, he should not be balked, and the time was now.

He beckoned Brush. "Have you tried to get the boy out?"

"He will not come."

Sotheran looked at him fixedly. "Are you with me in this matter?"

"I am," said Brush.

"Then come with me. Tell your men, all but Ellery and the captain, to keep away from the stern of the ship."

There might be cries and screams, but he was determined. Waiting until Brush had given the order, Sotheran led the way to the cabin.

But on the little schooner, Frank, trembling like a dog at sight of its quarry, besought Manly. "Boats, boats!" he begged. "I will go in one. We can take her."

"Captain Ellery," responded Manly, "yonder comes the fog. In five minutes we shall not see the brigantine. Our boats could neither reach her nor return. We must trust to luck, or God, to drift the two together."

CHAPTER XI

PUNISHMENT

Roger crouched listening by the cabin door. Alice, with the pistol ready in her lap, sat by the open port-hole.

"They have been gone a long time," whispered Roger. "Perhaps they are coming back."

Alice smiled wearily. Soon or late they would return, no longer with persuasions or threats, but with force. Roger was stanch and would not flinch, but they could overpower him. Yet she could save his life, at least.

"Roger," she said, "if they are gone, you can slip out."

He turned on her with startled eyes. "And you?"

"I shall die, whatever happens," she answered. "It is to save your life."

"To save my life?" he cried reproachfully. "Could I ever face Master Frank again? No!" He left the door and came to her. "And I love you," he said shyly.

"Then stay," she said. "I think they will spare you." She took his hand. "They may come again at any minute. God bless you, Roger!"

He answered with tears, and went again to the door. Sitting quietly, looking out upon the fog, Alice began to take farewell of life.

So short a life and so dreary, with such glimpses of happiness, and such an end! She, born for a bone of

contention, knew far too much of violence and death. Her life had repeated itself. There in the woods with Frank, how like it had been in the hut, waiting the shots of the Chippewa, to this suspense, before Sotheran and Brush should come again!

And she heard at that moment their steps on the deck. "Here they come!" whispered Roger at the door. "And Mr. Ellery is with them."

She recognised the whimper of Frank's uncle. "I tell you, you must not," he was protesting. "I cannot——"

"Come!" It was Sotheran's stern voice, and Ellery was silent. The steps stopped at her door; she heard the rustle of their clothes, and then a knock.

"Roger," said Brush briskly from outside. "Roger, can you hear me plainly?" He was speaking with his mouth close to the panel.

The boy would not speak.

"Listen," said Brush after an interval. "Ye've refused to obey your uncle. But here is one ye must obey. Here is your father, Roger."

Roger turned on Alice an astonished glance, then pressed closer to the door.

"I never told ye," Brush began after listening; "that ye had a father. But he's been alive. It's Mr. Ellery. You must obey your father, boy. Do as he bids ye!"

Roger, with his teeth set, listened closely. He heard Sotheran's low command: "Speak!"

"Roger," quavered Mr. Ellery's unwilling voice, "I'm your father, boy. I didn't know you till last year. Now I'll take you and take care of you. I want you to come out."

Roger was silent.

"It's truth, Roger," said Brush presently. "Ye can know it's truth; Mr. Ellery and I are old friends."

"It is not truth," cried Roger. "Prove it."

"Prove it?" asked Brush.

"Ay," answered Roger. "Let him tell me what my mother was like."

He heard Sotheran again order Ellery to speak.

"Why—" began Ellery, not cheerfully. "She was tall, and had a limp, with a mole on her cheek."

Alice saw surprise on Roger's face. The description was correct.

"Come now," said Ellery. "You see it's true. Come out; I'll treat you well. You shall have money, and plenty of clothes. Come, and—I'll—I'll send for your mother from New York, and we will live together."

Brush gasped at the offer. The intention was good; Ellery was doing his best. But from his station Roger laughed.

"My mother!" he cried. "She's been dead these five years!"

In the passageway the father and the uncle looked at each other. Miserly resentment was on Ellery's face. Brush began to grin.

"And you've made me pay for her support," cried Ellery, "all this while!"

"To him, man," urged Brush. "To him. Get the boy out now. You shall have the money back."

Ellery, doubtful and provoked, tried, but the boy would return no further answer. He sat, awed at the revelation of his parentage, but clutching his knife firmly. That he could be an Ellery was a marvel, but it made no difference to his duty. It merely obliged him the more to serve Master Frank. He was so long silent that at last the others gave him up.

"Enough!" said Sotheran. His patience was exhausted. "Mr. Ellery, you may go on deck. Brush, fetch me a hatchet."

Roger heard whisperings: "Their weapons!" and the rejoinder: "In such hands!" Ellery scrambled up the companionway; Brush's heavier step went toward the steward's pantry. The boy turned to Alice.

"Presently," he said.

They were angry with him now; they would probably kill him. His face seemed thinner than ever before; the eyes were larger. But he spoke steadily.

"I am ready," responded Alice.

She felt as when she had said those words before, in the burning cabin in the woods. Life was oppressive, far too bitter. Death would be ease. With the same calmness she faced the end, and cocked the pistol. She heard the returning steps of Brush, and looking out the porthole, gave one sigh for the world which others found so happy.

She started. What was that shape, mysterious in the fog? A schooner? There were two masts. What were those low objects gliding toward the ship. She saw moving oars, but heard no sound; there were many heads in the darting whaleboats, and bristling weapons. Silently was coming the attack.

Then she heard Sotheran's voice beyond the door, incisive and determined. "Now Roger, one last chance."

"Roger," she whispered loudly. "Look!"

The boy sprang to her side, and saw.

"Hold him in talk!" she directed.

"Captain!" cried the ready boy. "One word."

"Well?"

What should Roger say? There came to his mind the hope of a long-planned revenge, when he should reveal the things that he had done against his tryant. This was the time.

"Do you remember," he asked, "the letter that you

were to send the governor, the night you rode to Lexington?"

There was no answer. Beyond the door Sotheran was glaring angrily. He understood at once.

"I was not drunk that night," said Roger. "You never saw me drunk, Captain. I was always listening. I burned that letter."

He heard the captain's breath; it was quicker, and the boy smiled to himself. He looked at Alice; she gestured him to proceed.

"Do you remember," he asked again, "the time Mr. Ellery came to your room, and agreed with you to find Master Frank's papers? I listened at the door. I told his nephews."

He listened again; it would have paid him a hundredfold if he could have seen Sotheran's face.

"I told Master Frank," he went on, "of the time you went to Dorchester and took measurements. He wrote Doctor Warren."

"Roger," said Sotheran, "come nearer to the door."

The voice was tense; its accents spoke blood-hunger. Roger shrewdly shook his head and slipped into the bunk. Crawling toward the door, he spoke again.

"I made Tabb drunk," he said. "He told me the secret—that you were that officer in the woods. I told Mistress Alice."

"Nearer! Nearer!" repeated Sotheran.

Roger looked at Alice. With finger raised to him, she was still watching. She heard him pause, and turned to him.

"More!" she said. "More!"

"Captain," said Roger, crawling along the bunk, and speaking with his head close to the door—he knew the demon of revenge that he was conjuring! "Captain, do you remember that night when you were in the library?

It was I that told the ropemakers, and sent Pete there."

Sotheran ground his teeth. He held his pistol in his hand, and was pointing it where he supposed the boy to be.

"For God's sake!" stammered Brush. But he dared not interfere, lest the frightful rage should be turned on him.

"A single moment!" whispered Alice to the boy.

"Captain," said Roger, "will this pay——"

Sotheran fired. Right in Roger's face the splinters flew as the ball crashed downward through the panel. But the captain heard him laugh.

"Missed!" cried the boy.

"By God!" cried Sotheran, whirling upon Brush. "Give me the hatchet!"

He snatched it, and struck once upon the door. Within Roger raised his knife, and kneeling in the bunk prepared to strike. And Alice rose from her seat, her pistol ready. But she was listening for other sounds.

There came trampling on the deck, the pounding of heavy feet, and the sound of shots. Loud voices shouted, there were screams of terror, all in one startling burst. There was a heavy fall directly overhead.

"My God!" cried Brush, "what's that?"

He started with alarm, turning toward the companionway. As he looked, the light was obscured, and the sailing master shouted: "Brush! Captain! Privateers! For God's sake, help!"

Then he was gone. Brush, turning to the captain, saw him with his hand already on his sword. As Brush stooped to seize the fallen hatchet, Sotheran leaped past him, and drawing his weapon, rushed up on deck.

The deck was a mass of fighters; but the issue was determined. Struggling at the bulwarks, at bay against

the masts, the crew of the "Elizabeth" were going down one by one. Surprised and weaponless, but asking no quarter, like the wharf-rats that they were they fought with hands and teeth, or with capstan-bar and belaying-pin met pistol, pike, and cutlass. The odds were strong against them; keen, hardy fishermen were meeting waterside brawlers, righteous anger was against ruffianly courage, and discipline was pitted against disorder. In the midst of the fight, Captain Manly was directing his men, not one of whom had fallen; and of the crew of the "Elizabeth" half were already dying.

Then Sotheran vindicated his title to the sword. He sprang into the fight, and the first that turned against him fell. Another drew back his pike to dart it against the captain's breast, but the sword, like a snake, thrust instantly. Blood spurted to the hilt; the man cried choking, and reeled back; his lungs were pierced. A third man, running with a cutlass, saw but could not stop the blade that cut his thread of life.

Into the fight pressed Sotheran's resplendent figure. The sun, piercing the fog, lighted his regimentals, and amid the dingy groups of fighters he gleamed heroic. Above his head death flapped her dusky wings, and with lightning sword he dealt her messages. A rebel, ignorant of his coming, was crying "Surrender!" to the last strugglers of the "Elizabeth." Sotheran pierced his back, and he fell upon his face.

Then Manly saw, and while here and there on the deck the Tories were throwing down their arms, he beckoned to the nearest of his men and sent them against the Englishman. Two sailors, with pike and cutlass, met him from either side. But the pike was whirled aside, the cutlass slipped along a parrying

sword, and with two quick movements the men were slain. Sotheran pressed on at the rebel commander.

Manly prepared to meet him; but from all sides his men—since the last of the "Elizabeth's" crew had yielded—sprang to the rescue. They closed in upon the captain like dogs upon an elk, and for one brief half minute they swarmed around him. But jostling, they checked each other, and in their midst the bloody blade, turned now this way and now that, played havoc with them. It stopped a pike, and laid its owner dead. It sent a cutlass flying, and thrust its wielder through. From side to side the captain fronted, and at each turn ended a life. For him it was a carnival of fury; they shrank before his flashing eye more than from his sword, and quickly, like the elk with swinging horns, he cleared a ring about him.

He stood with ready weapon; he cried to Manly, the only one he saw who was distinguished by a uniform: "Come here, you rebel dog!"

The circle contracted; the men were ready to protect their commander. But a voice from the side cried: "Hold, he is mine!"

And there stood Ellery—God! Ellery! A cold clutch, a hand of ice, was laid upon the captain's heart. Was there magic in the man, that he should fly so far, and there, upon the sea, confront him? He stood with weapon lowered, while Frank, raising his hand aloft, spoke to the ring of seamen.

"This man is mine," he said. "Let no one dare to touch him."

Then Sotheran recovered. He looked around upon the Americans, and motioned them back. "Give room," he said. He turned to Frank. "So you, like Tudor, want your turn?"

He spoke with purpose, to enrage his foe. And Frank flashed anger at him. Sotheran saw it.

"That old man in the woods," he said; "he is credited to my score, I think." Ellery was shaking. "Roger," said the captain, "went overboard last night."

"On guard!" cried Frank.

The captain raised his sword and prepared to take position. He looked about him. The deck was level, the sea was slight, the seamen had yielded space for the encounter. He met Frank's eye, and saw that the Whig was pale with eagerness. Trembling like that, he could not fight. Sotheran spoke again—his best taunt he had reserved.

"And Alice," he said; "she is mine."

What consciousness of failure rushed over him? Too long he had delayed to seize his prize; with forty rebels on the ship, Alice was now safe. A spasm of chagrin distorted his features, and Frank saw. All anger passed.

"It is not true!" he cried triumphantly.

"Die!" hissed Sotheran, lunging.

A warning cry from the rebels broke into a yell of admiration. Frank parried when the point was at his throat. He drew away.

"Once more," he said.

The positions were completely changed. Frank was self-possessed, Sotheran was furious. The Englishman called every device to his aid, and rushed upon the Whig.

He might as well have tried to pierce a wall. The slightly moving blade caught and turned aside his fiercest thrusts, his hottest lunges. Yet without pause Sotheran pressed his adversary. Springing, stooping, shifting his position, he sought a score of ways to find

an opening. He circled his quiet foe, he thrust at face, at throat, at breast, and without ceasing darted his point so quickly that there was scarcely a chance for return.

Yet there were openings. He saw his adversary, with calm face, twice prepare to strike—then wait. A third time. Rage was exhausting the captain; he felt that his wrist, wrenched repeatedly by Frank's iron arm, was growing weaker. His breath was short—suddenly, as he watched the steady face, the phantom of doubt swept before him, and his point wavered. That instant Frank struck.

Sotheran saw the bright blade dart at him. A strange, dull pain shot through him from breast to back, and there, close within his guard, was the hated face, flushed a little, the eyes looking into his. The hand was at Sotheran's very breast. He heard an "Ah!" deep and horror-laden, from the circle of seamen.

And then Frank sprang away. The captain saw the blade again, red from hilt to point. That strange pain had again passed through him, and now, benumbed and chilled, he stood without movement, staring with dull eyes and open mouth upon his rival. Frank stood at a little distance, waiting.

Sotheran understood. For a single moment rage came back, and with it strength. He started forward to strike. Frank did not move. Then Sotheran's legs failed him; his sword dropped; he fell on his knees, then forward on his hands. Still glaring at his foe, his eyes fearfully wide, he lowered himself slowly sideways till he rested on his hip. Then his head fell.

Supporting himself on his hands, he waited. His eyes studied for a while the planking; his vision was bounded by a circle of men's feet. There was silence,

in which he found himself listening to his own laboured breathing.

Then a sail flapped aloft, and the brigantine gave a little motion. He felt the response in his sinking body; strength was ebbing away from him, his arms were not firm. A strange change was going on within him, he was slipping away from himself. Suddenly his head was near the planks, which became flooded with red. Looking at it, he winked, trying to clear his eyes. His own blood!

Pride, power, will—where were they? What was this? He was growing cold. Was this death? Was he dying—alone? With his last effort he raised his head—only a little—and saw through clouded eyes a ring of men. They were watching him die. God! At the word horror seized him. What was God? Punishment!

Those around watched his frightful shudder. Then he died.

* * * * * * *

It is terrible to take the vengeance of God upon one's self. Frank, turning away from the body of his enemy, did not hear, as he wiped his sword, the praises showered on him. He sheathed the weapon and pushed out of the ring. Manly, coming toward him, saw the expression on the young man's face, and stood away.

Frank went toward the stern of the "Elizabeth." There by the shrouds stood Brush. At the quarter rail cowered his uncle, pale and feverish. Ellery trembled as he saw Frank. The money, the silver, the jewels, now were lost again! But Frank saw neither of the men. He stepped to the companionway and went down.

The light was less there. He peered at the shut doors. Which was Alice's? There was one with a hole in the panel, a gash upon the frame. He struck upon it quickly.

"Open!"

"Who is it?" cried a voice inside.

"Roger," answered Frank. "Thank God you are alive! It is Master Frank."

He heard the inarticulate cry of joy. The bolt rattled, the key turned, the door opened. There was Roger, his face aglow, and there—like an image of the Virgin, framed with light from the porthole behind—stood Alice!

Frank laid a hand gently upon the boy's head, but could say no word. He passed the lad, and in the narrow cabin held out his arms to his love. With eyes of light, with lips aquiver, she met him, and with happiness unspeakable gave herself to his embrace.

CHAPTER XII

THE FAITHFUL CITY

The siege of Boston was finished; the Whigs came again into their own. In state, on the second day, the army entered the town, and old Mr. Savage entertained at his board the commander who, from that day, stood acknowledged the greatest of Americans. The British fleet, getting at last the wind they desired, sailed for Halifax, and more beside the "Elizabeth" fell into the hands of Manly and his little squadron. But with the sailing of Howe virtually ended the first struggle of the long war.

For the obstinate king sent his men again into the field. Far from Boston, now impregnable, the same armies met on other ground, and Washington continued to wage the noblest war in history. The successes he achieved—the ultimate failure that was Howe's lot—are written in a thousand books. And the other actors at Boston, for good or ill, played the parts as their hearts enabled them.

One only of the British generals returned to Boston. Burgoyne, the lovable and luckless, walked a prisoner through her streets. He was not forgotten there. Some one in the crowd, as he passed the Old South Church, reminded him that he had used it as a riding-hall; and from the roof of a shed, perched where she could see, an old woman cried out shrilly.

"Give way!" she cried. "Give way! Give the gen-

eral elbow-room!" And Burgoyne flushed at the recollection of his boast.

The old woman was Ann, who lived, and happily, beyond the end of the war. She lived to hold young Ellerys in her arms, and to know that the old name would not die out. She saw Roger an educated man, and a leader in business; yet she never would acknowledge complete happiness, since Master Dickie remained a soldier, and would not marry.

But though she would not admit it, she was happy. And Boston, while the town had much to repair, and still was called upon to bear its part of the burden of the war, knew contentment also; for war never came there again. But afar in England, or in the wilds of unsettled Canada, those Tories who had left Boston lived unhappy lives. Some grew prosperous again, but the weight of exile pressed on them all, and many died before their natural time.

Anthony Paddock died—unhappy Anthony, who went with his father to England. He was asked to enlist in the army, but refused. "I shall never stand in arms again," he said, "against Dickie Ellery."

An officer spoke in his presence of the cowardice of the rebels. "They are not cowards," said Anthony sadly. "You shall apologise, or else meet me."

The next morning he received the officer's bullet. It was not a serious wound; the doctors said that they could save him. But he answered calmly: "I shall not live." He died; his heart was broken.

And many others died heartbroken, but not so quickly. It is recorded that soon after the end of the war forty-five refugees, from Massachusetts alone, all men of station, had died in England, mourning their lost land.

But to the wretched remnant Barbara Savage—whose

name was changed to Barbara Tudor—kept open house. For George Tudor did not die, and recovering, he married her. In pity he and his wife did their share to lighten the unhappy lot of Barbara's countrymen.

On the same ship with Doctor Church, when the Provincial Congress set him free, Thomas Ellery sailed for the Bermudas. As the craft went down in Massachusetts Bay, and almost in sight of their birthplace the two prepared to meet death, what consolation could they take in the retrospect of their lives? And Crean Brush, after long imprisonment escaping, lived only to the last recourse of a desperate man.

But in Boston Alice lived in the Ellery house, waiting the end of the war, when Frank should never leave her again. And while the English people—but not the English king—learned their lesson from their kinsmen across the sea, in America the new republic was rising up.

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